

THE  
WORKS  
OF

Michael Drayton, Esq;

VOL. III.

CONTAINING,

The remaining Twenty-two Songs of the

POLY-OLBION,

With the Annotations of the learned SELDEN.



L O N D O N :

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The rising Tenthredinidae

POLY-ORBITON

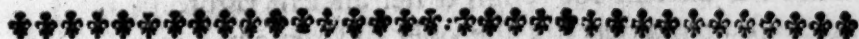
With the Annals of the Royal Society

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# POLYOLBION:

## The NINTH SONG.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The muse here Merioneth vaunts,  
And her proud mountains highly chaunts.  
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,  
Stand for precedence from descent:  
The rivers for them shewing there  
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.  
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds  
With Cambria's native princes deeds.  
The muse then through Caernarvon makes,  
And Men (now Anglesey) awakes  
To tell her ancient Druides guise,  
And manner of their sacrifice.  
Her rillets she together calls;  
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.*

**O**F all the Cambrian shires their heads that bear so high,  
And farth'st survey their soils with an ambitious eye,  
Mervinia<sup>a</sup> for her hills, as for their matchless crowds,  
The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring clouds,  
Especial audience craves, offended with the throng,  
That she of all the rest neglected was so long:  
Alledging for herself; when through the Saxons pride,  
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's setting side  
Were cruelly inforc'd, her mountains did relieve  
Those, whom devouring war else every-where did grieve.

And

<sup>a</sup> Merionethshire.

And when all Wales beside (by fortune or by might)  
 Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,  
 A constant maiden still she only did remain,  
 §. The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.  
 And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things;  
 So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and springs,  
 And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,  
 As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.  
 And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their <sup>b</sup> fons,  
 Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;

' Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbouring floods  
 ' surmount

' (Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth account)  
 ' Hath <sup>c</sup> Angel for her own, and Keriog she doth clear,  
 ' With Towin, Gwedol then, and Dulas, all as dear,  
 ' Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withall:  
 ' Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall  
 ' My country calleth hers, with many another brook,  
 ' That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian look.  
 ' To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward drives,  
 ' Lingorril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives  
 ' The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,  
 ' Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.  
 ' So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth Cain,  
 ' Which in one channel meet, in going to the main,  
 ' As to their utmost power to lend her all their aids;  
 ' So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.  
 ' And Velenrid the like, observing th' other's law,  
 ' Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth draw,  
 ' That from their mother earth, the rough Mervinia, pay  
 ' Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser bay  
 ' §. Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,  
 ' Which through <sup>d</sup> Gwinethia be so famous every where,  
 ' On my Caernarvon side by nature made my mound,  
 ' As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.

' The

<sup>b</sup> Meres or Pools, from whence | into the Irish sea.  
 rivers spring. <sup>d</sup> North-wales.

<sup>c</sup> The rivers as in order they fall



' The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,  
 ' Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me :  
 ' So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that headlong throw  
 ' § Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixt doth flow.  
 ' Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native lin ;  
 ' Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself doth win,  
 ' Along with him his lord full courteously doth glide :  
 ' So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do guide  
 ' Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness way,  
 ' Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey.'

The lofty hills, this while attentively that stood,  
 As to survey the course of every several flood,  
 Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way so shrill,  
 With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)  
 That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivian main  
 To Neptune's inward court ; and beating there, constrain  
 That mighty god of sea t'awake : who full of dread,  
 Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his griesly head,  
 And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to see  
 Amongst the high-toppt hills what tumult it should be.  
 So that with very sweat Cadoridric did drop,  
 And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kissing top,  
 Amongst the furious rout whom madness did enrage ;  
 Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to assuage,  
 Upon a modest sign of silence to the throng,  
 Conforting thus, in praise of their Mervinia, sung ;

' Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time ne'er shall  
 ' prey,

' O Edgar ! who compeldst our Ludwal hence to pay  
 ' Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto thee :  
 ' And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be,  
 ' O conquer'd British king, by whom was first destroy'd  
 ' §. The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd ;  
 ' Regardless of their rape, that now our harmless flocks,  
 ' Securely here may sit upon the aged rocks ;  
 ' Or wandering from their walks, and straggling here and  
 ' there  
 ' Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs never fear ;

' But

' But from the threatening storm to save itself may creep  
 ' Into that darksome cave where once his foe did keep :  
 ' That now the clamb'ring goat all day which having fed,  
 ' And climbing up to see the sun go down to bed,  
 ' Is not at all in doubt her little kid to lose,  
 ' Which grazing in the vale, secure and safe she knows.

' Where, from these lofty hills which spacious heaven do  
 threat,

' Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature set,  
 ' We talk how we are stor'd, or what we greatly need,  
 ' Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds do feed,  
 ' When else the hanging rocks, and valleys dark and deep,  
 ' The summer's longest day would us from meeting keep.

' Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom these our moun-  
 tains please,

' And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light \* Oreades,  
 ' §. Saint Hellen's wondrous way, and Herbert's let us go,  
 ' And our divided rocks with admiration show.'

Not meaning there to end, but speaking as they were,  
 A suddain fearful noise surpris'd every ear.

The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that frequent,  
 With brows besmear'd with ooze, their locks with dew be-  
 sprent,

Inhabiting the lake, in sedgey bow'rs below,  
 Their inward grounded grief that only sought to show  
 Against the mountain kind, which much on them did take,  
 Above their watry brood, thus proudly them bespake ;

' Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus you threat  
 ' Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great ?  
 ' To make you know your selves, you this must understand,  
 ' That our great maker laid the surface of the land  
 ' As level as the lake until the general flood,  
 ' When over all so long the troubled waters stood :  
 ' Which, hurried with the blasts from angry heaven that blew,  
 ' Up on huge massy heaps the loosened gravel threw :  
 ' From hence we would ye know, your first beginning came;  
 ' Which since, in tract of time, your selves did mountains name.

' So

\* Nymphs of the mountains.

f The  
Pembler

' So that the earth, by you (to check her mirthful chear)  
' May always see (from heaven) those plagues that poured  
' were

' Upon the former world; as 'twere by scars to show  
' That still she must remain disfigur'd with the blow :  
' And by th'infectious slime that doomful deluge left,  
' Nature herself hath since of purity been rest ;  
' And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal man  
' Was shortned. With these plagues ye mountains first began.

' But, ceasing you to shame; what mountain is there found  
' In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island round)  
' That truly of himself such ' wonders can report,  
' As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort ?  
' That when Dee in his course fain in her lap would ly,  
' Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth deny,  
' By his complexion prov'd, as he through her doth glide.  
' Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth divide :  
' Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously abound,  
' Are never seen in him; nor are his salmons found  
' At any time in her : but as she him disdains ;  
' So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains.  
' Down from the neighbouring hills, those plenteous springs  
' that fall,

' Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.  
' And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,  
' Resembling that great lake which seems to care for none :  
' §. And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing rank,  
' She only over-swells the surface of her bank.'

But, whilst the nymphs report these wonders of their lake,  
Their farther cause of speech the mighty \* Snowdon brake ;  
Left, if their watry kind should suffer'd be too long,  
The licence that they took, might do the mountains wrong.  
For quickly he had found that straitned point of land,  
Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,  
Pufft with their watry praise, grew insolently proud,  
And needs would have his rills for rivers be allow'd :

Short

' The wonders of Linteged, or  
Pemblerere.

\* The most famous mountain of  
all Wales, in Caernarvonshire.



Short Darent, near't unto the utmost point of all  
 That th'isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her fall;  
 And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the May,  
 Must rivers be at least, should all the world gainsay:  
 And those, whereas the land lies east-ward, amply wide,  
 That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,  
 Born near upon her banks, each from her proper lin,  
 Soon from their mothers out, soon with their mistress in.  
 As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy; then  
 Goes Purloyd, Castel next, with Giffin, that agen  
 Observe fair Conway's course: and though their race be short,  
 Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their resort.  
 And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere did note  
 (§. Still Delos like, wherein a wandring isle doth float)  
 Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground;  
 That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are found,  
 As of her wonder proud, did with the floods partake.

So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they would make  
 Against his general kind; both parties to appease,  
 He purposeth to sing their native princes praise.  
 For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his seat,  
 Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,  
 That were his Wales distrest, or of his help had need,  
 He all her flocks and herds for many months could feed.  
 Therefore to do something were worthy of his name,  
 Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons fame,  
 His country to content, a signal having made,  
 By this oration thinks both parties to perswade:

' Whilst here this general isle the ancient Britons ow'd,  
 Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been show'd:  
 ' But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon swarms  
 ' (As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)  
 ' Here called to our aid, Loëgria us bereft,  
 ' Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high lineage left,  
 ' For succour hither came; where that unmixed race  
 ' Remains unto this day, yet owners of this place;  
 ' Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath song.  
 ' These, then, shall be my theme: lest time too much  
 ' should wrong

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' Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have been ;  
 ' And as themselves, their fame be limited between  
 ' The Severn and our sea, long pent within this place,  
 ' §. Till with the term of Welsh, the English now embase  
 ' The nobler Britons name, that well-near was destroy'd  
 ' With pestilence and war, which this great isle annoy'd ;  
 ' Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick shore :  
 ' To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,  
 ' His countrymen from hence auspiciously convey'd ;  
 ' Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,  
 ' Got Maximus ( at length ) the victory in Gaul,  
 ' Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,  
 ' Armorica to them the valiant victor gave :  
 ' Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave  
 ' The Celts out of their seats, and did their room supply  
 ' §. With people still from hence ; which of our colony  
 ' Was Little Britain call'd. Where that distressed king,  
 ' Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting  
 ' With hope of Alan's aid ( which there did him detain )  
 ' §. Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons reign  
 ' A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,  
 ' A recluse life in Rome injoining him to lead.  
 ' The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left  
 ' With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince should be bereft  
 ' Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd fleet ;  
 ' And as the generals then, for such an army meet,  
 ' His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his pheer ;  
 ' Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Britons were  
 ' The first who <sup>h</sup> West-sex won. But by the ling'ring war,  
 ' When they those Saxons found t'have succour still from far,  
 ' They took them to their friends on Severn's setting shore :  
 ' Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to restore  
 ' His son young Rodorick, whom the Saxon pow'rs pursu'd:  
 ' But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be subdu'd,  
 ' With Aldred ( that on Wales his strong invasion brought )  
 ' Garthmalack, and Pencoyd ( those famous battels ) fought,  
 ' That

<sup>h</sup> The West-saxons country, com- | Wiltshire, and their adjacents.  
 prehending Devonshire, Somerset,

' That North and South-wales sing, on the West-sexians won.  
 ' Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword had done,  
 ' But at Mount <sup>i</sup> Carno met the Mercians, and with wounds  
 ' Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our bounds ;  
 ' Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that flew ;  
 ' And in a valiant fight their king Dalargan slew.

' Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in ought  
 ' Renowned Rodorick's heir, who with the English fought  
 ' The Herefordian field ; as Ruthland's red with gore :  
 ' Who, to transfer the war from this his native shore,  
 ' Marcht through the Mercian towns with his revengeful  
 blade :

' And on the English there such mighty havock made,  
 ' That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)  
 ' From bick'ring with his folk, to keep us Britons back,  
 ' Cast up that mighty <sup>k</sup> mound of eighty miles in length  
 ' Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mercians strength  
 ' A witness tho' it stand, and Offa's name does bear,  
 ' Our courage was the cause why first he cut it there :  
 ' As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,  
 ' Where under either's sword so many thousands fell  
 ' With intermixed blood, that neither knew their own ;  
 ' Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is known.

' Nor Kettle's conflict then, less martial courage show'd,  
 ' Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and bestow'd  
 ' His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant flight.

' As Rodorick his great son, his father following right,  
 ' Bare not the Saxons scorns, his Britons to out-brave ;  
 ' At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battel gave ;  
 ' Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion brought.  
 ' Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway fought  
 ' With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their hateful head  
 ' Down-showr'd their dire revenge whom they had murdered.

' And, were't not that of us the English would report  
 ' (Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort

' As

<sup>i</sup> A hill near Aber-gevenny in ] <sup>k</sup> Offa's Ditch.]  
 Monmouth.



# SONG THE NINTH.

833

‘ As often-times they do ) that more than any, we  
 ‘ (The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify’d to be,  
 ‘ Here could I else recount the slaughter’d Saxons gore,  
 ‘ Our swords at Crofsford spilt on Severn’s wandring shore ;  
 ‘ And Griffith here produce, Lewellin’s valiant son  
 ‘ ( May we believe our Bards) who five pitcht battels won;  
 ‘ And to revenge the wrongs the envious English wrought,  
 ‘ His well-train’d martial troops into the marches brought  
 ‘ As far as Wor’ster walls : nor thence did he retire,  
 ‘ Till Powfe lay well-near spent in our revengeful fire ;  
 ‘ As Hereford laid waste : and from their plenteous soils,  
 ‘ Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners and his  
 ‘ spoils.

‘ Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us steed :  
 ‘ With those so much that dar’d, we had them that decreed.  
 ‘ For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were  
 ‘ More excellent than those which our good Howel here  
 ‘ Ordain’d to govern Wales ? which still with us remain.

‘ And when all-powerful fate had brought to pass again,  
 ‘ That as the Saxons erst did from the Britons win ;  
 ‘ Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,  
 ‘ Took from those tyrants here, what treach’rously they got,  
 ‘ (To the perfidious French which th’angry heavens allot).  
 ‘ Ne’er could that conqueror’s sword (which roughly did  
 ‘ decide

‘ His right in England here, and prostrated her pride)  
 ‘ Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear  
 ‘ Th’unwieldy Norman yoke : nor basely could we fear  
 ‘ His conquest, entring Wales ; but (with stout courage)  
 ‘ ours

‘ Defy’d him to his face, with all his English pow’rs.

‘ And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither came,  
 ‘ With vows us to subvert ; with slaughter and with shame,  
 ‘ O’er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.

‘ So, when to England’s power, Albania hers had lay’d,  
 ‘ By Henry Beauclark brought (for all his dev’lish wit,  
 ‘ By which he raught the wreath) he not prevail’d awhit ;

H h h

‘ And

- ' And through our rugged straits when he so rudely prest,  
 ' Had not his proved mail fate surely to his breast,  
 ' A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,  
 ' As his stern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was cleft.  
 ' And let the English thus, which vilify our name,  
 ' If it their greatness please, report unto our shame  
 ' The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly fight,  
 ' To Maud the empress' son, that there he put to flight;  
 ' §. And from the English power th'imperial ensign took:  
 ' About his plumed head which valiant Owen shook.  
 ' As when that king again, his fortune to advance  
 ' Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs from France,  
 ' A surely-level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,  
 ' And in the very loose, not thrust himself between  
 ' His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had try'd:  
 ' Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject dy'd.  
 ' As Madock his brave son, may come the rest among;  
 ' Who, like the God-like race from which his grandfires  
 ' sprong,  
 ' Whilst here his brothers tir'd in sad domestick strife,  
 ' On their unnatural breasts bent either's murtherous knife;  
 ' This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of fame,  
 ' With such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame,  
 ' Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign ground,  
 ' And sailed west so long, until that world he found  
 ' To christians then unknown (save this advent'rous crew)  
 ' Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespucci knew;  
 ' And put the now-nam'd Welsh on India's parched face,  
 ' Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned race,  
 ' Ere the Iberian powers had toucht her long-sought bay,  
 ' §. Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.  
 ' §. And with that Crocogen's name let th'English us dis-  
 ' grace;  
 ' When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient place  
 ' From whence that name they fetch, their conquer'd grand-  
 ' fires graves:  
 ' For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.  
 ' And

' And when that tyrant John had our subversion vow'd,  
 ' §. To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd :  
 ' Nor to his mighty son ; whose host we did inforce  
 ' (His succours cutting off) to eat their war-like horse.  
 ' Until all-ruling heaven would have us to resign :  
 ' When that brave prince, the last of all the British line,  
 ' Lewellin, Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,  
 ' §. As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.  
 ' Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,  
 ' We would permit no prince, unless a native here.  
 ' Which, that most prudent king perceiving, wisely thought  
 ' To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought  
 ' His queen being great with child, ev'n ready down to ly,  
 ' Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.  
 ' Through every part of Wales he to the nobles sent,  
 ' That they unto his court should come incontinent,  
 ' Of things that much concern'd the country to debate :  
 ' But now behold the power of unavoyded fate !  
 ' When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,  
 ' At her expected hour the queen brought forth a son.  
 ' And to this great design, all happ'ning as he would,  
 ' He (his intended course that clerkly manage could)  
 ' Thus quietly trains us on : since he perceiv'd us prone  
 ' Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,  
 ' Our naturalness therein he greatly did approve ;  
 ' And publickly protests, that for the ancient love  
 ' He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly see,  
 ' That he had found out one, their sovereign lord to be ;  
 ' Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country born )  
 ' Could not one English word : of which he durst be sworn,  
 ' Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was such,  
 ' As that (he was assur'd ) black envy could not touch  
 ' His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not espy  
 ' His subtilty herein ) in plain simplicity,  
 ' Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to refuse ;  
 ' When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuse,



' Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd :  
 ' Thus by the English craft, we Britons were enthrall'd.  
 ' Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare to say,  
 ' Thou long as powerful wert as England every way.  
 ' And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,  
 ' Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race  
 ' And he that was by heaven appointed to unite  
 ' ( After that tedious war) the red rose and the white;  
 ' A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,  
 ' From whom descends that king now sitting on her throne.'

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was to please  
 Both parties, and them both with such content t'appease;  
 That as before they strove for sovereignty and place,  
 They only now contend, which most should other grace.

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,  
 In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began;  
 Lewenny, Lyan next, than Gwelly gave it out,  
 And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about:  
 So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain;  
 The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cambrian main.  
 It Gorway greatly prais'd and Seint it loudly song,  
 So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Caernarvon rong;  
 That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena came,  
 When with his puissant troops for conquest of the same,  
 On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her sought,  
 Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought:  
 'That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's praise to hear,  
 Although the stock of Troy to her was ever dear;  
 Yet ( from her proper worth) as she before all other  
 §. Was call'd in former times) her country Cambria's mother,  
 Perswaded was thereby her praises to pursue,  
 Or by neglect, to lose what to her self was due,  
 A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to flake;  
 Which suddainly becalm'd, thus of her self she spake;  
 ' What one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong  
 ' ( To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)  
 ' Doth equal me in soil, so good for grafs and grain? [main  
 ' As should my Wales (where still Brute's off-spring doth re-  
 ' That)

' That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,  
 ' By famine or by war constrained be to need,  
 ' And England's neighbouring shires their succour would  
   'deny ;  
 ' My only self her wants could plenteously supply.  
   ' What island is there found upon the Irish coast,  
 ' In which that kingdom seems to be delighted most,  
 ' And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,  
 ' Where the incountring tides outrageously do roar )  
 ' That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe  
 ' The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show ;  
 ' §. So that th'Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known,  
 ' Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her own,  
 ' In my alliance joys, as in th'Albanian seas  
 ' The <sup>h</sup> Arrans, and by them the scatter'd <sup>h</sup> Eubides  
 ' Rejoyce even at my name ; and put on mirthful chear,  
 ' When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs hear.  
   ' Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,  
 ' Whose often-twined tops great Phoebus' fires withstood,  
 ' §. The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,  
 ' Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,  
 ' And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree  
 ' The mistleto cut down ; then with a bended knee  
 ' On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires :  
 ' And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,  
 ' As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)  
 ' Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,  
 ' Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands did rear :  
 ' And, whilst the murmuring woods even shuddred as with  
   ' fear,  
 ' Preacht to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state ;  
 ' To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,  
 ' That to contempt of death them strongly might excite.  
   ' To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did delight,  
 ' Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,  
 ' As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with fear  
   H h h 3      ' To  
 ' Isles upon the west of Scotland.

' To look upon my face, which then was call'd the Dark ;  
 ' Until in after-time, the English for a mark  
 ' Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever bear,  
 ' And Anglesey from them am called every where.  
   ' My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Sylvans did resort,  
 ' In gliding through my shades to mighty Neptune's court,  
 ' Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven so open ly,  
 ' That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye :  
 ' My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's mouth,  
 ' With those her sister rills that bear upon the fourth,  
 ' Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth draw ;  
 ' And next to them again, the fat and moory Fraw,  
 ' §. Which with my prince's court I sometime pleas'd to  
   ' grace,  
 ' As those that to the west directly run their race.  
 ' Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take ;  
 ' Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylroniad make,  
 ' The sea-calfs to behold that bleach them on her shore,  
 ' Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her store.  
 ' Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see  
 ' The isle that breedeth mice ; whose store so lothsome be,  
 ' That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head doth hide.  
   When now the wearied muse her burthen having ply'd,  
 Her self awhile betakes to bathe her in the Sound ;  
 And quitting in her course the goodly Monian ground,  
 Assays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth throw  
 On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back to go :  
 Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of sight,  
 Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient right.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**M**ORE western are you carried into Merioneth, Caernarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts of North-wales.

*The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.*

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English (animated by the good success which Robert Fitz-hamon had first against Rees ap Tiddour, prince of South-wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord of Glamorgan) being



# SONG THE NINTH. 839

being very desirous of the Welsh territories; Hugh, a surnamed Wolf, Earl of Chester, did homage to the king for Tegeng'e and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got also possession of Merioneth, from Gruffith ap Conan, prince of North-wales: but he soon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his posterity, until Lhewellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the first, lost it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and West-wales especially) had before subjected themselves to the English crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

*Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.*

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia (that is one of the old titles of this North-wales) by their names *Traeth Mawr* and *Traeth Bachan*, i. e. as it were, the great haven and the little haven; *Traeth* in British, signifying a tract of land whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

*Into that spacious lake, where Dee unmixt doth flow.*

That is, Lhin-tegid (otherwise call'd by the English, Pemelsmere) through which, Dee rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish: as the author anon tells you. In the ancients, is remembred specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Calaubon hath delivered also of Arva, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of nature's most strange effects in waters.

*The multitude of Wolves that long this land annoy'd.*

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for encrease of his benefits towards the isle, joyned with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred Wolves a year, as the author shews; the king that paid it;

*There per he husd is term-rent, ac the bouthe was behind;  
Doe he sende the King word that he miȝt ne mo vinde,*

H h h 4

a Powel, ad Caradoc. Lbancarc. G. Camd.

b Girald. Linnar. 2. cap. 6.

c Ammian. Marcel. lib. 15. Pomp. Ad. lib. 2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.

d Ad Strabon. lib. 4.

As, according to the story my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that <sup>e</sup> time, the manor of Piddlefley in Leicestershire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per serjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquisition delivers it.

*St. Helen's wondrous way——*

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this highway of note; so call'd by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mother to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last song before.

*As level as the lake until the general flood.*

So is the opinion of some divines <sup>f</sup>, that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh <sup>g</sup> speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed*, that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy <sup>h</sup> writ elsewhere, *the mountains ascend, and the valleys descend to the place where thou didst found them*; good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of isles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

*And with stern Eolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing rank.*

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's store, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

*Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.*

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one side eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes

<sup>e</sup> *Irin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Ar-* ad Genes. 1. *quest. 101.*  
*ebiu. Turr. Lond.* <sup>g</sup> Prov. 8.

<sup>f</sup> *His post alios refragatur B. Pererius* <sup>h</sup> Ps. 104.

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to that state of Delos, which is fained <sup>1</sup> before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child-birth.

*That with the term of Welsh the English now imbase.*

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh, *i. e.* strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, customs, and original, twixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them call'd Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Gū,) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than strangers; although in the Saxon (which is <sup>k</sup> observed) it was used for the name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in this kingdom the name of <sup>1</sup> Frenchman, hath by inclusion comprehended all kind of aliens.

*Was little Britain call'd*—————

See a touch of this in the passage of the virgins to the eighth song. Others affirm, that under <sup>m</sup> Constantine, of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from some of these the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be <sup>n</sup> also that will justify the British name to have been in that tract long before, and for proof cite Dionysius <sup>o</sup> Afer, and <sup>p</sup> Pliny; but for the first, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, seeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne should be any such habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them <sup>q</sup>, before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The surer opinion is to refer the name unto those Britons, which (being expell'd the island at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beside other authority an express assertion is in an old fragment of a French history <sup>r</sup>, which you may joyn with most worthy Camden's treatise on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I send you.

*Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons reign.*

Cadwallader driven to forsake this land, especially by reason of plague and famine tyrannizing among his subjects, joined with continual irruptions

i Pindar. *pp.* Strabon. lib. 10.

k Buchanan. *Scotic. Hist.* 2.

l Brañ. lib. 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg.

Gul. Conquest. & D. Coke in *Cas. Calvin.*

m Malmesb. *de gest. reg.* 1.

n Paul Merul. *Cosmog. part.* 2. l. 3. r. 31.

o Vid. Eustath. *ad eundem.*

p *Hist. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem super Ligerim Britannos dos sitos dixisse, miror P. Merulam tam constantè affirmasse.*

q Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem secutus P. Merula.

r Ex Ms. Cœnob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pithegum.



tions of the English, retired himself into little Bretagne, to his cozen Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admonisht by an angel (I justify it but by the story) that a period of the British empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or posterity should have no restitution; and farther, that he should take his journey to Rome, where, for a transitory he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this vision, compares it with the Eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concurring in prædiction of this ceasing of the British monarchy. Through his advice therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very short time there died; his body very lately under pope Gregory the XIII. was found & buried by S. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment of a chesnut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romish pupil, no slight miracle. It was added among British traditions, that, when Cadwallader's bones were brought into this isle, then should the posterity of their princes have restitution: concerning that, you have enough to the second song. Observing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the story of this prince, I know not well how to give my self or the reader satisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Gloucester, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the son of Cadwallo king of the Britons before him, but so, that he descended also from English-saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda king of Merckland. Our monks call him king of West-saxons, successor of Kentwine, and son to Kenbrich. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine must be dead above three years before. But howsoever these things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that Cadwallader in the British, and Cedwalla king of West-saxons in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other stories of the English, are not the same, as Geoffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Chester, and others since erroneously have affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caswallo, living about the year DC.XL. slain by Oswald king of Northumberland, was the same with Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almost fifty years after, king of West-saxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indistinct names, without observation of their several times, these discordant relations of them, which in story are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfy you in present, I keep my self to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome; thus: some will, that he was Christian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had

<sup>s</sup> Anton. Major. ap. Basingstok. lib. 9. <sup>elef. 3. cap. 1. Caterum v. Nennium ap.</sup>  
<sup>not. 32.</sup> <sup>Camd. in Ottadinis pag. 664 & 665. &</sup>  
<sup>t Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.</sup> <sup>Bede. lib. 5. cap. 7.</sup>  
<sup>u Cedwalla Rex Britonum Bed. Hist. Es.</sup>

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had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new; imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized; and so also his Epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

*\* Percipiensque placet rediviva premia vite,  
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde suum,  
Conversus convertit ovals, Petramque vocari,  
Sergius antistes, jussit ut ipse pater  
Fons renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans  
Protinus ablatum vexit in arces Poli.*

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Willfrid first bishop of Selesey in Suffex; where the episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the conqueror) acknowledges in publick monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the first christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word **תְּרוּמָה** which was for Abel's offerings, and **מִסְכָּה** for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less calculation in *Cabalistic* concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning <sup>a</sup> Joseph Scaliger, affirming, tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an <sup>a</sup> old inscription at Delphos, and the common report of Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less among them and others together

<sup>a</sup> Bed. eccles. hist. lib. 5. c. 7. English in substance, if you say, He was baptized, and soon died. Anno Christi DC.LXXXVIII. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI. Song.

<sup>y</sup> Ratio Cabalistica Minor, secundum quam e Centenario quolibet & Denario uni-

tatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgenovs. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

<sup>z</sup> Ad Festum. verb. Decuma.

<sup>a</sup> Clemens Alexand. Strom. 2. & Steph. apud 20. in Acton. tantundem: prout alii exemplarum.

together, was to Mars <sup>b</sup>, Jupiter <sup>c</sup>, Juno <sup>d</sup>, and the number of Gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth <sup>e</sup> part of Lesbos. He which the author, after the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the same with Ine king of West-sax in our monkish chronicles, although there be scarce any congruity betwixt them in his descent. What follows is but historical and continued succession of their princes.

*More excellent than those which our good Howel here.*

For Howel Dha, first prince of South-wales and Powis, after upon death of his cozen Edwal Voel, of North-wales also, by mature advice in a full council of barons and bishops, 'made divers universal constitutions. By these, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the English king's writ did run there. For when Ed. I. sent commission to <sup>f</sup> Reginald of Grey, Thomas bishop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to enquire of their customs, and by what laws they were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themselves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's seising it into his hands, until discovery of the title in his court; but also that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle, you have some particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching those other of Molmutius and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

*Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear  
Th'unwieldy Norman yolk——*

Snowdon properly speaks all for the glory of his country, and follows suppositions of the British story, discording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus under the year 110. LXXVIII. I read that the Conqueror subdued Wales, and took homage and hostages of the princes; so of Hen. I. 110. c. XIII. Hen. II. in 110. c. LVII. and other times: Of this Hen. II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin, *When the freckle-faced Prince (so was the King) passes over the Ford Pencarn, then should the Welsh forces be weakened.* For he in this expedition against Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford: which compar'd with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture; as a <sup>h</sup> Cambro-Briton, then

<sup>b</sup> Lucian. *de Opif. magis.* & Varro ap. Macrobi. 3. cap. 1.

<sup>c</sup> Herodot. a.

<sup>d</sup> Sappij apud Herodot. 8.

<sup>e</sup> Thucyd. bist. 7.

<sup>f</sup> Rot. Claus. de ann. 9. Ed. 1. in Archiv. Tur. Londin.

<sup>g</sup> The Ford at the Rock's head.

<sup>h</sup> Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 6.

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then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among<sup>1</sup> historians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the first note here for Rufus his time.

*And from the English power the imperial standard took.*

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a straight at Counsylvth near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting<sup>k</sup> all his substance, entred religion, and profest in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great<sup>l</sup> clerk of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (so I understand him, although his copy seem corrupted) which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, is plain by<sup>m</sup> our law-annals.

*Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.*

About the year CIO. C. LXX. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and by probability, those names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Penguin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.

*And with that Crogen's name let th' English us disgrace.*

The first cause of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp sent to ass y a passage over Offa's-dike, at Crogen castle were entertained with prevention by British forces, most of them there slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this<sup>n</sup> word Crogen, the English used to the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute.

To

<sup>i</sup> De qu, si placet, videas compendiosè  
apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. 1.  
cap. 1.

<sup>k</sup> Guil. de Nova Bargo lib. 2. c. 5.

<sup>l</sup> Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 159.

<sup>m</sup> 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

<sup>n</sup> Gutyn Owen in Lhwelina ap Jorwerth.

*To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.*

Sufficiently justifiable is this of king John, although our Monks therein not much discording from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales; especially this northern<sup>o</sup> part unto Snowdon, and receiv'd XX. hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth Prince of North-Wales, had by force joyn'd with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horse flesh; but afterward indeed upon a second road made into Wales, king John had the conquest. This compared with those changes ensuing upon the pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique stage. The stories may, but it fits not me to inform you of large particulars.

*As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.*

But withall observe the truth of story in the mean time. Of all our kings until John, somewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth; who (a most worthy prince) desiring to blest his feeblor days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Gruffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter<sup>p</sup> submits himself and his principality to the English crown, acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions soever were so allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and subjects of England. All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchast at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to perswasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent) soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferr'd the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum Conquestu nostro Wallia*) to Pr. Edward Longshanks (afterward Edward I.) since when our sovereigns eldest sons have born that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal<sup>r</sup> conversion here spoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Lhwelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune

<sup>o</sup> Note that *Northwales* was the chief Principality, and to it *South-wales* and *Powis* paid a tribute, as out of the laws of *Howel Dda* is noted by *Doctor Powel*.

<sup>p</sup> *Charta Davidis* 25. Hen. 2. *Senen*

wife to *Griffith* then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.

<sup>q</sup> In *Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. lib.* Angl. 16.

<sup>r</sup> ANN. CIO. CC. LXXVII.

fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South-wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of £15. marks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humfrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Lhewelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of Ruthlan will largely shew you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

*Was call'd in former times her country Cambria's mother.*

In the Welsh proverb *Mon mam Cymru*, in such sense as Sicily was stiled Italy's "store-house, by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And Girald tells me, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now call'd) Isle of Man for this Mon (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd in his Epistle to Ortelius hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea: and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

*That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.*

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid-sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it "Mona, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia-Manay, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of Ruffin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the second. After

<sup>1</sup> 12 Ed. I.

<sup>2</sup> *Mon* the mother of *Wales*.

<sup>3</sup> Girald. *Itinera*. 2. c. 7. & 9.

<sup>u</sup> Strab. l. c.

<sup>w</sup> Comment. 5.



this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it; being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown \* it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referr'd. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil law, w<sup>th</sup> which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did not, adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

*The fearless British priests under an aged oak.*

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnish'd with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their NAME, PROFESSION, SACRIFICE, PLACES of Assembling, and lastly, SUBVERSION. The name of Druids hath been drawn from Δρῦς, i. e. an Oak, because of their continual using that tree as superstitiously hallowed: according as they are call'd also Σαργιδας or Σαργιδες, which likewise, in Greek, is old Oaks. To this compare the British word *Deru* of the same signification, and, the original here sought for, will seem surely found. But one, that derives all from Dutch, and prodigiously supposes that the first tongue spoken, makes them so stiled from *Crow wis*, i. e. truly wise, so expressing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reason of conjecture (if the ground were true) seeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were call'd (until Pythagoras his time) Wisemen, and afterward by him turn'd into the name of philosophers, i. e. Lovers of wisdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as some learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being somewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius<sup>1</sup>, calling them Masters of wisdom. A late great scholar draws it from *Crutin*, in an old Dutch copy of the gospel, signifying, as he says, God; which might be given them by hyperboly of superstitious reverence: nay, we see that it is justifiable by holy writ, so to call

\* Walsingb. in Ed. II.

y Camden. in Insulis.

z Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l. 9. & verb. fig. l. 99.

a Topograph. Hibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

b Plin. bist. nat. 16. cap. 44.

c Dio. Sicul. de Antiqu. r. gestis fab. 5.

d Gorepius Gallic. 5.

li. e. docerunt Sapientes Capnio de art. Co-

balistic. l. 3. quod Hebraeis in usu ut dicitur Pythagoræis, nec Druidum discipulis refragari sententijs Magistor. fas erat.

f Geograph. 3. cap. 2.

g Paul. Merula Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 11.

call great magistrates and judges, as they were among the people. But that word *Trutin* or *Truchtin* in the old Angelical salutation, Zachary's song, and Simeon's, published by Vulcan, is always *Lord*; as this *Giluhit si truchtin got Israelo*, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; and so in the Saxon ten commandments, *^ Ic eom Drihten sin God*, i. e. I am the Lord thy God. These are the etymologies which savour of any judgment. To speak of king *Druis* or *Sarron*, which that <sup>1</sup> Dominican friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to doctor White of Basingstoke, were with him to suffer, and, at once, offer imposture. Of them all, I incline to the first, seeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and British; and somewhat the rather too, because antiquity did crown their infernal deities, (and from *Dis*, if you trust Cæsar, the Gauls, and by consequence our Britons, upon tradition of these priests, drew their descent) with oak; as <sup>2</sup> Sophocles hath it of Hecate, and <sup>3</sup> Catullus of the three Destinies. Neither will I desire you to spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name <sup>m</sup> corrupted from *Durcerglus*, which in Scottish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stuf himself withal. For their Profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times:) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (as our now out-laws, excommunicates, and attainted persons) they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient <sup>a</sup> Christians; but used in other private and publick business Greek letters, as Cæsar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth Song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in Divinity and Philosophy (see somewhat of that to the first Song,) which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen <sup>o</sup>, that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worship'd among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation

was

<sup>h</sup> Prefat. ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonie.  
<sup>i</sup> Berosus (sile Annianus subdititui) Chal-  
 daic. Antiquit. 5.  
<sup>k</sup> In *Pisgorou*, apud Scholiast. Apollonij,  
 uti primum didici à Jos. Scaligero in Cen-  
 jectaneis.

<sup>l</sup> De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidis. —  
<sup>5</sup>. His Corpus tremulum, &c. ubi vul-  
 gatis deest ista, quæ antiquorum codicum  
 fide est vera lectio, uti Scaliger.  
<sup>m</sup> Hæstor. Boeth. Scot. bist. 2.  
<sup>n</sup> Cal. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 1.  
<sup>o</sup> Ad Iacobi, 4.

was to one <sup>p</sup> All-healing or All-saving power. In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels <sup>q</sup> often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual SACRIFICE (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they plac'd under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scythe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the <sup>r</sup> All-healing deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshiped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receiveable; seeing that Apollo <sup>s</sup> had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of <sup>t</sup> Ἀλεξίνακος Λόμιος, Medicus, and to him the invocation was <sup>u</sup> Ἰὼ Παιδν, all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscrib'd for this devotion, and used Greek letters (which to the next song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceiv'd.

<sup>w</sup> ΒΕΛΙΝΩ. ΤΩ. ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.

OR,

<sup>x</sup> ΒΕΛΙΝΩ. ΘΕΩ.

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

<sup>y</sup> DEO ABELLIONI.

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph <sup>z</sup> Scaliger is read; and perhaps some reliicks or allusion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO —

yet remaining in <sup>a</sup> Cumberland. Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion

<sup>p</sup> Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.

<sup>q</sup> Strab. Geograph. 3.

<sup>r</sup> Omnia Sanantem.

<sup>s</sup> Macrob. Saturnal. cap. 17.

<sup>t</sup> All three words as much as Physician.

<sup>u</sup> Heal Apollo.

<sup>w</sup> To All-healing Apollo: & Salutaris Apollo in Numum. ap. Goltzius, in Thes.

<sup>x</sup> To God Belin.

<sup>y</sup> To God Abellio.

<sup>z</sup> Ausoniar. l. 1. c. 9.

<sup>a</sup> Camd. ibid.



'twixt these northern parts and the learned Gentiles, seeing that Cæsar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the <sup>b</sup> Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for <sup>c</sup> Apollo's priest among the utmost Scythians, being farther from Hellenism than our British. But I return to the mistle: Hereto hath some referred <sup>d</sup> that which the Sibyl counsell'd Æneas to carry with him to Proserpine;

<sup>e</sup> ——— *latet arbore opaci  
Aureus & foliis & lenta vimine ramus  
Junoni infernæ dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis  
Lucus, & obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.*

Which may as well so be applied, as to <sup>f</sup> chymistry; seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expressly compares it to the mistle,

<sup>g</sup> ——— *quod non sua seminat arbor.*

for it springs out of some particular nature of the oaken stem, where upon it is called by an old poet <sup>h</sup> *Ἀπὸ τοῦ ὀξυῖος*: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftentimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preserveth it for medicine, as the ancients used to make lime of it to catch birds: of which <sup>i</sup> Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that she should not sing upon the oak, because that

<sup>j</sup> ——— *ἐπ' Ὀρνίθεσσι φέρεϊ τὸν ἀνάσσειον Ἰξόν,*

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favorite of singers. Upon this Druidian custom <sup>m</sup>, some have grounded that unto this day used in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, <sup>n</sup> *Au gay Pan neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rablais is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that <sup>o</sup> temple *Ἰξουρνεας τύχης* in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

<sup>p</sup> *At (some read ad) viscum Druidæ, viscum clamare solebant;*

I i i 2

I cannot

<sup>b</sup> Hippokrat. ap. Suid. in Abar.  
<sup>c</sup> Malchus vit. Pythag.  
<sup>d</sup> Virgil Æneid. 6. Patr. Crinit. Hist. Post. 6. cap. 10.  
<sup>e</sup> She directs him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrate to Proserpine.  
<sup>f</sup> Braceich. in Ligno vitæ.  
<sup>g</sup> Which grows of itself.  
<sup>h</sup> Sweat of the Oak, Ion. apud Attributum Dipsosoph. 10.

<sup>i</sup> Antolog. a. cap. 5.  
<sup>j</sup> Bred Lime to catch her.  
<sup>m</sup> Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alij.  
<sup>n</sup> To the Mistle, this new year.  
<sup>o</sup> Plutarch. Probl. Rom. p. Cælius Rbdigin. Antiq. l. 5. 18. c. 14.  
<sup>p</sup> As if you should say of Misted Fortunes, To the Mistle, the Druids used to cry.

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty) the same in effect; I mean the yearly *wass-hail* in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some<sup>r</sup> say, from that of Ronix (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words *‘Louerd king was-hell*, he answering her by direction of an interpreter, *Drinc-heile*,<sup>t</sup> and then,

*Kuste hire and sitte hire adoune and glad dronk hire heil.  
And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail  
As in langage of Saropne that me might ever twile,  
And so wel he paith the folk about, that he is not put vopute.*

Afterward it appears that *wass-hail* and *Drinc-hell* were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in<sup>a</sup> Thomas de la Moore, and before him that old<sup>x</sup> Havillan, thus:

*Ecce vagante ciso distento gutture wass-hell  
Ingeminant wass-hell* —————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it *wish-hell*) which was<sup>x</sup> exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends,

*Benè<sup>x</sup> vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè nostram etiam  
Stephanium*

in<sup>y</sup> Plautus, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a Health, as<sup>z</sup> they did also in direct terms; which with an idol call'd *Heil*, anciently worshipt at Cerne in<sup>z</sup> Dorsetshire, by the English-Saxons, in name expresses both the ceremony of drinking, and the new-year's acclamation (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a<sup>a</sup> cup, ritually compos'd, deckt, and fill'd with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that All-healing Deity, or All-helping medicine did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new-year beginning, it was<sup>b</sup> usual among the Romans, as with us, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say I unfitly expatiate: I omit therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the PLACES of their ASSEMBLY: This was about Chartres in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be

Dreux,

<sup>r</sup> Galfred Monumetb. l. 3. cap. 1.

<sup>t</sup> Lord King a health.

<sup>u</sup> Drink the health.

<sup>v</sup> Rob. Glouc.

<sup>x</sup> Vita Edw. II.

<sup>y</sup> In Archib. lib. 2.

<sup>z</sup> Subintellige *ζῆθος*, aut quid simile.

<sup>a</sup> In Sticho.

<sup>b</sup> Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus. Plautus eadem comœdiâ.

<sup>c</sup> Camdenus. The Wass-bail-boll.

<sup>d</sup> Ovid. Fast. 1. Fes. in Strena.

c Str  
d Th  
e Ta  
f Sae  
30. c. 1  
g Sen  
h De  
i Hæ

Drux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians publick council called <sup>c</sup> Drymenetum had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesey (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, inſomuch that it was call'd <sup>d</sup> *Ynys Dwyall*) for their chief reſidence; as, in the Roman <sup>e</sup> ſtory of Paulinus and Agricola's adventuring on it, is delivered. For their SUBVERSION; under Auguſtus and Tiberius they were prohibited <sup>f</sup> Rome; and Claudius endeavour'd it in <sup>g</sup> Gaul; yet in the ſucceeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopifcus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long ſince that, Procopius <sup>h</sup> writing under Juſtinian above D. years after Chriſt, affirms that then the Gauls uſed ſacrifices of human fleſh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I ſhould upon teſtimony <sup>i</sup> of, I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornill, tell you that ſome C.LX. years before Chriſt, Finnan King of Scotland firſt gave them the iſle, or that King Crathlint, in Diocleſian's perſecution, turned their religion into Chriſtianiſm, and made Amphibalus firſt biſhop of Sodor, I ſhould fabulouſly abuſe time, as they have ignorantly miſtook that iſle of Man for this. Or to ſpeak of the ſuppoſed *Wuttensfels*. i. e. a pentagonal figure, ingraven with *TILIA* or *Tyſia*, (it is the ſame, in faſhion, with the victorious ſeal of Antiochus Soter <sup>k</sup>, being admoniſhed by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Germany they reckon for a preſervative againſt Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad <sup>l</sup> Celtes obſerves, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg hill, near Voitland, fix ſtatues of ſtone, ſet in the church-wall, ſome ſeven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a ſtaff, a beard hanging to his middle, and ſpreading a muſtachio, an auſtere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon miſtaking of Strabo, and applying what he ſaith in general, and bracelets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

*Which with my Princes Court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.*

For as in South-Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr: in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval, so in North-Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes<sup>m</sup> residence,

Iii 3

A CHRO.

c Strab. Geogr. 16.

**d The dark life Brit.**

e Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricola.

f Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat.

30. C. I.

g Senec. in *Apocoloc.* & Sueton. ubi supra.

h De bell. Gotbic. B.

i Hætor. Boer. Scator. Hist. 2. & 6.

k Lucian. *ὁσιπλὴν τὴν ἀποκαταστάσει*  
*πλάσματος; Alii. Et habetur apud A-*  
*grippian in g. de Occulta Philof. pt. cap. 31.*  
*atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Reu-*  
*cblin, in 3. de arte Cabalistic.*  
I Praef. de *Herocynia Sylva.*  
m Prif. in *deſcrip. Wal.*



A CHRONOLOGY of the Kings and Princes of Wales, from  
 \* Arthur, until the end of the British blood in them.

Year of Christ.

516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon : of his death, see to the III. song.
542. Constantine, son to Cador Duke of Cornwall (understand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant ; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary :) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
545. Aurelius Conan.
578. Vortipor.
581. Malgo.
586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons ; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.
- About 600. Cadwan.
- About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallo: The Britons as in token of his powerful resistance and dominion against the Saxons, put <sup>m</sup> him, being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London ; it seems he means Ludgate.
676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo ; of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English Chronicles concerning him, reconcilable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.
688. Ivor son to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) the King of West-Saxons in our monks ; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.
720. Roderique Molwinoc son of Edwal <sup>n</sup> Ywrch.
755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderique.
- Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Efsylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.
843. Roderique Mawr, son to Mervin and Efsylht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales (as to the VII. song) into Powise, North, and South-Wales.
877. Anarawd son to Roderique.
913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.
940. Howel Dha, cozen german to Edwal, having before the principality of South-Wales and Powis. This is he whose laws are so famous and inquired of in Rot. Claus. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.

\* I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader ; so discordant are our Chronologers : nor had I time to examine, nor think that any

man hath sufficient means to rectify them.  
 m This report is, as the *British* story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.  
 n The Rev.

prin  
 Pri  
 ded

948. Jevaf and Jago, fons of Edwal Voel.  
 982. Howel ap Jevaf.  
 984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.  
 986. Meredith ap Owen.  
 992. Edwal ap Meyric.  
 1003. Ædan ap Blegored.  
 1015. Lhewelin ap Sitsylht.  
 1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.  
 1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.  
 1061. Blëthin and Rhywallon ap Convin.  
 1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.  
 1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reform'd the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh, as to the IV. song.  
 1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.  
 1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.  
 1194. Lhewelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.  
 1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.  
 1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last prince of Wales of the British blood.  
 1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewlin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son prince Edward) it hath been in the eldest fons, and heirs apparent of the English crown.

But note, that after the division among Roderique Mawr's fons, the principality was chiefly in North-Wales, and the rest as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as supreme King of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhewelin.



POLY-



P O L Y - O L B I O N:

## The TENTH SONG.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The serious Muse herself applies  
To Merlin's ancient prophecies  
At Dinas Emris ; where he show'd  
How fate the Britons rule bestow'd.  
To Conway next she turns her tale,  
And sings her Cluyd's renowned vale ;  
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,  
And all the wonders of her well ;  
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue :  
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.*

A While thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,  
The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.  
From 'Penmen's craggy height to try her failly wings,  
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs  
(That trembling from his top thro' long-worn crannies creep,  
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)  
She meets with Conway first, which lyeth next at hand :  
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her sand,  
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace :  
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,  
Supply'd by many a mere (through many several rills  
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.  
O goodly river ! near unto thy sacred spring  
§. Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king  
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.  
Most happy were thy Nymphs, that wond'ring did behold

His

**Penmenmaur.**

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# SONG THE TENTH.

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His graver wrinkled brow, amazed and did hear  
 The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were.  
 Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)  
 Thy tributaries be : as is that town, where-out  
 Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name  
 Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame.  
 For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first relate  
 The Destinies decree, of Britain's future fate ;  
 Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose :  
 As, when him from his seat the Saxons should depose :  
 The forces that should here from <sup>b</sup> Armorick arrive,  
 Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive :  
 And to that mighty King, which rashly undertook  
 A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spirits that shook  
 The great foundation still, in dragons horrid shape,  
 That dreaming wizard told ; making the mountain gape  
 With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns deep ;  
 And from the top of <sup>c</sup> Brith, so high and wondrous steep,  
 Where Dinas Emris stood, shew'd where the serpents fought,  
 The white that tore the red ; from whence the Prophet  
 wrought

The Britons sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O ! happy ye, that heard the man who all things knew  
 Until the general doom, through all the world admir'd :  
 By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd ;  
 As well the forked Neage, that near'st her fountain springs,  
 With her beloved maid Melandidar, that brings  
 Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth slide  
 (That to their mistress make from the Denbighian side)  
 As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon fall.

This scarce the muse had said, but Cluyd doth quickly call  
 Her great recourse, to come and guard her while she glide  
 Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy pride  
 Much beautifies her banks, so naturally her own,  
 That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is known)  
 With high-embattel'd hills that each way is enclos'd  
 But only on the north : and to the north dispos'd,

Fierce

<sup>b</sup> Little Britain in France.

<sup>c</sup> Part of Snowdon,

Fierce Boreas finds access to court the dainty vale :  
 Who, whisp'ring in her ear with many a wanton tale,  
 Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)  
 As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.

The <sup>d</sup> Orcades, and all those <sup>d</sup> Eubides imbrac'd  
 In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming chaste,  
 Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas ; who neglects  
 The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects  
 The other in-land dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,  
 Some on the English earth, and some in Albany ;  
 But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth prefer.  
 Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with her,  
<sup>d</sup> Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her took,  
 And in his sailly plumes the trembling virgin shook :  
 But through the extream love he to this vale doth bear,  
 Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth fear  
 Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid face :  
 And, fearing lest the God should so obtain her grace,  
 From the septentrion cold, in the breem freezing air,  
 Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineering there,  
 From Shetland stradling wide, his foot on Thuly sets :  
 Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he threatens,  
 And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower mouth  
 Of the <sup>f</sup> Vergivian sea: where meeting, from the south,  
 Great Neptune's furlier tides, with their robustious shocks,  
 Each other shoulder up against the griesly rocks ;  
 As strong men when they meet, contending for the path :  
 But, coming near the coast where Cluyd her dwelling hath,  
 The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to wreak,  
 §. And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak :

‘ Dear Cluyd, th’ abundant sweets that from thy bosom  
 ‘ flow,

‘ When with my active wings into the air I throw,  
 ‘ Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds to dwell,  
 ‘ Of aged become young, enamor'd with the smell

<sup>d</sup> Isles upon the North-east and  
 West of Scotland.

‘ In the 6. book of Ovid's Me-  
 tamorph.

<sup>f</sup> The tides out of the north and  
 south seas, meeting in St. George's  
 channel.

‘ River

' Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap :  
 ' Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,  
 ' They suffocate with scents; that (from my native kind)  
 ' I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest wind.  
 ' With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see thee bravely spread,  
 ' Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head ;  
 ' Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their meadowy pride  
 ' Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like that glide.  
 ' I farther note in thee, more excellent than these  
 ' (Were there a thing that more the amorous eye might please)  
 ' Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellowy glebe  
 ' doth bear.

' The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the ear.'

Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously prefer'd,  
 Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind over-heard:  
 And, vexed at the heart; that he a mountain great,  
 Which long time in his breast had felt love's kindly heat,  
 As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty caught,  
 Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,  
 With inly rage to hear that valley so extol'd ;  
 And yet that brook, whose course so batful makes her mould,  
 And one that lends that vale her most renowned name,  
 Should of her meaner far, be over-gone in fame.  
 Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herself to show :  
 Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth flow,  
 Her hand-maids \* Manian hath, and \* Hespín, her to bring  
 To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,  
 To lead her thence in state, \* Lewenny lends her source :  
 That when Moylvennil sees his river's great recourse,  
 From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies.  
 \* Claweddock cometh in, and \* Iftrad likewise hies  
 Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh draws :  
 And on the other side, from whence the morning daws,  
 Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her to bear  
 To sacred Asaph's see, his hallowed temple ; where  
 Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,  
 They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's bower:

Who

\* Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintshire.



Who likewise is sustain'd by Senion, last that falls,  
And from the virgin's well doth wash old Ruthland's walls.

Moylvennil with her sight that never is suffic'd,  
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpriz'd,  
That thus he proudly spake ; ' On the Gwynethian ground  
' (And look from east to west) what country is there crown'd  
' As thou <sup>b</sup> Tegenia art? that, with a vale so rich  
' (Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me bewitch)  
' The fruitful'st of all Wales, so long hast honor'd been ;  
' As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,  
' §. That naturally remote six British miles from sea,  
' And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day  
' Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise.  
' When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth rise,  
' That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs thy well ;  
' And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth swell ;  
' §. Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place ;  
' Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,  
' That oft the <sup>i</sup> Devian nymphs, as also those that keep  
' Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian deep,  
' Have left their watry bowers, their secret safe retire,  
' To see her whom report so greatly should admire  
' (Whose waters to this day as perfect are and clear,  
' As her delightful eyes in their full beauties were,  
' A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Winifrid : who chose  
' Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,  
' To have her harmless life by the lewd raptor spilt :  
' For which, still more and more to aggravate his guilt,  
' The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn.  
' And that, for her alone the water should not mourn,  
' The pure vermillion blood, that issued from her veins,  
' Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains ;  
' As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek.  
' And, that one part of her might be the other like,  
' Her hair was turn'd to moss ; whose sweetness doth declare,  
' In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare :

And

<sup>a</sup> Part of the Vale call'd Teg- | <sup>i</sup> Of Dee.  
Engle, i. e. Fair England.

\* A place  
what inacc

- And of her holy life the innocence to show,
- Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
- She strongly bears it up, not suff'ring it to sink.
- Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,
- Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave
- Her virtue with her name, that time should not bereave.\*

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an end,  
 But that the higher † Yale, whose being doth ascend  
 Into the pleasant East, his loftier head advanc'd.  
 This region, as a man that long had been intranc'd  
 (Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty mountain tells  
 Such † farlies of his Cluyd, and of his wondrous wells)  
 Stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia, plac'd  
 So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd  
 By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,  
 To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful mould;  
 And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by Cluyd,  
 (And for his common want, to coin some poor excuse)  
 Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce  
 A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;  
 In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dyffren far behind:  
 On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural frame,  
 §. That figure of the cross, of which it takes the name,  
 Is equal with the best, which else excel it far:  
 And by the power of that most sacred character,  
 Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.

When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin  
 His ampler self to show that (down the verdant dale)  
 Strains in his nobler course along the rougher Yale,  
 T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that spacious  
 lin  
 Through which he comes unmixt, first † Alwin falleth in:  
 And going on along, still gathering up his force,  
 Gets † Gerrow to his aid, to hasten on his course.  
 Where-

\* A place mountainous, and some-  
 what inaccessible.

† Strange things.

With <sup>m</sup> Chriftioneth next, comes <sup>m</sup> Keriog in apace.  
 Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied face  
<sup>m</sup> Claweddock cafts about where Gwenrow ſhe may greet,  
 Till like two loving friends they under Wrexam meet.  
 Then <sup>m</sup> Alen makes approach (to Dee moſt inly dear)  
 Taking <sup>m</sup> Tegiddog in; who earneſt to be there,  
 For haſte, twice under earth her cryſtal head doth run:  
 When inſtantly again Dee's holineſs begun,  
 By his contracted front and ſterner waves to ſhow,  
 That he had things to ſpeak, might profit them to know;  
 A brook that was ſuppos'd much buſineſs to have ſeen,  
 Which had an ancient bound'twixt Wales and England been,  
 And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,  
 That changing of his fords, the future ill or good  
 Of either country told; of either's war or peace,  
 The ſickneſs, or the health, the dearth, or the increaſe:  
 And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boaſt  
 His ſtream in former times to have been honour'd moſt,  
 When as at Cheſter once king Edgar held his court,  
 §. To whom eight leſſer kings with homage did reſort:  
 That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge beſtow'd,  
 And was by all thoſe kings about the river row'd.  
 For which, the hallowed Dee ſo much upon him took,  
 And now the time was come, that this imperious brook,  
 The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,  
 And in the Britains right thus boldly to them ſpake;

' O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,  
 ' §. And thou, the queen of iſles, Great-Britain; why do ye  
 ' Your grandfire's God-like name (with a neglectful ear)  
 ' In ſo reproachful terms and ignominy hear,  
 ' By every one of late contemptuouſly diſgrac'd;  
 ' That he, whom time ſo long and ſtrongly hath embrac'd,  
 ' Should be rejected quite? The reaſon urg'd why,  
 ' Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by:  
 ' That Brutus, as you ſay, by ſea who hither came,  
 ' From whom you would ſuppoſe this iſle firſt took the name,

' Merely

<sup>m</sup> The rivers in the Eaſt of Denbigh, falling into Dee.



' Meerly fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear  
 ' (Most studious of the truth, and near'st those times that  
   were)  
 ' Of any such as he: nay, they who most do strive,  
 ' From that great stock of Troy their lineage to derive,  
 ' In all the large descent of Julius, never found  
 ' That Brute, on whom we might our first beginning ground.  
   ' To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply;  
 ' And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny  
 ' Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times;  
 ' Their writings to precede our ancient British rhymes:  
 ' But that our noble Bards, which so divinely sung  
 ' That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britains sprung,  
 ' Before those Romans were, as proof we can produce;  
 ' §. And learning long with us, ere 'twas with them in use.  
 ' And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.  
 ' §. That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did devise,  
 ' Not heard of till his time our adversary says:  
 ' When pregnantly we prove, ere that historian's days,  
 ' A thousand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly song  
 ' The Britain-founding Brute, most frequent them among  
 ' From Talieffen wise (approved so with us,  
 ' That what he spake was held to be oraculous,  
 ' So true his writings were) and such immortal men  
 ' As this now-waning world shall hardly hear again  
 ' In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of Wales,  
 ' Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle tales  
 ' (As he may find, the truth of our descents that seeks)  
 ' Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks:  
 ' But from the first of time, by judges still were heard,  
 ' Discreetly every <sup>n</sup> year correcting where they err'd.  
 ' And that whereon our foe his greatest hold doth take,  
 ' Against the handled cause and most doth seem to make,  
 ' Is, that we shew no book our Brutus to approve;  
 ' But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did move,  
 ' Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I answer these;  
 ' That th' ancient British priests, the fearless Druides,

That

<sup>n</sup> At the Stethva: see to the fourth song.

' That minister'd the laws, and were so truly wise,  
 ' That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,  
 ' §. To letters never would their mysteries commit,  
 ' For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be more fit.  
 ' Which questionless should seem from judgment to proceed.  
 ' For, when of ages past we look in books to read,  
 ' We retchlessly discharge our memory of those.  
 ' So when injurious time, such monuments doth lose  
 ' (As what so great a work, by time that is not wrackt?)  
 ' We utterly forego that memorable act:  
 ' But when we lay it up within the minds of men,  
 ' They leave it their next age; that, leaves it hers agen:  
 ' So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition make,  
 ' As if you from the world it altogether take,  
 ' You utterly subvert antiquity thereby.  
 ' For though time well may prove that often she doth ly,  
 ' Posterity by her yet many things hath known,  
 ' That ere men learn'd to write, could no way have been shown:  
 ' For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure  
 ' The scriptures be from heaven, like heaven, divinely pure,  
 ' Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say  
 ' (I speak with godly fear) tradition put away,  
 ' In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly  
 ' To prove before the flood the genealogy.  
 ' Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree  
 ' With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd may be)  
 ' Than peopling of this place, near to those ages, when  
 ' Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand'ring men  
 ' (Of all hope to return into their country rest)  
 ' Sought shores whereon to set that little them was left:  
 ' From some such god-like race we questionless did spring,  
 ' Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.  
 ' So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,  
 ' And Cæsar's envious pen would all the world perswade,  
 ' His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,  
 ' When with his Roman power arriving here from France,  
 ' If he the Britains found experienc'd so in war,  
 ' That they with such great skill could wield their armed car

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' And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,  
 ' Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set  
 ' The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fords should pass;  
 ' I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was  
 ' So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing war.  
 ' But, in things past so long (for all the world) we are  
 ' Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:  
 ' Who sailing by some hill, or promontory steep  
 ' Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye  
 ' Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,  
 ' And th'more that he doth look, the more it draws his sight;  
 ' Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous weight:  
 ' But, from the passed shore still as the swelling sail  
 ' (Thrust forward by the wind) the floating barque doth hail,  
 ' The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still  
 ' Appareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill  
 ' At length shews like a cloud; and farther being cast,  
 ' Is out of kenning quite: so, of the ages past;  
 ' Those things that in their age much to be wonder'd were,  
 ' Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth bear,  
 ' Do lessen every hour.' When now the mighty prease,  
 Impatient of his speech, intreat the flood to cease,  
 And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to show,  
 As angry with the muse such labour to bestow  
 On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.  
 And having past the time, the honourable Dee  
 At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:  
 When our intended course with England we pursue.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**R**eturning into the land, the muse leads you about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and maritime shires of Wales; which conclude these seven last books dedicated to the glory of that third part of great Britain.

*Prophetique Merlin fate, when to the British King.*

In the first declining state of the British empire (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in Snowdon hills

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(not



(not far from Conway's head in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks counsel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they advise, that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merddin (as you have it to the fifth song) was Merlin Ambrose found: he, being hither brought to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruine of the stone-work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them make farther inquisition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so likewise, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons: and upon this event here in <sup>a</sup> Dinas Emrys, as they call it, began he those prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the British story. Hence questionless was that fiction of the muses best pupil, the noble Spenser<sup>b</sup>, in supposing Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose dwelling he places

————— low in a valley green  
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hoar,  
From whence the river Dee as silver cleen.  
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merioneth: but observe with-  
all, the difference of the Merlins, Ambrose and Silvester, which is be-  
fore to the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes  
king Arthur and this Merlin of one time. These prophecies were by  
Geffrey ap Arthur at request of Alexander bishop of Lincoln under  
Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three hundred years since had  
interpretation bestowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de*  
*Insulis*, who never before, but twice since that happy inauguration and  
mighty increase of dominion in our present sovereign, hath been im-  
printed. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without  
constraint applyed to some event of succeeding time; as that which we  
have before to the fifth song of Caerleon, and this, *the Isle shall again*  
*be named after Brute*; which is now seen by a publick edict, and in  
some of his majesty's present coins, and with more such: yet seeing  
learned c men account him but a professor of unjustifiable magique, and  
that all prophecies either fall true, or else are among the affecters of such  
vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent  
have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I  
endea-

<sup>a</sup> Ambrose's Bury. *Itinerar.* 2. c. 8.

<sup>b</sup> Faery Q. lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.

<sup>c</sup> Wier. de præstigijs Demon. 2. cap. 16.  
alij.

<sup>d</sup> Humf.  
<sup>e</sup> Powel.

endeavoured to perswade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

*And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.*

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Cluyd (for so is the English of *Dyphryn Clwyd*) extended from the middle of Denbigh-shire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soil, healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation, washt through the middle with this river, and encompassed on the east, west, and south with high mountains, freely receives the wholesome blasts of the north-wind (much accounted of among builders and geomoniques for immission of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the sea: whereupon the muse very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of Neptune; whose ravishing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the deprest state of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

*That naturally remote six British miles from sea.*

It is in the parish of Kilken in Flintshire, where it ebbeth<sup>d</sup> and floweth in direct opposite times to the sea, as the author describes; they call it<sup>e</sup> *Finon Weinw*: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton in<sup>f</sup> Glamorganshire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor<sup>g</sup> in Caermersdthinshire. Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlookt-for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

*Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place.*

At Haliwel a maritime village, near Basingwerk in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution

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<sup>d</sup> *Humf. Lbuid. descript.*

<sup>e</sup> *Powel, ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.*

<sup>f</sup> *Stradling. ap. Camd.*

<sup>g</sup> *Girald, Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.*

lution under <sup>b</sup> Edward II. and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks; whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedication of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandize then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly out of pardons to such as came thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchas'd of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining pretences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of error and smock-felling imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of St. Winfred's martyrdom.

*That figure of the Cross, of which it takes the name.*

Deprest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a Cross, and so is call'd the Cross vale, and in British *Lhan Gwest*.

*To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.*

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus toucht with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caus'd multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduc'd, being <sup>i</sup> *homines integri*, and using, *naturali simplicitate sua deservare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the stranger-Saxons an uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increast, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

*As thou, the 2, of Isles, great Britain—*

Both for excellence in soil and air, as also for large continent, she hath this title. And although in ancientest time of the Greeks (that

<sup>b</sup> *Ed. 2.*

<sup>i</sup> Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. *Malmesbury.*

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m Geograph,



# SONG THE TENTH. 855

hath any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the <sup>2</sup> greatest  
 isle, and by some Sicily, as the old verses of the <sup>1</sup> Seven tell us, and  
 that by <sup>m</sup> Ptolemy the East-Indian Tapobran, now called Sumatra, had  
 preheminance of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by com-  
 parison of that with this, either according to the measure took of it by  
 Onesicrit <sup>a</sup> upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches  
 us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in substance, that

————— ° ὁδ' ἐτις ἄλλη  
 Νήσους ἐν πάσῃσι Βρετανίῃσι ἰσοφαρίζει,

as long since, Dionysius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cause to  
 call it another World, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Clau-  
 dian, and others justify.

*And learning long with us ere 'twas with them in use.*

For the Druids, being in profession very proportionate in many things  
 to Cabastilique and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be suppos'd much  
 ancients than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who  
 before Livius Salinator, and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and  
 others, not much preceding Cæsar, can scarce shew steps of poesy, nor  
 before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in  
 their names (although by pretence of Annias there be a piece of Pictor  
 published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have <sup>q</sup> some  
 that make that supposed eldest Historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares  
 Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Salust, to  
 have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

*Our Geoffrey Manmouth first our Brutus to devise.*

It was so laid to Geoffrey's charge (he was bishop of St. Asaph, un-  
 der king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of St. Alban's, Wil-  
 liam Petit, call'd William of Newborough and some other: but plainly  
 (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can)  
 the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story  
 was partly translated) and Latin testimonies of the Britains, as I have,  
 for the author, more largely spoken, to the first song. And (a little to  
 continue my first justification, for this time) why may not we as well  
 think that many stories and relations, anciently written here, have  
 been by the Picis, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, de-  
 voured up from posterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us,  
 would have ended this controversy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Poly-  
 bius, Halicarnassæus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out

K k k 3 of

<sup>k</sup> Scylax, Caryand. in πειρη. Edit.  
 per D. Hoeschelium.

<sup>l</sup> Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum.

<sup>m</sup> Geograph. lib. 2. cap. 4.

<sup>n</sup> Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.

<sup>o</sup> No other isle is equal to Britain.

<sup>p</sup> V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.

<sup>q</sup> Bal. centur. 1.

of Fabius, Antias, Chereas, Solylus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now lost writers, because we see not the self authors? No, time hath ransackt more pretious things, and even those super-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyssop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much respecting natural causes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias suppress'd from succeeding ages, if my <sup>r</sup> authority deceive not. So that the loss in this, and all kinds, to the common-wealth of letters, hath been so grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how error of conceit in some, envy in others, and hostile invasion hath bereft us of many monuments most precious in all sorts of literature, if we now enjoy'd their instructing use: and to conclude, the antiquities of these original ages are like those of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; <sup>s</sup> *Cum vetustate nimia obscuræ, velut quæ* (as <sup>r</sup> Livy says) *magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod perraræ, per eadem tempora Literæ fuere, una custodia fidelis memoriæ rerum gestarum; & quod etiam, si quæ in commentariis Pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensa urbe, pleraque interiire.* But all this in effect the mule tells you in the sixth canto.

*To letters never would their mysteries commit.*

What they taught their scholars for matter of law, heathenish religion, and such learning as they here were presidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, lest memory unused might so fail, they permitted not commission of their lectures and instructions to the custody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verses and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabalists; which, until of late time, wrote not, but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their Rabbins. In other matters, private and publick (so is <sup>u</sup> Cæsar's assertion) they used Greek letters, which hath made some think that they wrote Greek. But be not easily thereto perswaded. Perhaps they might use Greek characters, seeing that those which the Greeks then had, and now use, were at first received from <sup>v</sup> strangers, and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is sufficiently justifiable out of old coins, inscriptions, and express <sup>z</sup> assertion, that the ancient character among the Greeks was almost the same with that which is now the Latins. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or spake Greek, is as if you should affirm the Syriack testament to be Hebrew, because published in Hebrew letters; or some Latin treatises, Saxon, because in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Irish, because they used the <sup>a</sup> Irish form of writing; or that those books which are

<sup>r</sup> In Zerror Hammor. apud Munst. ad Exod. 15.

<sup>s</sup> Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ransacking the city, &c.

<sup>t</sup> Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids see fully to the IX. song.

<sup>u</sup> Cæsar. de Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

<sup>v</sup> Færo deling. Lat. 7.

<sup>z</sup> Plin. Hist. Nat. 7. cap. 58. & si placet, videas Annianos illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Equivocis.

<sup>a</sup> Camd. in Hibernia. & per Græcas literas in arâ Ulyssis in consilio Rhetia & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipsius Characteres solommædæ intelligit.

b Nerva  
c Wrote  
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his design  
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e Geogr.  
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are published in Dutch by some Jews in a special kind of Hebrew letter: should also be of the same tongue. Observe but this passage in Cæsar; He sends by a Gaul (allured to this use against his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then besieged about <sup>a</sup> where now is Tournay, *Ἐπεὶ ὁ Γαῖος ἐνέγραψεν ἑλίσσας, ἵνα, ἐντοξευθεὶς Ἐπιστολῇ, νοστῇ (saith he himself) ἀπὸ ἐχθρῶν ἐκλογὰς ἐκμανθῇ.* To what purpose did he thus, if the Gauls, or their statesmen the Druids understood Greek? I know what he <sup>a</sup> writes of those tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but shall not soon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object <sup>c</sup> Strabo his affirmance, that the Gauls (for as long as I speak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as sufficient reason is elsewhere given) were grown such lovers of that tongue, <sup>f</sup> *ὅτι καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλλήνων ἔχουσιν.* It is soon answered, that he speaks only of those about Marseilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Natolia (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhosne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nannus king of that coast, was chosen (according to their custom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her husband; hereto success grew so fortunate, that honourable respect on both sides, join'd with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seem'd, as my author <sup>g</sup> says, as if Gaul had been turn'd into Greece, rather than Greece to have travailed into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Marseilles, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are, which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer <sup>h</sup> Hotoman, who presumes that the word *Græcis* in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in stile, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great <sup>k</sup> critique Lipsius, lest some more impolite hand hath sow'd many patches of base cloth into that more rich web, as his own metaphor expresses it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently

K k k 4

concur

<sup>b</sup> Nerva. *de bello Gall.* 5.

<sup>c</sup> Wrote it in Greek, lest the enemy might by intercepting the letters, discover his design.

<sup>d</sup> *De Bell. Gallic.* 1.

<sup>e</sup> *Geogr.* 1.

<sup>f</sup> That they wrote their instruments of contract in Greek.

<sup>g</sup> *Trag. Pomp. Hist.* 43.

<sup>h</sup> *Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæsar. Com.*

<sup>k</sup> *Elia. 2. cap. 7. Epistolic. quæst. 2. cap. 2.*



concur in opinion with Hotoman. In sum, I know that *Græcis literis* may be taken as well for the language (as in <sup>1</sup> Justin I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards <sup>m</sup> Berkshire; although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scottish historians most senselessly of their *Tullis Hoff* built by him, which others refer <sup>n</sup> to Vespasian, some affirm it a temple <sup>o</sup> of the god Terminus; whereas it seems expressly to be built by Carausius, in time of Dioclesian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.*  
<sup>m</sup> *Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacias,*  
*verum & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Ealn,*

<sup>n</sup> *Veremund. ap. Heß. Boet. bist. 3.*  
<sup>o</sup> *Buchanan. bist. 4. in Donaldo.*



## POLYOLBION:

### The ELEVENTH SONG.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, her native earth to see,  
 Returns to England over Dee;  
 Visits stout Cheshire, and there shows  
 To her and hers, what England owes;  
 And of the nymphs sporting there  
 In Wyrral, and in Delamere.  
 Weever, the great devotion sings  
 Of the religious Saxon kings;  
 Those riverets doth together call,  
 That into him and Mersey fall.  
 Thence bearing to the side of Peak,  
 This zealous canto off doth break.*

**W**ITH as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait  
 As when we first set forth, observing every state,  
 The

# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 859

The muse from Cambria comes, with pinions sum'm'd and  
sound :

And having put her self upon the English ground,  
First seiseth in her course the noblest Cestrian shore ;  
§. Of our great English bloods as careful here of yore,  
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be then ;  
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire, chief of men,  
§. And of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold,  
And thereto hath her high regalities enroll'd :  
Besides, in many fields since conquering William came,  
Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.  
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,  
The mightiest men of bone, in her full bosom bred :  
And neither of them such as cold penurious need  
Spurs to each rash attempt ; but such as soundly feed,  
Clad in warm English cloth ; and maim'd should they re-  
turn

( Whom this false ruthless world else from their doors would  
spurn )

Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.  
Nor did the tenant's pay the land-lord's charge maintain :  
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate ;  
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate  
The richer and the poor stood open to receive.  
They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave,  
Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.  
For rightly whilst her self brave England was of old,  
And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led,  
Our armies in those times (near through the world so dread)  
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the most ;  
Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently boast,  
§. Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance  
Above the fleur de lis, even in the heart of France.

O ! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be  
'Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and Dee !  
Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee divide :  
Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian side,

Thy

Thy natural sister-shire ; and linkt unto thee so,  
 That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.  
 As tow'rds the Derbian Peak, and Moreland (which do draw  
 More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd Shutlingflaw  
 And Molcop be thy mounds, with those proud hills whence  
 rove

The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove ;  
 Clear Dove, that makes to Trent ; the other to the west.  
 But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,  
 (From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester, call'd of old  
 §. Carlegion ; whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold,  
 Of those her legions known the faithful station then,  
 So stoutly held to tack by those near North-wales men ;  
 Yet by her own right name had rather called be,  
 §. As her the Britons term'd, the fortress upon Dee,  
 Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,  
 Th'imaginary work of some huge giant's hand :  
 Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.

But back a while, my muse : to Weever let us go,  
 Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood doth scorn ;  
 His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly born ;  
 The country in his course, that clean through doth divide,  
 Cut in two equal shares upon his either side :  
 And, what the famous flood far more than that enriches,  
 The brackey fountains are, those two renowned Wyches,  
 The Nant-wych, and the North ; whose either briny well,  
 For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to excel.  
 Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,  
 §. But in himself thereby doth holiness retain  
 Above his fellow floods : whose healthful virtues taught,  
 Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be sought  
 For physick in their need : and Thetis oft hath seen,  
 When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have been  
 So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their cure :  
 Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.  
 And Amphitrite oft this wizzard river led  
 Into her secret walks (the depths profound and dread)

Of



Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid events to know  
 Of things that were to come, as things done long ago.  
 In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;  
 And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and Dee  
 Much strife there hath arose in their prophetick skill.

But to conclude his praise, our Weever here doth will  
 The muse his source to sing; as how his course he steers:  
 Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neighb'ring meres  
 Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver breast,  
 As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the east;  
 Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,  
 Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,  
 Which to his journey's end him earnestly do haste:  
 Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste  
 Of her most savory salt, is, by the sacred touch,  
 Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd much  
 To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth near  
 Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black omi-  
 nous mere

Accounted one of those that England's wonders make;  
 Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of strangers, Brereton's-  
 lake;

Whose property seems far from reason's way to stand:  
 For, near before his death that's owner of the land,  
 She sends up stocks of trees, that on the top do float;  
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note.

His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds her race:  
 When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes apace  
 To put-in with those streams his sacred steps that tread,  
 Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.  
 Where, when the rivers meet, with all their stately train,  
 Proud Mersey is so great in entring of the main,  
 As he would make a shew for empery to stand,  
 And wrest the three-forkt mace from out grim Neptune's  
 hand;

To Cheshire highly bound for that his watry store,  
 As to the grosser \* loughs on the Lancastrian shore.

From

\* Meres or standing Lakes.

From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Peakish spring,  
 And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring  
 From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd Sylvens she  
 Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to be ;  
 Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her long,  
 And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.  
 Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to stay ;  
 Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.  
 To whom, upon their road she pleasantly reports  
 The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish sports  
 In Maxfield they have had ; as of that forest's fate :  
 Until they come at length, where Mersey for more state  
 Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,  
 That at his stern approach, extended Wyrral fears,  
 That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the Dee)  
 In very little time devoured he might be :  
 Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,  
 To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.  
 Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a smiling brow  
 He fawns on both those floods ; their amorous arms that  
 throw

About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling breasts :  
 On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased cheek he rests,  
 The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,  
 Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant locks,  
 Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids look :  
 But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,  
 Who shews her self all drest in most delicious flowers ;  
 And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady bowers  
 The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-footed fauns,  
 To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,  
 As over <sup>b</sup> holt and heath, as thorough <sup>c</sup> frith and <sup>d</sup> fell ;  
 And oft at barly-break, and prison-base, to tell  
 (In carrols as they course) each other all the joys,  
 The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous toys

The

<sup>b</sup> A wood growing on a hill on  
 knole.

<sup>c</sup> High wood.

<sup>d</sup> Low coppice.

## SONG THE ELEVENTH. 863

The subtle sea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to win.

But Weever now again to warn them doth begin  
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did hate,  
That neither them beseem'd, nor stood with his estate  
(Being one that gave him self industriously to know  
What monuments our kings erected long ago :  
To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,  
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)  
And bent himself to shew, that yet the Britons bold,  
Whom the laborious muse so highly had extoll'd,  
Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds,  
And therefore with their praise thus zealously proceeds ;

' Whilst the celestial powers th'arrived time attend,  
' When o'er this general isle the Britons reign should end,  
' And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had wrought,  
' Into th'afflicted land which strong invasion brought,  
' And to that proud attempt, what yet his power might want,  
' The ill-disposed heavens, Brute's offspring to supplant,  
' Their angry plagues down-pour'd, insatiate in their waste  
' (Needs must they fall, whom heaven doth to destruction  
' haste.)

' And that which lastly came to consummate the rest,  
' Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally they prest  
' Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)  
' From those which paid them wage, the island soon did win;  
' And sooner overspread, being masters of the field ;  
' Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent to wield  
' A land within itself that had so great a foe ;  
' And therefore thought it fit them wisely to bestow :  
' Which over Severn here they in the mountains shut,  
' And some upon that point of Cornwall forth they put.  
' Yet forced were they there their stations to defend.

' Nor could our men permit the Britons to descend  
' From Jove or Mars alone ; but brought their blood as high,  
' §, From Woden, by which name they stiled Mercury.  
' Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here before,  
' More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this shore,

' Than



' Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to raise,  
 ' §. Here put their German names upon our weekly days.  
 These noble Saxons were a nation hard and strong,  
 ' On fundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled long;  
 ' Affliction throughly knew; and in proud fortune's spight,  
 ' Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her utmost might:  
 ' Who under Hengist first, and Horfa, their brave chiefs,  
 ' From Germany arriv'd, and with the strong reliefs  
 ' Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to supply,  
 ' Which anciently had been of their affinity,  
 ' By Scythia first sent out, which could not give them meat,  
 ' Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves to feat.  
 ' Them at the last on Dansk their lingring fortune drave,  
 ' Where Holst unto their troops sufficient harbour gave.  
 ' These with the Saxons went; and fortunately wan:  
 ' Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here began  
 ' In Kent; where his great heirs, ere other princes rose  
 ' Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,  
 ' With swelling Humber's side their empire did confine.  
 ' And of the rest, not least renowned of their line,  
 ' §. Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christned English king,  
 ' To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hither bring  
 ' Wise Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory sent.  
 ' This most religious king, with most devout intent,  
 ' That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,  
 ' And privileges gave, this temple to protect.  
 ' His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,  
 ' From that first christned king, the second in that reign.  
 ' The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,  
 ' And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd by excess)  
 ' §. That abstinence from flesh for forty days began,  
 ' Which by the name of Lent is known to every man.  
 ' As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had done,  
 ' §. So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won  
 ' The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying from the  
 ' main  
 ' Directly to the South, did properly obtain

' The

' See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th, and 8th songs.

# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 865

' The Southern Saxons name; and not the last thereby  
 ' Amongst the other reigns which made the Heptarchy :  
 ' So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,  
 ' We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring  
 ' Wise Ethelwald : alone who Christian not became,  
 ' But willing that his folk should all receive the name,  
 ' §. Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this realm receiv'd  
 ' (Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see bereav'd)  
 ' And on the south of Thames, a seat did him afford,  
 ' By whom that people first receiv'd the saving word.

' As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who rais'd  
 ' Th' East-Saxons kingdom first) brave Sebert may be  
 prais'd :

' Which, as that king of Kent, had with such cost and state  
 ' Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imitate)  
 ' Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear:  
 ' The primer English kings so truly zealous were.

' Then ' Sebba of his seed, that did them all surpass,  
 ' Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,  
 ' (Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve  
 ' That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)  
 ' Even in his height of life, in health, in body strong,  
 ' Persuaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,  
 ' To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,  
 ' After religious sort themselves to dedicate.

' Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his high praise  
 ' (Enriching that proud fane his grandfire first did raise)  
 ' Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,  
 ' And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.

' Nor these our princes here, of that pure Saxon strain,  
 ' Which took unto themselves each one their several reign,  
 ' For their so godly deeds deserved greater fame,  
 ' Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with them came;  
 ' Who sharing-out themselves a kingdom in the East,  
 ' With th' Eastern Angles name their circuit did invest,

' By

• Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

' By Uffa in that part so happily begun :  
 ' Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have won  
 ' From all before or since that ever suffer'd here ;  
 ' §. Redwald's religious sons : who for their Saviour dear,  
 ' By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,  
 ' Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,  
 ' And in the roll of saints must have a special room,  
 ' Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald shall come.

' When in that way they went, next Sebert them succeeds,  
 ' Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds :  
 ' Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,  
 ' And to his cloyster long had strictly him confin'd,  
 ' A corslet for his cowl was glad again to take,  
 ' His country to defend (for his religion's sake)  
 ' Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan power,  
 ' Those christned Angles then of purpose to devour :  
 ' And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathenish pride,  
 ' As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd.

' When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long  
 ' Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by wrong,  
 ' §. Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought him in,  
 ' Even at what time the Danes this island sought to win :  
 ' Who christned soon became, and as religious grown  
 ' As those most heathenish were who set him on his throne,  
 ' Did expiate in that place his predecessors guilt,  
 ' Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had spilt.  
 ' For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures try,  
 ' His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny ;  
 ' First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,  
 ' His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot ;  
 ' The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly crown'd.  
 ' To whom even in that place, that monument renown'd  
 ' Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.  
 ' What English hath not heard \* Saint Edmond Bury's  
 ' name ?

' As



SONG THE ELEVENTH. 867

' As of those Angles here, so from their loins again,  
 ' Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-Saxian  
   ' reign,  
 ' (From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to descen d)  
 ' A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend  
 ' With any king since first the Saxons came to shore,  
 ' Of all those christned here, who highlier did adore  
 ' The God-head, than that man? or more that did apply  
 ' His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?  
 ' Great Glastonbury then so wondrously decay'd,  
 ' Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons laid,  
 ' He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,  
 ' And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate:  
 ' Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,  
 ' Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.  
 ' From ' Otta (born with him who did this isle invade)  
 ' And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians made,  
 ' And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,  
 ' Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,  
 ' And absolutely sat on the Dierian seat,  
 ' But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:  
 ' An army into Wales who for invasion led,  
 ' At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;  
 ' Into their utter spoil, then publick way to make,  
 ' The long-religious house of goodly Bangor brake,  
 ' §. And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.  
 ' For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians made  
 ' (Though with the just consent of Christian Saxons slain)  
 ' His blood, the heathenish hands of Redwald did distain.  
 ' That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were exil'd:  
 ' And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as just and mild,  
 ' As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever bring  
 ' In all the seven-fold rule an absoluter king;  
 ' And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power that lent:  
 ' §. Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;  
 ' And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of trade,  
 ' Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,

L 11

' And

' Otta, brother to Hengist.

- ‘ And fastned them with chains the way-farer to ease,  
 ‘ And the poor pilgrim’s thirst, there resting, to appease.  
 ‘ As Mercia, ’mongst the rest, fought not the least to raise  
 ‘ The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler praise.  
 ‘ §. Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Creda came  
 ‘ (The Britons who expulst) were any whit in fame,  
 ‘ For piety and zeal, behind the others best ;  
 ‘ Though heath’nish Penda long and proudly did infest  
 ‘ The christned neighbouring kings, and forc’d them all  
 ‘ to bow ;  
 ‘ Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,  
 ‘ Of his abundant grace would he be pleas’d to grant,  
 ‘ That he this Panim prince in battle might supplant,  
 ‘ A recluse he would give his daughter and delight,  
 ‘ Sweet Alfred then in youth, and as the morning, bright :  
 ‘ And having his request, he gave as he obtain’d ;  
 ‘ Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wulpher stain’d  
 ‘ In his own childrens blood, whom their dear mother had  
 ‘ §. Confirm’d in Christ’s belief, by that most reverend Chad :  
 ‘ Yet to embrace the faith when after he began  
 ‘ (For the unnatural’st deed that e’er was done by man)  
 ‘ If possible it were to expiate his guilt,  
 ‘ Here many a goodly house to holy uses built :  
 ‘ And she (to purge his crime on her dear children done)  
 ‘ A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.  
 ‘ What age a godlier prince than Etheldred could bring?  
 ‘ Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?  
 ‘ Both taking them the cowl, th’ one here his flesh did tame,  
 ‘ The other went to Rome, and there a monk became.  
 ‘ So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among :  
 ‘ Who, though most vainly given when he was hot and  
 ‘ young ;  
 ‘ Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought  
 ‘ From those unstay’d delights by which his youth was  
 caught,  
 ‘ He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,  
 ‘ §. And (through his rule) the church from taxes strong-  
 ly freed.

‘ Then

- ' Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen  
 ' (Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to men)  
 ' He that great abbey built of Crowland, as though he  
 Would have no other's work like his foundation be.  
 ' As, Offa greater far than any him before :  
 ' Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all the shore ;  
 ' But over into Wales adventurously he shot  
 ' His Mercia's spacious \* Mere, and Powlsland to it got.  
 ' This king, even in that place, where with rude heaps of  
 ' stones  
 ' §. The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's bones,  
 ' That goodly abby built to Alban ; as to shew  
 ' How much the sons of Brute should to the Saxons owe.  
 ' But when by powerful heaven it was decreed at last,  
 ' That all those sevenfold rules should into one be cast  
 ' (Which quickly to a head by ' Britrik's death was brought)  
 ' Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been taught,  
 ' Returning home, was king of the West-Sexians made,  
 ' Whose people, then most rich and potent, him persuade  
 ' (As once it was of old) to monarchize the land.  
 ' Who following their advice, first with a warlike hand  
 ' The Cornish overcame ; and thence, with prosperous sails,  
 ' O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of Wales ;  
 ' And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle wag'd :  
 ' Wherein he won their rule ; and with his wounds enrag'd,  
 ' Went on against rest. Which, sadly when they saw  
 ' How those had sped before, with most subjective awe  
 ' Submit them to his sword : who prosperously alone  
 ' Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,  
 ' (§. Extirping other stiles) and gave it England's name  
 ' Of th'Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers came.  
 ' When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule began,  
 ' But instantly the \* Dane the island over-ran ;  
 ' A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.  
 ' For, as the Britons first they treacherously had slain,

L 11 2

' This

\* Offa's ditch.

† Egbert's predecessor.

\* See Song the first.



' This third upon their necks a heavier burden laid,  
 ' Than they had upon those whom falsely they betray'd.  
 ' And for each other's states, though oft they here did toil,  
 ' §. A people from their first bent naturally to spoil,  
 ' That cruelty with them from their beginning brought;  
 ' Yet when the Christian faith in them had throughly  
     ' wrought,  
 ' Of any in the world no story shall us tell,  
 ' Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:  
 ' That in these drowsy times should I in publick bring  
 ' Each great peculiar act of every godly king,  
 ' The world might stand amaz'd in this our age to see  
 ' Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious we  
 ' Let every day decay; and yet we only live  
 ' By the great freedoms then those kings to these did give.  
     ' Wife Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us the seat  
 ' §. Of famous Cambridge first, then with endowments  
     ' great  
 ' The mules to maintain, those sisters thither brought.  
     ' By whose example, next, religious Alfred taught,  
 ' Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood;  
 ' And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood,  
 ' Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers provide.  
 ' §. He into several shires the kingdom did divide.  
     ' So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd  
 ' The multitudes of wolves, that long the land annoy'd.  
 ' And our good Edward here, the confessor and king  
 ' (Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs off'rings  
     bring)  
 ' That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat and jaws,  
 ' When physic could not find the remedy nor cause,  
 ' And much it did afflict his sickly people here,  
 ' He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,  
 ' This tumour by a king might cured be alone:  
 ' §. Which he an heir-loom left unto the English throne.  
 ' So, our saint Edward here, for England's general use,  
 ' §. Our country's common laws did faithfully produce,  
 ' Both from th' old British writ, and from the Saxon tongue.  
 ' Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty throng

## SONG THE ELEVENTH. 871

For audience cry'd aloud ; because they late had heard,  
That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly dar'd  
With words that very much had stir'd his rancorous spleen :  
Where, though clear Severn set her princely self between  
The English and the Welsh, yet could not make them cease:  
Here, Weaver, as a flood affecting goodly peace,  
His place of speech resigns ; and to the Muse refers  
The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these stirrs.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**N**OW are you newly out of Wales, returned into England : and for conveniency of situation, imitating therein the ordinary course of chorography, the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint, last sung by the muse) Cheshire is here surveyed.

*Of our great English bloods as careful —*

For, as generally in these northern parts of England, the Gentry is from ancient time left preserved in the continuance of name, blood, and place ; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and the adjoining Lancashire : which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chief houses and lordships, hath <sup>a</sup> been observed.

*And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth bold.*

We have in England three more of that title, Lancaster, Durham, and Ely : and, until later <sup>b</sup> time, Hexamshire in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown*. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself Barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and conifance of pleas in such sort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus ista omnia*, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was ; but so, that it extended first only to him <sup>d</sup> which had care of the household and imperial revenue ; which is now (so saith <sup>e</sup> Wesembeck ; I affirm it not) as the Marshal in other courts : but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitiua dignitas*, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In later times both in Ger-

L 113

<sup>a</sup> *Camd. in Cornov. & Brigant.*

<sup>b</sup> *Stat. 14. Eliz. c. 13.*

<sup>d</sup> *C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Eu-*

*seb. de vit. Constantin. d. & Cod. lib. 12.*

<sup>e</sup> *In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.*

many

many (as you see in the Palsgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shews long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct Palatine government, as Peter Pithou<sup>f</sup> hath at large published) and in this kingdom such were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their state-carriage, gain'd full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Countes de Palais*, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III<sup>d</sup>. and Q. Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then earl of Chester bare, before the king, St. Edward's sword, called *Curtrin*, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as <sup>g</sup> Duke of Lancaster; and wish you to examine the passages there, with what Bracton<sup>h</sup> hath of Earls, and our year<sup>i</sup> books of the High Constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of <sup>k</sup> Resumption, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

*Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance.*

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleurs de lis*, and *three Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces (as you have it in Froissart) who bare the French<sup>l</sup> arms, being then *Azure femy* with *Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing: nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, <sup>m</sup> *Misit ergo* (saith Matthew Paris) *Imperator* (that is, Frederick II.) *regi Anglorum tres Leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres Leopardi transeuntes figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

*Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,  
Sic laus RICHARDI, quem scepra colunt Leopardi.*

And

<sup>f</sup> Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie. Palatinorum nostrorum nomine Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 263.

<sup>g</sup> Arch. v. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commiss. of udCrompt. Jurisdic. Cur.

<sup>h</sup> De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.

<sup>i</sup> 16 Hen. 8. Kelaway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.

<sup>k</sup> 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

<sup>l</sup> V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.

<sup>m</sup> 19 Hen. 3.

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# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 873

And Edward <sup>n</sup> IV. granted to Lewis of Bruges earl of Winchester, that he should bear *d'Azure, a dix Maseles en arme d'un canton de nostre propre armes d'Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de Goules ung Leopard passant d'Or, arme d'Azure*, as the patent speaks: And likewise <sup>o</sup> Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roses, and *Summo scuti partitum principale de Azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante Leopardo*, and calls them *Parcelle Armourum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure debentur regio*. I know it is otherwise now received, but withall, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done <sup>p</sup> upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time; and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and composure (as in the bearing of Normandy, the County of Zutphen, and such more) being blazon'd in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion-Leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a great <sup>q</sup> student in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with queen Eleanor divorced from Lewis of France) to be the first three lions, born by the English kings.

*Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold.*

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland <sup>r</sup> hath long since found fault with William of <sup>s</sup> Malmesbury for affirming it so called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum resedere*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks, unjust: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of S. Augustines in Canterbury, evidently perswades the contrary.

————— *the fortrefs upon Dee.*

At this day in *British* she is call'd: *Cair Theon* at *dour dwy*, i. e. *the City of Legions upon the river Dee*. Some vulgar antiquaries have referr'd the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it: I, nor they, know not who, or when he liv'd. But indeed ridiculously they took <sup>u</sup> *Leou Daur* for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently.

*But in himself thereby doth Holiness retain.*

L 11 4

He

<sup>n</sup> Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.

<sup>o</sup> Pat. 27 Hen. 6. num. 46.

<sup>p</sup> Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.

<sup>q</sup> Nichol. Upton. de re militari. l. 3.

<sup>r</sup> In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

<sup>s</sup> De Pontificib. lib. 4.

<sup>t</sup> Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.

<sup>u</sup> A great legion.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the seventh song. Wever, by reason of the salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physick, and prophecy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular caute, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by expresse commandment of the \* true God, מלח כריס in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol<sup>b</sup> of perpetual friendship, that in Homer εἰδωλέ δ' Ἄλδς Ὀρίοιο, the title of Ἄγνιτης given it by Lycophron, and c passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

*From Woden, by which name they stiled Mercury.*

Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer it self. For this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an *Anonymus de Regali Prosapia*, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealar, Frithulf, Fin, Godolph, Gera, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving<sup>b</sup> himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors nam'd, special mention is found in Paul<sup>i</sup> Warafrid, who makes Frea his wife (others call her Frisco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam<sup>k</sup> of Brema, which describe him as Mars; but in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirm'd the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Woden* day (according to the dutch *Wodensdag*) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to *Merc*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by<sup>l</sup> Lipsius, fetching *Wodan* from *Wōn* or *Wm*, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Wendan*, expressing in that sense the self name<sup>n</sup> Ερμης Κερδω used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here

<sup>a</sup> Levit. 2. *comm.* 13. & Num. 18.

<sup>b</sup> Salt of the covenant.

<sup>c</sup> Cael. Rhodigin. *ant. Lect.* 12. c. 1. V.

<sup>d</sup> Plutarch. *Sympos.* 8. cap. 10.

<sup>e</sup> *Iliad.* 1. *Vid. Lips. Saturnal.* 1. cap. 2.

<sup>f</sup> *Id. Cassandra.*

<sup>g</sup> Cael. *Ant. Lect.* 11. cap. 22.

<sup>h</sup> *Damian, a Goet de morib. Æthiopum.*

<sup>i</sup> *De Langobard.* 2. c. 8.

<sup>k</sup> *Hist. Ecclesiast. lib.* 4. cap. 91.

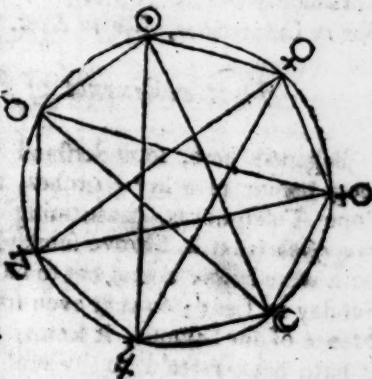
<sup>l</sup> *Ad Tacit. Germ. not.* 32.

<sup>n</sup> *Mercury president of Gain.*

o Dion. H.  
p De Em  
re Prolegom  
pescimus,

*Here put the German names upon the weekly days.*

From their *Sunnan* for the sun, *Monan* for the moon, *Tuisco*, or *Tuisto* (of whom see to the fourth song) for Mars, *Woden* for Mercury, *Thor* for Jupiter, *Fre*, *Frie*, or *Frigo* for Venus. *Sætern* for Saturn, they stiled their days *Sunnan-dæg*, *Monandæg*, *tuiscons-dæg*, *þoden-dæg*, *þon-dæg*, *þridd-dæg*, *Sætern-dæg*: thence came our names now used *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*; which planetary account was very ancient among the ° Egyptians (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish sabbath and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next sun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger, † whose intended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an heptagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the bases begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, musick distances, and referr'd it to planetary hours: whereas they (the very name of hour for a twenty fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the *Pelagonesique* war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the great, and pope Silvester, the name of *Sunday*, was turn'd into the ‡ *Lords-day*; as it is stiled *Dominicus* & *Kvexan*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the rest not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter-week, the beginning of the ecclesiastick year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Munday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that Cæsar † was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipt no other gods but *quos cernunt*,



o Dion. Hist. Rom. 27.  
p De Emendat. Temp. 1. Eundem de hinc  
re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem meritò ag-  
noscamus.

q Niezphor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. 2. cap.  
15. Polyd. Inuent. Rer. 6. cap. 5.  
† Comment. Gallic. 6.



*Et quorum opibus aperte juvantur, Solem, Vulcanum & Lunam, reliquos ne famâ quidem accepisse; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had their Eoten Monath for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he deliver'd it.*

*Good Ethelbert of Kent first christned English king.*

About the year six hundred Christianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being first induced to taste that happiness by Berta his queen, a christian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward baptized by Augustine a monk, sent hither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by Pope Gregory the first, zealously being mov'd to conversion of the English nation: so that after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White <sup>u</sup> of Basingtoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me, if I affirm'd it) refers to Kent's Paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar by-word *Nor in Christendom, Nor in Kent.*

*That abstinence of flesh for forty days began.*

Began it here, so understand him; for plainly that Fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing <sup>x</sup> epistle of Pope Telephorus, constituting that the clergy should fast from *Quinquagesima* (that is, Shrove-sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now, from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the <sup>y</sup> first of christianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been refer'd to Telephorus, as first author. He died in the year 140. of Christ. But if you compare this of him with <sup>z</sup> that of Pope Melchiades (some 170. years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein forty days, and the common name of *Quadragesime*; but again find it thus. S. <sup>a</sup> Gregory (after both these) makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists, b how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes.) Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Easter, are six weeks, that is, forty two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty six, which (fractions avoided)

is

<sup>t</sup> Bed. lib. de Temporibus.

<sup>u</sup> Hist. 7. not. 24.

<sup>x</sup> Dist. 4. c. 4. statumimus & ibid D. Ambrosius.

<sup>y</sup> Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii

Chron. in Sixto 1.

<sup>z</sup> Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14. Jejunium.

<sup>a</sup> In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.

<sup>b</sup> Rebuff. tract. de decim quæst. 3. num.

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d Ex antiq.  
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## SONG THE ELEVENTH. 877

is the quotient of 365. being the number of the common year, divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the *Quinquagesima*, that is, *Abwednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday*; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assay'd abstinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmesbury, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon name near ours was *c* Lenxten-*fæten*, as the other four fasts ymbren *fæten*.

### *So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won.*

Near forty years after the Saxons first arrival, Ælla (of the same nation) with his sons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Cissa, landed at Cimenshore in the now Suffex (it is supposed <sup>d</sup> to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increast by supply, after much blood shed betwixt him and the Britons, and long siege of the city Andredceaster, now Nêwenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectures) got supreme dominion of those southern parts, with title of king of Suffex, whose son and successor Cissa's name, is yet there left in *e* *Eyræ-ceapten* for Chichester, and in a hill incircled with a deep trench for military defence, call'd Ciss-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentish; for he was the first made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South-Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy, which had title of first, or chief King of the Angles and Saxons, so this Ælla not only was honoured with <sup>f</sup> it, but also the prerogative by priority of time, in first enjoying it, before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the most part still under the Kentish and West-Saxon kings.

### *Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm receiv'd.*

This Wilfrid archbishop of York, expell'd that see by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherwise Ethelwalch, being before christened through religious perswasion of his god-father Wulpher king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endow'd this Wilfrid with Selsey a cheronese in Suffex, and was so founder of a bishoprick, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in publick monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid, *et ut Magistrum & Dominum omnis Provinciæ eum præfecit, nihil in tota Provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbitratus*; whereupon it was,

<sup>c</sup> Canut. leg. 16.

<sup>d</sup> Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selsey. ap. Camden.

<sup>e</sup> So is it call'd in Florent. Wigorn. p.

331. kingdom of Suffex.

<sup>f</sup> Ethelwerd. bish. 3. c. 2. Bed. bish. 2.

cap. 5.

<sup>g</sup> Malmesb. de gest. Pontific. 3.

was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with the sway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's profession, continued without rain; in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but, that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels. I know, <sup>h</sup> some make Eadbert abbot of the monastery in Seisey, under king Ine, first bishop there, adding, that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that rightly understood discords not; that is, if you refer it to instauration of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishoprick.

*Adopting for his heir young Edmund —*

Penda king of Mercland had slain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of East-angles, and so in dominion might he said to have possess that kingdom; but Anna had divers successors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traiterously slain in a plot dissembled by Offa king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoy'd, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hinguar a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the nineteenth of November, 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

*And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.*

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid or Edilfrid king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon inform'd that they were there ready to assist his enemies swords with their devout orizons, and had one call'd Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but Ergo (saith he being a heathen) *si adversus nos, ad Dominum suum clamant, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversus nos imprecationibus persequuntur*; presently commands their spoil: which so was perform'd by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly sots as later times pester'd the world withal, truly pictur'd in that \* description of (their character) sloth.

<sup>h</sup> Mettò. *W. monasteriensis*.

[1] <sup>h</sup> Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Majorne l'ast. 5.

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noble \* poet

n H. Stephen an  
o Jan. Douz.



With two slimy eyne

I must sit said the Begge, or else I must needs nap,  
I may not stand ne stoupe, ne without mi stole knecle,  
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)  
Should ne ringing to me rise, or I were ripe to vine.  
He began Benedicite with a belke, and his brest knocked  
And rasked, and rored, and rut at the last;  
If I should bye by this daie, me lyste not to loke.  
I can not perittly my Pater nost, as the Priest it singeth,  
But I can rimes of Robin Hod, and Randal of Chester,  
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.  
I am occupied every day, holy day and other,  
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in Churches.  
God's paine and his passion full selbe thinke I thereon,  
I visited neber seblemen, ne fettred folke in pittes,  
I have leuer here an Harlotrie, or a somers game,  
Or leasings to laugh at and bilve my neighbours.  
Then all that eber Mark made, Math, John and Lucas.  
And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe,  
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemmen in mine armes.  
I have ben Priest and Parson passing thertie winter,  
Yet can I nether Sol se ne sing, ne Saints lives read,  
But I can find in a feild, or in a fustong an hare  
Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.

Not such were those Bangor monks: but they *Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant*. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissipated bestial sensualities of monastick profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII. every monastery afforded shameful discovery of sodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictines, nine Sodomites; in Battel abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not satisfy if you account their wenches, which married and single (for they affected that variety) supply'd the wants of their corrupted solicariness: so that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and fryers, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time required them, *Je laisseray, saith one, maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins devoient estre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines*. These were they who admird Hebrew or Greek which they understood not, and had at least (as many of our now professing formalists) Latine enough to make such a speech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cos*; which, in one of them personated, receive thus from a noble poet.

H. Stephen en l'Entredy, au traite de la conformite, &c. i. Chap. 21.

Jan. Douze. Satyr. 5.

*Fac extra : nihil hoc : extra totum fit oportet,  
Sobriè, n. jussè atque piè potare jubet Lex.  
Vinum letificat cor hominis, præcipuè Cos.  
Gratia sit Domino, Vnum Cos, inquit, habemus.*

How my reader tastes this, I know not ; therefore I willingly quit him, and add only, that William of Malmesbury grossly errs in affirming that this Bangor *p* is turn'd into a bishoprick ; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloister, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a bishoprick of the same title to this day, which some body later *q* hath on the other side ill taken for this.

*Who re-ordained York a bishop's government.*

For in the British times it had a metropolitick see (as is noted to the ninth song) and now by Edwine (converted to christian discipline both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious perswasion of God's ministers) was restored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbishop, being afterwards banisht that province, and made bishop of Rochester, which some have ignorantly made him before.

*Nor those that in the stem of Saxon Crida came.*

Most of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda, but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (Grandfather to Penda) first in that kingdom.

*Confirm'd in Christ's belief by that most reverend Chad.*

This Wulpher, son to Penda, restored to his father's kingdom, is reported with his own hands to have slain his two sons Wulphald and Rufin, for that they privily withdrew themselves to that famous St. Chad or Cedda bishop of Lichfield, for instruction in the christian faith ; and all this is suppos'd to be done where the now Stone in Staffordshire seated. Hereupon the author relies. But, the credit of it is more than suspicious, not only for that in classick authority I find his issue only be Kenred, and St. Werburge (by Ermengild daughter to Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both christian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by consent of all, that Peada, Weda, Penda (all these names he had) eldest son of the first Penda, first received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finan bishop of Lindisfarne : after whose violent death, in spight

*p* In *bist. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Decestrisibus.*

*q* *Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1590.*

*r* Robert. de Swapham. in *Hist. Petroburghens. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stouæum.*

*s* It is that now call'd Holy Island, east the utmost parts of Northumberland, whence the bishoprick about 1000 years translated to Durham.

*t* Ita. n.  
Tb. Walsi  
Acris, alii  
maximè mori  
sententiam  
Dunstan Ch  
partem con  
Anglicè dicit

Oswy king of Northumberland, Immin, Ebba, and Edberth, gentlemen of power in Mercland, saluted Wulpher (Brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it seems, (by Florence of Worcester, and Bede's reporting of four bishops in succession prefer'd by him) of christian name; but howsoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the second or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilwalc of Suffex, and bestowed on him as a gift, in token of that spiritual adoption, the Isle of Wight with another territory in West Saxony, and gave also to St. Ceddā (made, by consent of him and king Oswy, bishop of Lindisfarne) fifty Hides of land (a *Hide*, & a plough land, or a *Carue*, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks, observed, hardly endures his note of persecution; which in respect of his foundership of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk there reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English kings, by symony made a bishop, which was Wine of London, as Malmesbury is author.

*And (through his rule) the church from taxes strongly freed.*

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnshire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a synod held (Cuthbert then archbishop of Canterbury) enlarged ecclesiastick liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, me vivente concedo, ut omnia Monasteria & Ecclesie regni mei à publicis Vectigalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus absolvantur, nisi Instructionibus Arcium vel Pontium, quæ nunquam ulli possunt relaxari; i. e.* He discharged all monasteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works, and imposts, excepting such as were for building of forts and bridges; being (as it seems the law was then) not releasable. For, besides the authority of this statute of Ethelbald, it appears frequent in charters of the Saxon times, that, upon endowment and donations to churches, with largest words of exemption, and liberty from all secular charges, the conclusion of the *Habendum* was, \* *exceptis istis tribus, expeditione, pontis, arcisve constructione*, which among common notaries or scriveners, was so well known, that they call'd it by one general name, *Trinoda necessitas*, as out of Cedwalla's charter to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selsey, of the manor of Pagenham, (now Pagham) in Suffex, I have seen transcribed; whereupon in a deliberative (concerning papal exactions, and subjection of church-living) held under Hen. III. after examination of ancient kings indulgence to the clergy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati dederunt hujusmodi possessiones, quin tria sibi*

t Ita. n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon, Tb. Walsingham. docemur, licet alii 100. Acris, alii aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maximè movet & absque hesitatione in banc sententiam pedibus ire cogit, en tibi ex Dunstani Charta (Ann. 963.) qua Terræ partem concedit septem Aratorum, quod Anglicè dicitur septem Hidas. Nec im-

nemorem hic te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jur. Cons. nostros, *Wids & Gaine*; quod Arvum restibile interpretari bant ignorat Dupendius quissiam.

\* V. Chariam hujusmodi apud D. Ed. Cæh. in Epist. ad lib. 6.

w Mat. Par. p. 838.



*reservarent semper propter publicam regni utilitatem, videlicet, expeditionem, pontis & arcis reparaciones, vel refectiones, ut per ea resisterent hostium incursionibus*; although by words of a statute of Ethelulph King of West-Saxons in the year 855, made by advice both of laity and spirituality, the church was quitted also of those three commonwealth causes of subsidies, but enjoyed it not; for even the \* Canons themselves subject their possessions to these services and duties, and upon interpretation of a charter made by Henry beauclerc, founder of the priory of St. Oswald in Yorkshire, containing words of immunity and liberty of tenure, as general and effectual as might be, a great lawyer y long since affirmed, that yet the house was not freed of repairing bridges and causeys. But all lands, as well in hands of clerks as lay, were subjected to particular tenures after the conquest: and so these kind of charges and discharges being made rather feudal (as \* Bracton calls them) than personal, use of them in charters consequently ceased. I note here to students of antiquity, that, where the printed Ingulph says this was done by Ethelbald in the 3d year of his reign, they must with correction make it the 33d, as is, without scruple, apparent in the date of \* the synod, which was the 745th of our Saviour.

*The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.*

In that universal persecution under Dioclesian and Herculus, b this isle gave, in St. Alban, testimony of Christian profession; even to his last breath drawn among tormenting enemies of the cross. His death (being the first martyr, as the author here calls him, that this country had) was at Werlamcester, (i. e. the old Verulam) where, by, the abbey of St. Albans was afterward b erected.

*(Extirping other stiles) and gave it England's c name.*

Look back to the last note on the first song. Thus, as you see, hath the muse compendiously run through the heptarchy, and united it in name and empire under Egbert king of West-Saxons: after whom, none but his successors had absolute power in their kingdoms, as course of story shews you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the expectation of the reader is not satisfied in these seven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and first Christianity: therefore as a corollary receive this for the eye's more facile instruction.

I.

\* Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c. Peroen. 2.

y Knivet. 44 Ed. 3. fol. 25. a.

z De Acquir. rer. Dom. 2. cap. 16. §. 8.

a Malmesb. lib. de gest. Pontif. 1.

b Ann. 760 aut. virciter.

c Circa ann. 800.

# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 883

|                 |                     | Began in                                                                                                                              | Received the Faith in                                                                                                                                                           |
|-----------------|---------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Comprehended in | I. Kent.            | I. Hengist 456, from whose son Oisc the succeeding kings were called Oiscings.                                                        | I. Ethelbert, 597. of Augustine from Gregory I. <sup>a</sup>                                                                                                                    |
|                 | II. South-Sex.      | II. In Ælla, about 491.                                                                                                               | II. Edilwalch 661. and the whole country converted by Wilfrid 679.                                                                                                              |
|                 | III. West-Sex.      | III. Certic, <sup>a</sup> 519, whose grandfather was Gewise, and thence his people and posterity were called Gewises.                 | Kinegils 635, baptized by Birin first bishop of Dorchester in Oxfordshire.                                                                                                      |
|                 | IV. Northumberland. | IV. Ida 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms soon were confounded in one.      | Edwin 626, christened by Paulin first archbishop (in the Saxon times) of York.                                                                                                  |
|                 | V. East-Sex.        | V. Sleda after some (others say in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their successors.                                   | Sebert 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, first bishop of London.                                                                                                          |
|                 | VI. East-Angle.     | VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before. | Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christned, for he soon fell to apostasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil. |

M m m

Com-

<sup>a</sup> I follow here the ordinary Chronology of our Monks,

Comprehended in

VII. Mercland.

Glocester  
 Hereford  
 Worcester  
 Warwick  
 Leiceſter  
 Rutland  
 Northampton  
 Lincoln  
 Huntingdon  
 Bedford  
 Buckingham  
 Oxford  
 Stafford  
 Derby  
 Salop  
 Nottingham  
 Cheſter  
 The northern  
 part of Here-  
 ford. But in theſe  
 the inhabitants  
 of them inlands  
 were called  
 Middle-Engles,  
 and the Merci-  
 ans divided in-  
 to names of  
 their local quar-  
 ters.

VII. In Penda 626.  
 Others will in Crida,  
 ſome 40 years be-  
 fore.

Peada king of Mid-  
 dle-Engle, baptized  
 by Finna biſhop of  
 Lindiſfarne, but en-  
 larged the profeſſi-  
 on of it in Vulpher,  
 next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given againſt ſome of my pro-  
 poſed chronology, as I can juſtify myſelf with. But although ſo, yet  
 I am therefore freed of error, becauſe our old monks exceedingly in this  
 kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectify. I know  
 the Eaſt-Angles, by both ancient and later authority, began above one  
 hundred years before; but if with ſynchroniſm you examine it, it will  
 be found moſt abſurd. For ſeeing it is affirmed expreſſly, that Red-  
 wald was ſlain by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and being plain  
 by <sup>n</sup> Bede (take his ſtory together, and rely not upon ſyllables and falſe  
 printed copies) that it muſt needs be near 600, (for Edwin ſucceeded  
 Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was ſome 30 years before: what calculation will  
 caſt this into leſs than 500 years after Chriſt? Forget not (if you deſire  
 accurate times) my admonition to the IVth ſong, of the twenty-two  
 years error upon the Dionyſian account, eſpecially in the beginning  
 of the kingdoms, becauſe they are for the moſt part reckoned in old  
 monks from the coming of the Saxons. Where you find different  
 names from theſe, attribute it to miſreading old copies, by ſuch as  
 have publiſhed Carpenwald for Eorpenwold, or Earpwald; Penda alſo  
 perhaps for Wenda, miſtaking the Saxon P. for our P. and other ſuch,

va-



# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 885

variably both written and printed. How in time they successively came under the West-Saxon rule, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely put on the person of an historian. Our common annals manifest it. But know here, that although seven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their supremacies :

**The Saxons tho in ther power /tho thii were so riſe/  
Sebe kingdomes made in Engelande and \* ſuthe but biſe,  
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eaſtangle alſo,  
Of Kent and of Weſtſex, and of the March thereto.**

as Robert of Gloceſter, according to truth of ſtory hath it; for Eſſex and Southſex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annex'd to their ruling neighbour princes.

*A nation from their firſt bent naturally to ſpoil.*

Indeed ſo were univerſally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us ; *Nec arare terram aut expectare annum tam facile perſuaſeris, quam vocare hoſtes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinimò & iners videtur ſudore acquirere quod poſſis ſanguine parare,* and more of that nature we read in him.

*Of famous Cambridge firſt* —————

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had baniſhed him, and receiving the Eaſt-angle crown, aſſiſted by Fœlix a Burgognone, and firſt biſhop of Dunwich (then called Dunmoc) in Suffolk : deſiring to imitate what he had ſeen obſervable in France, for the common good, *Inſtituit ſcholam* (read it *ſcholas*, if you will, as ſome do) I ſee no conſequence of worth) *in qua pueri literis erudirentur*, as Bede writeth. Out of theſe words thus general, Cambridge being in Eaſt-Angle, hath been taken for this ſchool, and the ſchool for the univerſity. I will believe it (inſomuch as makes it then an Univerſity) not much ſooner than that (I know not what) Gurguntius with Cantaber, ſome 150 years before Chriſt, founded it ; or, thoſe charters of king Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius ſent thither ; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their ſtudies there, with more ſuch pretended and abſurd unlikeli- hoods ; unleſs every grammar ſchool be an univerſity, as this was, where children were taught by *Pædagogi & magiſtri juxta morem Can- tuariarum*, as Bede hath expreſſy : which ſo makes Canterbury an uni- verſity alſo. But neither is there any touch in authentick and ancient ſtory, which juſtifies theſe ſchools inſtituted at Cambridge, but general- ly ſomewhere in Eaſtangle. Reaſons of inducement are fram'd in mul- titudes on both ſides. But, for my own part, I never ſaw any ſuffi- ciently probable, and therefore moſt of all rely upon what authorities

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are

• Afterward,

are afforded. Among them I ever preferr'd the Appendix to the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter of Blois, affirming that under Henry I. (he lived very near the same time : therefore believe him in a matter not subject to causes of historians temporizing) Joffred Abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other monks came to his mannor of Cotenham, as they used oft-times, to read ; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conducto, quodam horreo publico suas scientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu, grandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno vero secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quod quaelibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo :* and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of schools. If before his there were an university, I imagine that in it was not profest Aristotle's Ethicks, which tell us, *περὶ τῆς Σευκῆς φιλίας* : for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all that hated not the muses could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor is it tolerable in conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous seminary of good literature : and if room be left for me, I offer subscription ; but always under reformation of that most honoured tutores's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which some have so violently patronized.

*Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.*

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others ; grounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution : for although you grant that he first founded University College ; yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Giesse, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Greek-lade (to the third song) which I will not importune you to believe : but without scruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetorick reader there by king Alfred) in these words of the year 886. *Exorta est pessima ac teterrima Oxoniæ discordia inter Grimboldum* (this was a great and devout scholar, whose aid Alfred used in his disposition of lectures) *doctissimosque illos viros secum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem invenisset : qui ejus adveniu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimboldo institutas,*

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*After. Menevens. de gest. Alfred.*

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# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 887

*omni ex parte amplecti recusabant.* And a little after, *Quinetiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio, illius loci ordines ac instituta, à nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut à Gildā* (Melkino he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 5 and 600) *Nennio* (the printed book hath falsly Nemrio) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illic consenuerunt, omnia ibidem sælici pace & concordia administrantes;* and affirmed also that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of <sup>q</sup> pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of this pillar of the muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life (published lately by a <sup>r</sup> Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied at Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen (and I confess, before me one hath well published the conjecture) for *Hyd Ichin* the Welsh name of that City, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Memprikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and publick schools (being <sup>s</sup> for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloysters were great <sup>r</sup> auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury (this Aldelm first taught the English to write <sup>u</sup> Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two sisters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fix'd in this island, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of an ancient <sup>x</sup> MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisios, Oxoniam, Colonias, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studium libertatem;* and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishopricks by a profest antiquary and popish canon of <sup>y</sup> Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written

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<sup>q</sup> About Alfred's time, before his instauration a Grammarian was not found in his Kingdom to teach him. *Florent. Wigorn.* p. 309.

<sup>r</sup> Joan. à Bosco Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

<sup>s</sup> Bri. Tuin, Apolog. Ox. 2. §. 34.

<sup>t</sup> Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Grantā.

<sup>u</sup> Camd. in Wiltoniā.

<sup>x</sup> Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magistr. Student.

<sup>y</sup> Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis 1610.



Oxonienfis, I imagined might have been mistaken for Exonienfis (as Exonia for Oxonia sometimes) until I ſaw Exonienfis join'd alſo; by which ſtood Petroburgenfis, which bruifed all the credit of the monument, but eſpecially of him that publiſh'd it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no biſhoprick till Henry the eighth? nor indeed was Oxford, which might eaſily be thought much otherwiſe, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promiſing title. I abſtain from expatiating in matter of our muſes ſeats, ſo largely, and too largely treated of by others.

*And into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.*

To thoſe ſhires <sup>2</sup> he conſtituted Juſtices and Sheriffs, called *gerefas* and *ryngerefas*, the office of thoſe two being before confounded in *Vice-Domini*, i. e. Lieutenants; but ſo, that *Vicedominus*, and *Viccomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of king Edred 950. — *Ego Binguſph Vicedominus conſului* ✠. *Ego Alfer Viccomes audiui* ✠. I find together ſubſcribed. The Juſtices were, as I think, no other than thoſe whom they called *Eolþon mannum*, being the ſame with *Eoples*, now Earls, in whoſe diſpoſition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officary, not hereditary, except in ſome particular ſhire, as Leiceſter, &c.) the county was; with the biſhop of the dioceſe: the earl <sup>a</sup> ſat in the *ſcýnegemote* twice every year, where charge was given touching <sup>b</sup> *loover riþbeý* *zeþeonulb riþbe*; But by the <sup>c</sup> Conqueror, this meddling of the biſhop in Tournes was prohibited. The ſheriff had then his monthly court alſo, as the now county court inſtituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by king Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer to the king's court, but it ſeems that then the earl (having always the third part of the ſhire's profits, both before and ſince the Normans) had charge upon him. For this diviſion of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloceſter thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one, <sup>d</sup> but then join'd to Gloceſterſhire; thoſe thirty-two <sup>e</sup> were

Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hantſhire, Berkſhire, Wiltſhire, Somerſet, Dorſet, Devonſhire; theſe nine governed by the Weſt Saxon law. Effex, Middleſex, Suffol, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leiceſter, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; theſe fifteen by the Daniſh law. Oxford, Warwick, Glouceſter, Hereford, Shropſhire, Stafford, Cheſhire, Worcester; theſe eight by the Mercian law.

Here

<sup>2</sup> *Hiſtor. Crowlandenſis.*

<sup>a</sup> *Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap.*

<sup>11</sup> *Canut. cap. 17.*

<sup>b</sup> *Rot. Chart. 2. Ricb. 2. pro Decan. & capis. Lincoln, tranſcriptum in Jano An-*

*glorum l. 2. §. 14. & videas apud Fox. biſt. eccleſ. 4.*

<sup>c</sup> God's right and the world's.

<sup>d</sup> *Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunis.*

<sup>e</sup> *Polychronicon lib. 1. cap. de provinciis*

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# SONG THE ELEVENTH. 889

Here was none of Cornwall, Cumberland, (stiled also Carlislehire) Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland (which was since tited Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwall (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division. Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scottish or Danish power. But the two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular <sup>f</sup> governors, and Northumberland <sup>g</sup> earls: Westmoreland perhaps began when king John gave it Robert Vipont, ancestor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large <sup>h</sup> immunities given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son Edmund Crook-back earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned <sup>i</sup> judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley duke of York, and afterward duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, *i. e.* pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law-books.

*Which be an heirloom left unto the English throne.*

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward <sup>k</sup> the Confessor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old <sup>l</sup> monument is left to posterity. In France such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's *Chasisma sanationis*.

*Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.*

In Lambard's Archæonomy and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror join'd and deduced for the most part out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if <sup>m</sup> Malmesbury deceive not, which king

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Cnut

<sup>f</sup> Mat. West. fol. 366.

<sup>g</sup> Ingulph. hist. Crowland.

<sup>h</sup> Thorp. 17 Ed. 3. fol. 56. b.

<sup>i</sup> Braet. lib. 3. tract de Corona cap. 10.

Quamplurimi casus in annis Ed. 3. & 5.

Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77.

maximè vero hoc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. &

Ed. 1.

<sup>k</sup> Polydor. hist. 2.

<sup>l</sup> Eilred. Rbroallens. ap. Took. in Cha-

rismat. Sanat. c. 6.

<sup>m</sup> De gest. Reg. 2. cap. 11.

Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regie mulctæ, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.



## POLYOLBION:

### The TWELFTH SONG.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The muse, that part of Shropshire plies  
Which on the East of Severn lies:  
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,  
In the proud Cambrian mountains spite,  
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,  
Which the most famous warriors were.  
And as she in her course proceeds,  
Relating many glorious deeds  
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain  
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,  
And of the famous battles try'd  
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,  
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,  
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove;  
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;  
An end which to this canto brings.*

**T**HE haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their praise,  
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise  
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do proudly bear:  
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of the air  
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## SONG THE TWELFTH. 891

(Another war with heaven as though they meant to make)  
 Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,  
 That any petty hill upon the English side,  
 Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vale unto their pride.

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that knew,  
 And understood from whence their insolency grew,  
 For all that they appear'd so terrible in sight,  
 Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.  
 And when they star'd on him, to them the like he gave,  
 And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for brave :  
 That, when some other hills which English dwellers were,  
 The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear  
 Against the Cambrian part, respectless of their power ;  
 His eminent disgrace expecting every hour,  
 Those flatterers that before (with many chearful look)  
 Had grac'd his goodly site, him utterly forsook,  
 And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd in black,  
 Which of their utmost hope attend the ruinous wrack :  
 That those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Rodon clear  
 (Two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him dear ;  
 He, having none but them, they having none but he,  
 Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)  
 Within their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,  
 And as they mixt their streams, for him so mixt their tears.  
 Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he discerns,  
 For them his nobler heart in his strong bosom years :  
 But, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)  
 The Britons should not yet all from the English bear ;  
 ' Therefore, quoth he, brave flood, tho' forth by <sup>a</sup> Cambria  
     brought,  
 ' Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou would'st be  
     thought  
 ' (O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence partake :'  
 Which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he spake ;  
 ' Wise Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said  
 ' Of those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd and pray'd,  
     ' Whose

<sup>a</sup> Out of *Plinilimon* in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.

' Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous deeds :  
 ' But in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,  
 ' Shall find, ere I have done, the Briton (so extol'd,  
 ' Whose height each mountain strives so mainly to uphold)  
 ' Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a might,  
 ' As skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.  
 ' Who, when their fortune will'd that after they should scorse  
 ' Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging force for force  
 ' (When first he put from sea to forage on this shore,  
 ' Two hundred <sup>b</sup> years distain'd with either's equal gore ;  
 ' Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English reign,  
 ' And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)  
 ' The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely show'd,  
 ' As those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise bestow'd.  
 ' Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert overthrew  
 ' (Through which he thought at once the Saxons to subdue)  
 ' His kingly courage quell : but from his short retire,  
 ' His reinforced troops (new forg'd with sprightly fire)  
 ' Before them drave the Dane, and made the Briton run  
 ' (Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had won)  
 ' Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight were slain,  
 ' Till their huge murdered heaps manur'd each neigh-  
 ' b'ring plain.  
 ' As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent  
 ' Against those fresh supplies each year from Denmark sent  
 ' (Which prouling up and down in their rude Danish oars,  
 ' Here put themselves by stealth upon the pest' red shores)  
 ' In many a doubtful fight much fame in England wan.  
 ' So did the king of Kent, courageous Athelstan,  
 ' Which here against the Dane got such victorious days.  
 ' So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may praise,  
 ' That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and Ofrick  
 ' brought.  
 ' And Ethelred, with them nine fundry fields that fought,  
 ' Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.  
 ' You right-nam'd English then, courageous men you were,  
 When

<sup>b</sup> See to Song I.

# SONG THE TWELFTH. 893

' When Reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant lord :  
 ' Where Bafrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword to sword;  
 ' The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here addrest.  
 ' And Alured, not much inferior to the rest :  
 ' Who having in his days so many dangers past,  
 ' In seven brave foughten fields their champion Hubba  
     chas'd,  
 ' And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,  
 ' Whose like the sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way :  
 ' Where those, that from the field fore wounded sadly fled,  
 ' Were well-near overwhelm'd with mountains of the dead.  
 ' His force and fortune made the foes so much to fear,  
 ' As they the land at last did utterly forswear.  
 ' And when proud ' Rollo, next, their former powers  
     repair'd  
 ' (Yea, when the worst of all it with the English far'd)  
 ' Whose countries near at hand, his force did still supply,  
 ' And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Normandy,  
 ' This prince in many a fight their forces still defy'd.  
 ' The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,  
 ' By which the Danes had then their full-fraught navies tew'd:  
 ' The greatness of whose stream besieged Hartford rew'd.  
 ' This Alfred, whose foresight had politickly found  
 ' Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the ground,  
 ' A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,  
 ' §. And into lesser streams that spacious current cut.  
 ' Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their desire)  
 ' Those Danish hulks became the food of English fire.  
 ' Great Alfred left his life : when Elstida up-grew,  
 ' That far beyond the pitch of other women flew :  
 ' Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,  
 ' §. Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would know :  
 ' But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)  
 ' This most courageous queen, by conquest to aspire,  
 ' The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,  
 ' And resolutely here through their thick squadrons hew'd  
     ' Her



' Her way into the north. Where Derby having won,  
 ' And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,  
 ' She fav'd besieged York; and in the Danes despight,  
 ' When most they were upheld with all the Eastern might,  
 ' More towns and cities built out of her wealth and power,  
 ' Than all their hostile flames could any way devour.  
 ' And, when the Danish here the country most destroy'd,  
 ' Yet all our powers on them not wholly were employ'd;  
 ' But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,  
 ' To fetch-in foreign spoils, to help our loss at home.  
 ' And all the land, from us they never clearly wan:  
 ' But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,  
 ' In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious might  
 ' Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious flight;  
 ' And more than any king of th' English him before,  
 ' Each way from North to South, from West to th' Eastern  
     shore,  
 ' Made all the isle his own: his seat who firmly fixt,  
 ' The Caledonian hills and Caithness point betwixt,  
 ' §. And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hither brought;  
 ' Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons fought:  
 ' Where he their princes forc'd from that their strong retreat,  
 ' In England to appear at his imperial seat.  
     ' But after, when the Danes, who never wearied were,  
 ' Came with intent to make a general conquest here,  
 ' They brought with them a man deem'd of so wondrous  
     might,  
 ' As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:  
 ' For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;  
 ' Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly wield:  
 ' And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntless spirit,  
 ' A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,  
 ' That to the English oft they off'red him (in pride)  
 ' The ending of the war by combat to decide:  
 ' Much scandal which procur'd unto the English name.  
 ' When, some out of their love, and some spur'd on with  
     shame,

' By

## SONG THE TWELFTH. 895

' By envy some provok'd, some out of courage, fain  
 ' Would undertake the cause to combat with the Dane.  
 ' But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment found,  
 ' Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a wound  
 ' It likely was to leave to his defensive war.

' Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts per-  
 ' plexed are,

' It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's famous Guy  
 ' (The knight through all the world renown'd for Chivalry)  
 ' Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held him long.  
 ' His honourable arms devoutly having hung  
 ' In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise  
 ' To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays  
 ' (Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a Christian  
 ' freed,

' And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)  
 ' Himself, a Palmer poor, in homely russet clad  
 ' (And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)  
 ' Tow'rds Winchester alone (so) sadly took his way,  
 ' Where Athelstan, that time the king of England lay;  
 ' And where the Danish camp then strongly did abide,  
 ' Near to a goodly mead, which men there call the Hide.  
 ' The day that Guy arriv'd (when silent night did bring  
 ' Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious king  
 ' (Whose strong and constant heart all grievous cares sup-  
 ' prest)

His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.  
 To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,  
 Sent to him from that God whom he invoc'd by pray'r;  
 Commanding him the time not idly to fore-slow,  
 But rathe as he could rise, to such a gate to go,  
 Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight  
 In Palmers poor attire: though very meanly dight,  
 Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding strong,  
 He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;  
 And bade him not to fear, but chuse him for the man.  
 ' No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athelstan;

' And

' By

' And as the vision show'd, he such a Palmer found,  
 ' With others of his sort, there sitting on the ground :  
 ' Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd to stay,  
 ' Else ready to depart each one upon his way :  
 ' When secretly the King revealed to the Knight  
 ' His comfortable dreams that lately-passed night :  
 ' With mild and princely words bespeaking him ; quoth he,  
 ' Far better you are known to heaven (it seems) than me  
 ' For this great action fit : by whose most dread command  
 ' (Before a world of men) it's laid upon your hand.  
 ' Then, stout and valiant Knight, here to my court repair,  
 ' Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care  
 ' With comfortable wines and meats what you will ask :  
 ' And chuse my richest arms to fit you for this task.

' The Palmer (gray with age) with countenance lowting  
 ' low,

' His head even to the earth before the King did bow,  
 ' Him softly answering thus ; Dread Lord, it fits me ill  
 ' (A wretched man) t'oppose high heaven's eternal will :  
 ' Yet my most sovereign Liege, no more of me esteem  
 ' Than this poor habit shows, a Pilgrim as I seem ;  
 ' But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,  
 ' The best knights of the world, and scuffled in some frays.  
 ' Those times are gone with me ; and, being aged now,  
 ' Have off'red up my arms, to heav'n and made my vow  
 ' Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining age  
 ' (Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermitage)  
 ' Shall ever enter roof : but if, by heaven and thee,  
 ' This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,  
 ' Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to accept,  
 ' In some convenient place proclaiming it be kept :  
 ' Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England I'll appear

' The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his wonted  
 cheer,

' And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.  
 ' When, both through camp and court, this combat quick  
 ' ly went.

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## SONG THE TWELFTH.

897

' Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning ear,  
 ' As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,  
 ' Who for the English side durst undertake the day.  
 ' The puissant kings accord, that in the middle way  
 ' Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal fight,  
 ' Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,  
 ' The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.

' The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and English  
 rise,

' And to th'appointed place th'unnumber'd people throng:  
 ' The weaker female sex, old men, and children young  
 ' Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see  
 ' The man on whose brave hand their hope that day must be.  
 ' In noting of it well, there might a man behold  
 ' More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine could.  
 ' One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy cheer,  
 ' Who seems in this distress a part with him to bear:  
 ' Their passions do express much pity mix'd with rage.  
 ' Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to assuage,  
 ' His little infant near, in childish gibberish shows,  
 ' What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her woes.  
 ' One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to descry,  
 ' From thence upon the earth dejects his humble eye,  
 ' As since he thither came he suddenly had found  
 ' Some danger themamongst which lurk'd upon the ground.  
 ' One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were aghast:  
 ' Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were past.  
 ' This hark'neth with his friend, as though with him to  
 break

' Off some intended act. Whilst they together speak,  
 ' Another standeth near to listen what they say,  
 ' Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day.  
 ' One great and general face the gathered people seem:  
 ' So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not deem  
 ' What looks most sorrow show'd; their griefs so equal  
 ' were.

Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd so near  
 ' As

' As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest :  
 ' Another looks o'er his : and others hardly prest,  
 ' Look'd underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in crowds  
     ' they throng  
 ' (Led by the king himself) the champion comes along ;  
 ' A man well strook in years, in homely palmer's gray,  
 ' And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to stay,  
 ' Holding a comely pace: which at his passing by,  
 ' In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,  
 ' Compassion mix'd with fear, distrust and courage bred.  
     ' Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in ireful red ;  
 ' Before him (from the camp) an ensign first display'd  
 ' Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously array'd  
 ' Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike sound  
 ' Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,  
 ' Come with their country's march, as they to Mars should  
     ' dance.  
 ' Thus, forward to the fight, both champions them advance:  
 ' And each without respect doth resolutely chuse  
 ' The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's refuse.  
 ' The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to feel,  
 ' Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted with steel,  
 ' And armed down along with pikes; whose hardned points  
 ' (Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power to tear the  
     joints  
 ' Of cuirafs or of mail, or whatsoe'er they took:  
 ' Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to look.  
     ' When our stout palmer soon (unknown for valiant Guy)  
 ' The cord from his straight loins doth presently untie,  
 ' Puts off his palmer's weed unto his truss, which bore  
 ' The stains of ancient arms, but show'd it had before  
 ' Been costly cloth of gold ; and off his hood he threw :  
 ' Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he drew  
 ' (The unsuspected sheath which long to it had been)  
 ' Which till that instant time the people had not seen,  
 ' A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth he,  
 " Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country free :  
     " And

# SONG THE TWELFTH.

899

“ And never shall my heart your help again require,

“ But only to my God to lift you up in pray’r.

‘ Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the Chris-  
‘ tian knight

‘ Encounters him again with equal power and spight :

‘ Whereas, ‘betwixt them two, might eas’ly have been seen

‘ Such blows, in publick throngs as used had they been,

‘ Of many there the least might many men have slain :

‘ Which none but they could strike, nor none but they  
‘ sustain ;

‘ The most relentless eye that had the power to awe,

‘ And so great wonder bred in those the fight that saw,

‘ As verily they thought, that nature until then

‘ Had purposely reserv’d the utmost power of men,

‘ Where strength still answer’d strength, on courage courage  
‘ grew.

‘ Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both pursue

‘ One sweet and self-same prey, at one another flie,

‘ And with their armed paws ingrappled dreadfully,

‘ The thunder of their rage, and boist’rous struggling, make

‘ The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to quake :

‘ Their sad encounter such. The mighty Colebrond struck

‘ A cruel blow at Guy : which though he finely broke,

‘ Yet (with the weapon’s weight) his ancient hilt it split,

‘ And (thereby lessened much) the champion lightly hit

‘ Upon the reverend brow : immediately from whence

‘ The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound had sense

‘ Of their much inward woe that it with grief should sense

‘ The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,

‘ Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled air.

‘ The English, at the noise, wax’d all so wan with fear,

‘ As though they lost the blood their aged champion bore :

‘ Yet were not these so pale, but th’ other were as red :

‘ As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks had stood.

‘ Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his aid,

‘ Came fresh upon his foe ; when mighty Colebrond made

‘ Another desperate stroke : which Guy of Warwick take



' Undauntedly aloft ; and followed with a blow  
 ' Upon his shorter ribs ; that the excessive flow  
 ' Stream'd up unto his hilts : the wound so gap'd withall,  
 ' As though it meant to say, Behold your champion's fall  
 ' By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again and cries  
 ' The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies.  
 ' Which coming on along from these that were without,  
 ' When those within the town receiv'd this cheerful shout,  
 ' They answer'd them with like ; as those their joy that  
 ' knew.

' Then with such eager blows each other they pursue,  
 ' As every offer made should threaten imminent death ;  
 ' Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing breath,  
 ' They desperately do close. Look how two boars being set  
 ' Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do whet,  
 ' And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam do bite,  
 ' Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other where to smite:  
 ' Thus stood those ireful knights ; till flying back, at length  
 ' The palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,  
 ' Upon the left arm lent great Colebrond such a wound,  
 ' That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to the ground,  
 ' And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again  
 ' Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his brain.  
 ' When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw ;  
 ' As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.

' The English part, which thought an end he would have  
 made,  
 ' And seeming as they much would in his praise have said,  
 ' He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his fame,  
 ' That to this passed king next in succession came ;  
 ' That great and puissant knight (in whose victorious days  
 ' Those knight-like deeds were done, no less deserving praise)  
 ' Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford having ta'en,  
 ' With as successful speed won Derby from the Dane.  
 ' From Lie'ster then again, and Lincoln at the length,  
 ' Drove out the Dacian powers by his resistless strength :

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SONG THE TWELFTH. 901

' And this his England clear'd beyond that raging <sup>a</sup> flood,  
' Which that proud king of Huns once christ'ned with his  
' blood.

' By which, great Edmond's power apparently was shown,  
' The land from Humber south recovering for his own ;  
' That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the Dane  
' Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,  
' As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.

' And studying every way magnificence in state,  
' At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly charge,  
' Eight tributary <sup>a</sup> kings there row'd him in his barge :  
' His shores from pirates sack the king that strongly kept ;

' §. A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean swept.  
' But after his decease, when his more hopeful son,

' §. By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly done,  
' To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head

' ( When by thy fatal curse, licentious Etheldred,  
' Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred life,  
' As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows rise)

' The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to bear  
' A heavier yoke than first those heathen slaveries were ;  
' Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretched plight,  
' As even their thralldom seem'd their neighbours to affright.

' Yet could not all their plagues the English height abate :  
' But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest state,

' Courageously themselves they into action put,  
' §. And in one night, the throats of all the Danish cut.

' And when in their revenge, the most insatiate Dane  
' Unshipt them on our shores, under their puissant Swane :

' And sworn with hate and ire, their huge unwieldy force  
' Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wooden-horse :

' And the Norfolkian towns, the near'st unto the east,  
' With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest ;

' Those Danes yet from the shores we with such violence  
' drave,

' That from our swords their ships could them but hardly  
' save.

N n n 2

' And

[<sup>a</sup> Humber.

<sup>a</sup> See to Song X.

' And to renew the war, that year ensuing, when  
 ' With fit supplies for spoil they landed here agen,  
 ' And all the southern shores from Kent to Cornwall spread,  
 ' With those disorder'd troops by Alaff hither led,  
 ' In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them for aid;  
 ' Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,  
 ' As from his country forc'd the wretched king to fly.  
 ' An English yet there was, when England seem'd to ly  
 ' Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore,  
 ' Who washt his secret knife in Swane's relentless gore,  
 ' Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.  
 ' Such means t'redeem themselves th'afflicted nation try'd.  
 ' And when courageous Knute, th'late murther'd Swanus  
 ' son,

' Came in t'revenge that act on his great father done,  
 ' He found so rare a spirit that here against him rose,  
 ' As though ordain'd by heaven his greatness to oppose :  
 ' Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durst stand.  
 ' When Knute, which here alone affected the command,  
 ' The crown upon his head at fair South-hampton set :  
 ' And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to get,  
 ' At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be:  
 ' King Knute would conquer all, king Edmond would be  
 ' free.

' The kingdom is the prize for which they both are prest:  
 ' And with their equal powers both meeting in the west,  
 ' The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermillion dy'd :  
 ' Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts (in pride)  
 ' Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.  
 ' But Edmond, on whose side that day the better went  
 ' (And with like fortune thought the remnant to suppress  
 ' That Sarum then besieg'd, which was in great distress)  
 ' With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires :  
 ' When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as with fresh  
 ' desires,  
 ' Whose might though some-what maim'd, his mind yet  
 ' unsubdu'd,  
 ' His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd :

' And



SONG THE TWELFTH. 903

' And finding out a way, sent to his friends with speed,  
' Who him supply'd with aid : and being helpt at need,  
' Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a day.  
' Towards Wor'stershire their powers both well upon their  
' way,

' There, falling to the field, in a continual fight  
' Two days the angry hosts still parted were by night :  
' Where twice the rising sun, and twice the setting, saw  
' Them with their equal wounds their wearied breath to draw.

' Great London to surprize, then (next) Canutus makes :  
' And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside takes.

' Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eastern gate,  
' King Edmond through the west past in triumphal state.  
' But this courageous king, that scorned, in his pride,  
' A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,  
' Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.

' Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,  
' Provokes him still to fight : and falling back where they  
' Might field-roomth find at large, their ensigns to display,  
' Together flew again ; that Brentford, with the blood  
' Of Danes and English mixt, discolour'd long time stood.  
' Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.

' When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing could  
' dismay,

' Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,  
' Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with fresh supplies  
' Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside makes ;  
' But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage takes :

' And fortune (as her self) determining to show  
' That she could bring an ebb on valiant Edmond's flow,  
' And eas'ly cast him down from off the top of chance,  
' By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.

' Where she beheld that prince which she had favor'd long  
' (Even in her proud despight) his murther'd troops among  
' With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls, and bishops  
' slain,

' In that most dreadful day, when all went to the Dane)

- ' Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his sword and  
 ' shield,  
 ' Such wonders there to act, as made her in the field  
 ' Ashamed of her self, so brave a spirit as he  
 ' By her unconstant hand should so much wronged be.  
 ' But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,  
 ' To raise a second power in his slain soldiers cause.  
 ' When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune yet doth last,  
 ' Who oft from Ironside fled, now followed him as fast.  
 ' Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,  
 ' And what th'one strives to make, the other seeks to spoil,  
 ' With threatening swords still drawn; and with obnoxious  
 ' hands  
 ' Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy stands,  
 ' One man amongst the rest from this confusion breaks,  
 ' And to the ireful kings with courage boldly speaks;  
 ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-rage fill?  
 ' Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,  
 ' But what your swords admit? as nature did ordain  
 ' Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain  
 ' Your murders, sack, and spoil? If by this wastful war  
 ' The land unpeopled ly, some nation shall from far,  
 ' By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,  
 ' Obtaining that for which you twain so long have fought.  
 ' Unless then through your thirst of empery you mean  
 ' Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd clean,  
 ' Select you champions fit, by them to prove your right,  
 ' Or try it man to man your selves in single fight.  
 ' When as those warlike kings, provok'd with courage  
 ' high,  
 ' It willingly accept in person by and by.  
 ' And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless concourse grows  
 ' In little time so great, that their unusual flows  
 ' Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amazed stood,  
 ' Her Birch to behold, inisled with her flood,  
 ' That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilst the kings,  
 ' Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire springs,  
 ' Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse  
 ' Together fiercely flew; that in their violent course

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# SONG THE TWELFTH. 905

' (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly and loud,  
 ' Tearing the full-stuff paunch of some congealed cloud)  
 ' Their strong hoofs strook the earth : and with the fearful  
     ' shock,  
 ' Their spears in splinters flew, their bevers both unlock.  
     ' Canutus, of the two that farthest was from hope,  
 ' Who found with what a foe his fortune was to cope,  
 ' Crys, noble Edmond, hold ; let us the land divide.  
 ' Here th'English and the Danes, from either equal side  
 ' Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry,  
 ' Courageous kings, divide ; 'twere pity such should die.  
     When now the neighboring floods will'd Wrekin to  
         suppress

His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess.  
 And time had brought about, that now they all began  
 To listen to a long-told Prophecy, which ran  
 Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously to see  
 A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be  
 The third of this large isle : which saw did first arise  
 From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.

The Druids (as some say) by her instructed were.  
 In many secret skills she had been conn'd her lere.  
 The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew :  
 And also from their flight strange auguries she drew ;  
 Supreamest in her place : whose circuit was extent  
 From Avon to the banks of Severn and to Trent :  
 Where empress like she sate with nature's bounties blest,  
 And serv'd by many a nymph ; but two, of all the rest,  
 That Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high account.  
 The eld'ft of which is Cank : though Needwood her sur-  
         mount

In excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd  
 Twixt Trent and bathing Dove ; and equally imbrac'd  
 By their abounding banks, participates their store ;  
 Of Britain's forests all (from th'less unto the more)  
 For fineness of her turf surpassing ; and doth bear  
 Her curled head so high, that forests far and near



Not grutch at her estate ; her flourishing to see,  
 Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.  
 But (as the world goes now) o woful Cank the while,  
 As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle ;  
 Great Arden's eldest child : which, in her mother's ground  
 Before fair Feck'nam's self, her old age might have crown'd ;  
 When as those fallow deer, and huge-hauncht stags that  
 graz'd

Upon her shaggy heathis, the passenger amaz'd  
 To see their mighty herds, with high-palm'd heads to threat  
 The woods of o'ergrown oaks ; as though they meant to set  
 Their horns to th'other's heights. But now, both those and  
 these

Are by vile gain devour'd : so abject are our days !  
 She now, unlike her self, a neat-herd's life doth live,  
 And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.

But muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands too too  
 long :

Of whom report may speak (our mighty wastes among)  
 One from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,  
 For body, horn, and hair, as fair a beast doth breed  
 As scarcely this great isle can equal : then of her,  
 Why should'st thou all this while the prophecy defer ?  
 Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers grew,  
 She could not be content, until she fully knew  
 Which child it was of hers (born under such a fate)  
 As should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.  
 I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,  
 When many a river, now that furiously doth flow,  
 Had scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she doth will  
 Wife Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,  
 To tell her which of these her rills it was she meant.  
 To satisfy her will, the wisard answers ; Trent.  
 For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,  
 A more than usual power did in that name consist,  
 Which thirty doth import ; by which she thus divin'd,  
 There should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind ;  
 And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,  
 Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank ;

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SONG THE TWELFTH. 907

And thirty several streams from many a sundry way,  
Unto her greatness should their watry tribute pay.

This, Moreland greatly lik'd : yet in that tender love,  
Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,  
She could have wisht it his : because the dainty gras  
That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.  
But, subject he must be : as Sow, which from her spring  
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth bring  
*To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Astons ancient seat ;*  
*Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat.*  
*The noble owners now of which beloved place,*  
*Good fortunes them and theirs with honor'd titles grace :*  
*May heaven still bless that house, till happy floods you see*  
*Your selves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.*  
*Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,*  
*As when she shall want words, her signs shall it express.*

So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rds her dear sovereign  
Trent :

But nothing in the world gives Moreland such content  
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold  
Of floods in sundry strains : as, crankling Manyfold,  
The first that lends him force : of whose meandred ways,  
And labyrinth-like turns (as in the mores she strays)  
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely mad,  
O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland lad,  
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes they play'd,  
Bewicht the wanton heart of that delicious maid :  
Which instantly was turn'd so much from being coy,  
That she might seem to doat upon the morish boy.  
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)  
With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely Trent,  
With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train  
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then clear Tain,  
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one would be.  
And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free  
(Thinking this amorous nymph by some means to beguile)  
He closely under earth conveys his head a while.  
But, when the river fears some policy of his,  
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,

Dis.

Distracted in her course, inprovidently rash,  
 She oft against the cleefs her crystal front doth dash :  
 Now forward, then again she backward seems to bear ;  
 As, like to lose her self by straggling here and there.

Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out of her sight,  
 No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,  
 But Manyfold that still the run-away doth watch,  
 Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch :  
 And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold remove,  
 They struggling tumble down into their lord, the Dove.

Thus though th'industrious muse hath been employ'd so  
 long,

Yet is she loth to do poor little Smeftal wrong,  
 That from her Wilfrune's spring near Hampton plies, to  
 pour

The wealth she there receives, into her friendly Stowr.  
 Nor shall the little Bourn have cause the muse to blame,  
 From these Staffordian heaths that strives to catch the Tame :  
 Whom she in her next song shall greet with mirthful cheer,  
 So happily arriv'd now in her native shire.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

**T**AKING her progress into the land, the muse comes southward  
 from Cheshire into adjoining Stafford, and that part of Shrop-  
 shire which lies in the English side east from Severn.

*And into lesser streams the spacious current cut.*

In that raging devastation over this kingdom by the Danes, they  
 had gotten divers of their ships fraught with provision out of Thames  
 into the river Ley (which divides Middlesex and Essex) some twenty  
 miles from London ; Alfred holding his tents near that territory, especi-  
 ally to prevent their spoil of the instant harvest, observed that by dividing  
 the river, then navigable between them and Thames, their ships would be  
 grounded, and themselves bereft of what confidence their navy had  
 promised them. He thought it, and did it, by parting the water into  
 three channels. The Danes betook themselves to flight, their ships  
 left as a prey to the Londoners.

*Her Lord's imbraces vow'd she never more would know.*

This Alured left his son Edward successor, and, among other children,  
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# SONG THE TWELFTH. 909

this Elfred, or Ethelfred his daughter, married to Ethelred earl of Merc-land. Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, because here the author leaves him, I offer you these of an ancient English wit :

*Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem  
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem  
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori  
Gaudia semper erant, spes semper mixta timori.  
Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella pavebas :  
Si modo victus eras, ad crastina bella parabas.  
Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore  
Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarunt.*

Huntingdon cites these as his own ; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it because his MS. epigrams, which make in some copies the eleven and twelve of his history, are of most different strain, and seem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leisure to overlook them) he shews his muse (as also in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning *Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, largitor honorum, &c.*) in that still declining time of learning's state, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfred in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this English : " She was the love of the subject, fear of the enemy, a woman of a " mighty heart ; having once endur'd the grievous pains of child-birth, " ever afterward denied her husband those sweeter desires ; protesting, " that yielding indulgence towards a pleasure, having so much con- " quent pain, was unseemly in a king's daughter." She was buried at S. Peter's in Gloucester ; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

*For Constantine their king, an hostage hither brought.*

After he had taken Wales and Scotland (as our Historians say) from Howel, Malmesbury calls him Ludwal, and Constantine ; he restored presently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his Majesty to make a king than be one. The Scottish \* stories are not agreeing, here, with ours ; against whom Buchanan storms, for affirming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in Edward the first, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's Hen. VIII.

*A Neptune, whose proud sails the british Ocean swept.*

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time S. Dunstan (as is said) at Glaistenbury heard this angelical voice ;

*To holy Church and to the Lord pays is praise and bliss  
By thuthe Child's time, that nouthe pboze is.*

(among

\* Heitor Boetb. lib. 11, & Buchanan, b Rob. Glouc. & f. Hist. 6. reg. 85.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of <sup>c</sup> 3600 sail; which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies invasion.

*By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.*

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shew'd themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) call'd Egelfled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar earl of Devonshire, Ethelred of some seven years age at his death. That, Egelfled was a profess'd Nun, some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in king Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compell'd in her this cruelty. King Edward not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, weary'd after the chase in Purbeck isle in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, <sup>c</sup> or one of her appointed servants, stab'd the innocent king. His corps, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer earl of Mercland translated into Shafisbury, which (as to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called <sup>f</sup> St Edward's. Thus did his brother in law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that, in his holy tincture he abus'd the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunstan, then christening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo eris*. Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murder only for his sake, most cruelly beat him her self with <sup>s</sup> a handful of wax

— Candlen long and towe

h Weo ne bilebed nocht ar he sag at hir: vet gswete:  
 War thoꝝ this child afterward such heȝ mon as he was  
 Was the woꝛse wan he k gseȝ Candlen voȝ this cas.

But

<sup>c</sup> Some say *c10. c10. c10. c10.*  
<sup>d</sup> *Ex Osberno in Vita Dunstan. Fox. Eccl. hist. 4.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9 & Huntingdon. hist. 5.*

<sup>f</sup> *Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.*  
<sup>g</sup> *Rob. Glocestrensis.*  
<sup>h</sup> Shee,  
<sup>i</sup> Feet in woe.  
<sup>k</sup> Saw.

*1 Vit. S. lib. 6.*  
<sup>m</sup> See to t  
 Westsex all t  
 ed. These

## SONG THE TWELFTH. 911

But I have <sup>1</sup> read it affirm'd, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. It's not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two Nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambresbury; and by all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

*And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.*

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But, for this slaughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering spoils) in the twenty third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

A CHRONOLOGICAL Order and Descent of the Kings here included in Wrekin's song.

Year of Christ.

- 800. Egbert son to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grand-child to king Ine. After <sup>m</sup> him scarce any, none long, had the name of king in the isle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Duces, Comites, Consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.
- 836. Ethelulph son to Egbert.
- 855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.
- 860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.
- 866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.
- 871. Alfred youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's life time, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901.

<sup>1</sup> *Vit. S. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Cest. lib. 6.*

See to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written

kings of Westsex, although in Seigniorship (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other Provinces (except some Northern, and what the Danes unjustly possess) were theirs.



901. Edward the I. surnamed in story Senior, son to Alfred.  
 924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dream'd (you remember that of Olympias, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightning all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) prov'd true.  
 949. Edmund the I. son of <sup>a</sup> Edward by his queen Edgive.  
 946. Edred brother to Edmund.  
 955. Edwy first son of Edmund.  
 959. Edgar (second son of Edmund) *Honor ac Delicia Anglorum*.  
 975. Edward the II. son to Edgar by Egelfled, murdered by his stepmother Alfrith, and thence call'd St. Edward.  
 979. Ethelred the II. son to Edgar, by queen Alfrith, daughter to Orgar earl of Devonshire.  
 1016. Edmund the II. son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfgive, surnamed Ironside.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Eftsex, Eftangle, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Suffex, and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first mov'd for a treaty) Mercland and the Northern territories.) Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edrique Streona earl of Mercland poisoned him) leaving sons Edmund and Edward: but they were, by Danish ambition, and trayterous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited, and all the kingdom cast under Cnut. After him reign'd his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's <sup>o</sup> son (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his queen Alfgive;) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, king Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavor; and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hardcnut, son to Ethelred, by the same queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

*n* Male enim & inepte Veremundi sequax | dredum Athelstanc scribit prognatos.  
 Hector ille Boetii, lib. 11. qui Ed. & E. | o Marian, Scot, & Florent, Wigorn.

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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

## The THIRTEENTH SONG.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*This song our shire of Warwick sounds ;  
 Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.  
 Through many shapes the muse here roves ;  
 Now sporting in those shady groves,  
 The tunes of birds oft stays to hear :  
 Then finding herds of lusty deer,  
 She huntress-like the hart pursues ;  
 And like a hermit walks, to chuse  
 The simples every where that grow ;  
 Comes Ancor's glory next to show ;  
 Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds ;  
 To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds,  
 To play her part the rest among ;  
 There shutteth up her thirteenth song.*

**U**PON the mid-lands now th'industrious muse doth  
 fall ;

That shire which we the <sup>a</sup> heart of England well may call,  
 As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)

Betwixt St. Michael's mount, and Barwick-bord'ring Tweed,

Brave Warwick ; that abroad so long advanc'd her <sup>b</sup> bear,

§. By her illustrious earls renowned every where ;

Above her neighbouring shires which always bore her head.

*My native country then, which so brave spirits hast bred,*

*If*

<sup>a</sup> Warwickshire is the middle  
 shire of England.

<sup>b</sup> The ancient coat of that earl-  
 dom.

*If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,  
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,  
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee ;  
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.*

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose foot-steps <sup>c</sup> yet are found  
In her rough wood-lands more than any other ground,  
§. That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride ;  
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's side.

The very found of these, the wood-nymphs doth awake :  
When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake ;

' My many goodly sites when first I came to shew,  
' Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow :  
' For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,  
' The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil  
' My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds inclose :  
' By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.

' When Britain first her fields with villages had fill'd,  
' Her people waxing still, and wanting where to build,  
' They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses, where  
' He in the broom and brakes had long time made his leyre.  
' Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,  
' If those old Britons then me sovereign did instile,  
' I needs must be the great'st ; for greatness 'tis alone  
' That gives our kind the place : else were there many a one  
' For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.  
' But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,  
' We equally partake with wood-land as with plain,  
' Alike with hill and dale ; and every day maintain  
' The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes,  
' That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.'

Here Arden of her self ceas'd any more to shew ;  
And with her sylvan joys the muse along doth go.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,  
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,  
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,  
But hunts-up to the morn the feath' red sylvans sing :

And

<sup>c</sup> Divers towns expressing her | ton in Arden, &c.  
name: as Henly in Arden, Hamp-



# SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 915

And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,  
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,  
 Those quiristers are percht with many a speckled breast.  
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east  
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night  
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:  
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,  
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,  
 That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air  
 Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every where.  
 The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song  
 T'awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long  
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:  
 The woofel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;  
 As nature him had markt of purpose, t'let us see  
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be:  
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;  
 Upon his<sup>d</sup> dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.  
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,  
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,  
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.  
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)  
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,  
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,  
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,  
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,  
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.

To philomel the next, the linet we prefer;  
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,  
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren,  
 The yellow-pate: which though she hurt the blooming tree,  
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.  
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,  
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.  
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,  
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,  
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,  
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)

O o o

Thus

<sup>d</sup> Of all birds, only the black bird whistleth.

Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,  
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,  
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps  
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,  
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,  
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd deer:  
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:  
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd,  
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the beasts which we for our <sup>c</sup> venerial name,  
The hart amongst the rest, the hunter's noblest game:  
Of which most princely chase sith none did ere report,  
Or by description touch, t'express that wondrous sport  
(Yet might have well beseem'd th'ancients nobler songs)  
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:  
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;  
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:  
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,  
Which oft hast born thy bow (great huntress, us'd to rove)  
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce  
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tigre fierce;  
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forests queen,  
With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful green,  
About the lawns hast scowr'd, and wastes both far and  
near,

Brave huntress: but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;  
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,  
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,  
Is fitt'ft to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds  
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds  
Where harbor'd is the hart; there often from his feed  
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed,  
The huntsman by his <sup>f</sup> slot, or breaking earth, perceives,  
Or entring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,  
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth  
hear

The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,

He

<sup>c</sup> Of hunting, or chase.

<sup>f</sup> The track of the foot.

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On

# SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 8917

He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,  
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.  
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he makes,  
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,  
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;  
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,  
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place:  
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.

\* Rechating with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,  
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-bears,  
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,  
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his sight.  
But when th'approaching foes still following he perceives,  
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves;  
And o'er the champain flies: which when th'assembly find,  
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.  
But being then imboist, the noble stately deer  
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)  
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing foil:  
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,  
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wool'd  
sheep,

Them frightening from the guard of those who had their keep.  
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,  
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries.  
Whom when the plow-man meets, his team he lettreth stand  
T'affail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,  
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth halow:  
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntmen  
follow;

Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of strength,  
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,  
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way  
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.  
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,  
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,  
Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his haunch oppos'd,  
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclos'd.

O o o 2

The

\* One of the measures in winding the horn.



The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,  
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,  
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.

The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,  
He desperately assails ; until opprest by force,  
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,  
Upon the ruthles earth his <sup>h</sup> precious tears lets fall.

To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all :  
With solitude what sorts, that here's not wond'rous rise ?  
Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,  
From villages repleat with ragg'd and sweating clowns,  
And from the lothsome airs of smoky-cited towns.  
Suppose twixt noon and night, the sun his half-way wrought  
(The shadows to be large, by his descending brought)  
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring glades,  
And his disperfed rays commixeth with the shades,  
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long,  
And on the ranker gras till past the noon-fted hung ;  
When as the hermit comes out of his homely <sup>i</sup> cell,  
Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell :  
Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath been ;  
Or one who of this world the vileness having seen,  
Retires him from it quite ; and with a constant mind  
Man's beastliness so loaths, that flying human kind,  
The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladfome  
days

Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.  
Each little village yields his short and homely fare :  
To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and only care ;  
Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.

This man, that is alone a king in his desire,  
By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,  
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being claw'd,  
Stands like an itchy moil ; nor of a pin he weighs  
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise.

His

<sup>h</sup> The hart weepeth at his dying :  
his tears are held to be precious in  
medicine.

<sup>i</sup> Hermits have oft had their  
abodes by ways that ly through  
forests.

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SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 919

His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the grace  
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,  
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,  
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile  
The sottish purblind world : but absolutely free,  
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,  
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow :  
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.  
And in a little maund, being made of oziars small,  
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withall,  
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.

Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode ;  
And in some open place that to the sun doth ly,  
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye ;  
The yarrow, wherewithall he stops the wound-made gore ;  
The healing tutfan then, and plantane for a sore ;  
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,  
Which he about his head that hath the megrim binds.  
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from these,  
Which curious women use in many a nice disease.  
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or adders stung,  
He seeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue ;  
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,  
And sportive did her self to niceties inure.  
Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,  
T'apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp ;  
As centory, to close the wideness of a wound ;  
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make sound.  
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth rise :

For physick, some again he inwardly applies.  
For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice  
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial use.  
So saxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the stone,  
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.  
To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he gives,  
And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rupture grieves.  
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough,  
Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard and tough,

Campara here he crops, approved wondrous good :  
 As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting blood ;  
 And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,  
 And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore.

Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a few,  
 To those unnumbered sorts of simples here that grew.  
 Which justly to set down, even <sup>k</sup> Dodon short doth fall ;  
 Nor skilful <sup>k</sup> Gerard, yet, shall ever find them all.

But from our hermit here the muse we must inforce,  
 And zealously proceed in our intended course :  
 How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose ;  
 By Alcester how Aln to Arro eas'ly flows ;  
 And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way :  
 And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively-tripping Rhea,  
 T'attend the lustier Tame, is from her fountain sent :  
 So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.  
 His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth win :  
 There playing him a while, till Ancor should come in,  
 Which trieth twixt her banks, observing state, so slow,  
 As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to throw :  
 Yet Arden will'd her Tame to serve <sup>l</sup> her on his knee ;  
 For by that nymph alone, they both should honor'd be.  
 The forest, so much fall'n from what she was before,  
 That to her former height fate could her not restore ;  
 Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land,  
 Importun'd the heavens with an auspicious hand.  
 Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)  
 They by a lady's birth would more renown that place,  
 Than if her woods their heads above the hills should feat ;  
 And for that purpose, first made Coventry so great  
 (A poor thatcht village then, or scarcely none at all,  
 That could not once have dream'd of her now stately wall)  
 §. And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin-band,  
 Th'eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's command,  
 Whom then the Britain kings gave her full power to press,  
 For matches to their friends in Britany the less.  
 At whose departure thence, each by her just bequest  
 Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest

<sup>k</sup> The authors of two famous herbals.

<sup>l</sup> Ancor.

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SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 921

With one of their own sex, that there her birth should have,  
Till fulness of the time which fate did choicely save  
Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,  
From her small, mean regard, recovered state and strength,  
§. By Leofrick her lord yet in base bondage held,  
The people from her marts by tollage who expell'd :  
Whose duchess, which desir'd this tribute to release,  
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to make her cease,  
Told her, that if she would his loss so far inforce,  
His will was, she should ride stark nak't upon a horse  
By day-light through the street : which certainly he thought,  
In her heroick breast so deeply would have wrought,  
That in her former sute she would have left to deal.  
But that most princely dame, as one devour'd with zeal,  
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

*The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth fore-reed  
Th' first syllable of hers, and Goodere half doth sound ;  
For by agreeing words, great matters have been found.  
But farther than this place the mystery extends.  
What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends :  
For in the British tongue, the Britons could not find,  
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd :  
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had known,  
But that her being here was by this name fore-shown,  
As prophecying her. For, as the first did tell  
Her sir-name, so again doth Ancor lively spell  
Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins there  
Did sanctify that place : so holy Edith here  
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey plac'd,  
Which Alured enricht, and Powlsworth highly grac'd.  
A princess being born, and abbess, with those maids,  
All noble like her self, in bidding of their beads  
Their holiness bequeatb'd upon her to descend  
Which there should after live : in whose dear self should end  
Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that decreed,  
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that freed.*

But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trifling stays,  
Unto the lustier Tame as loth to come her ways,

The flood intreats her thus; 'Dear brook, why dost thou wrong  
 ' Our mutual love so much, and tediously prolong  
 ' Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still prepare?  
 ' Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only care.  
 ' For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;  
 ' When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to my name,  
 ' I will protect thy state: then do not wrong thy kind.  
 ' What pleasure hath the world, that here thou may'st not  
     ' find?'<sup>m</sup>

Hence, muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore, by that<sup>m</sup>  
     cross

Where these two mighty<sup>n</sup> ways, the Watling and the Fofs,  
 Our center seem to cut. (The first doth hold her way,  
 From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey:  
 The second south and north, from Michael's utmost mount,  
 To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we account.)  
 And then proceed to show, how Avon from her spring,  
 By ° Newnham's fount is blest; and how she, blandishing,  
 By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth first assist,  
 Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great while miss'd;  
 Though ° Coventry from thence her name at first did raise,  
 Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides;  
 Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely built,  
 Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,  
 As scorning all the towns that stand within her view:  
 Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should claim her  
     due.

Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon trips along,  
 To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely song;  
 ' To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we owe,  
 ' And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits show;  
 ' Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance,  
 ' Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat: and sailing into France,  
 ' At tilt, from his proud steed, duke Otton threw'st to  
     ground:  
 ' And with th'invalued prize of Blanch the beauteous crown'd  
     ' (The

<sup>m</sup> The highcross, supposed to be  
 the midst of England.

<sup>n</sup> See to the xvi. song.

° Newnham-Wells.

° Otherwise, Cune-tre: that is,  
 the town upon Cune.

# SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 923

' (The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didst there achieve :  
 ' As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.  
 ' Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword imbru'dst ;  
 ' And then in single fight, great Amerant subdu'dst.  
 ' 'Twas thy Herculan hand, which happily destroy'd  
 ' That Dragon, which so long Northumberland annoy'd ;  
 ' And slew that cruel boar, which waste our wood-lands laid,  
 ' Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in meadows  
 made :

' Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now ;  
 ' And, at our humble sute, did quell that monstrous cow  
 ' The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright.  
 ' Of all our English (yet) ô most renowned knight,  
 ' That Colebrond overcam'st : at whose amazing fall  
 ' The Danes remov'd their camp from Winchester's sieg'd  
 wall.

' Thy statue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to please ;  
 ' Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou English Hercules)  
 ' Thy strong and massy sword, that never was controll'd :  
 ' Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall hold.'

Scarce ended they their song, but Avon's winding stream,  
 By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd Leam :  
 And as she thence along to Stratford on doth strain,  
 Receiveth little Heil the next into her train :

Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the rest  
 Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth best ;  
 A valley that enjoys a very great estate,  
 Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate :

Now, for report had been too partial in her praise,  
 Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus bewrays ;

' Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth ? and I,

' The needy countries near that with my corn supply

' As bravely as the best, shall only I endure

' The dull and beastly world my glories to obscure ;

' Near wayless Arden's side, sith my retir'd abode

' Stood quite out of the way from every common road ?

' Great Eufham's fertil glebe, what tongue hath not extoll'd ?

' As though to her alone belong'd the garb of gold.

' Of



‘ Of Bever’s batful earth, men seem as though to fain,  
‘ Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain :  
‘ And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will tell,  
‘ As though abundance strove her burthen’d womb to  
‘ swell.

' Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is decreed :  
 ' She wants no setting forth : her brave Pegasus steed  
 ' ( The wonder of the west ) exalted to the skies :  
 ' My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.  
 ' The fault is not in me, but in the wretched time :  
 ' On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the crime :  
 ' Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.  
 ' But when th' industrious muse shall purchase me respect  
 ' Of countries near my site, and win me foreign fame  
 ' ( The Eden of you all deservedly that am )  
 ' I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,  
 ' As now in small account with vile and barbarous men.  
 ' For, from the lofty ' Edge that on my side doth ly,  
 ' Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,  
 ' As many goodly seats shall in my compass see,  
 ' As many sweet delights and rarities in me  
 ' As in the greatest vale : from where my head I couch  
 ' At Cotswold's country's ' foot, till with my heels I touch  
 ' The Northamptonian fields, and fatning pastures ; where  
 ' I ravish every eye with my inticing chear.  
 ' As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth load  
 ' The full earth with her store ; my plenteous bosom strow'd  
 ' With all abundant sweets : my firm and lusty flank  
 ' Her bravery then displays, with meadows hugely rank.  
 ' The thick and well-grown fog doth matt my smoother  
 flades,

' And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades  
 ' The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)  
 ' That makes each udder strut abundantly with milk.  
 ' As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight  
 ' Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,  
 ' Not out of his own spirit, but by that power divine,  
 ' Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously doth shine,  
 ' Feels

Edge-hill.

\* The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.

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2 Parl. p.

## SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 925

' Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion breaks,  
 ' And things beyond his height, transported strangely speaks:  
 ' So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal toil,  
 ' When they in my defence are reasoning of my soil,  
 ' As rapt with my wealth and beauties, learned grow,  
 ' And in well-fitting terms, and noble language, show  
 ' The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which remains  
 ' §. A witness of that day we won upon the Danes)  
 ' To Tawcester well-near: 'twixt which, they use to tell  
 ' Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.  
 ' Of ' Dasset they dare boast, and give ' Wormlighton prize,  
 ' As of that fertile flat by ' Bishopton that lies.

' For showing of my bounds, if men may rightly guess  
 ' By my continued form which best doth me express,  
 ' On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,  
 ' Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain mounds,  
 ' In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be."

Thus Red-horse ends her tale; and I therewith agree  
 To finish here my song: the muse some ease doth ask,  
 As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

' Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**I**N TO the heart of England and Wales the muse here is entered,  
 that is, Warwickshire her native country; whose territory you  
 might call Middle-Engle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken  
 of in story) for equality of distance from the inarming ocean.

*By her illustrious earls renowned every where.*

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with antique fables, as Guy  
 (of whom the author in the XII. Song, and here presently) Morind and  
 such like, and no more testimony might be given, to exceed. But,  
 more sure justification hereof is, in those great Princes Henry Beau-  
 champ Earl of Warwick, and *Præcomes Angliæ* (as the Record calls him)  
 under ' Henry VI. and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain  
 to crown and depose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white  
 and red roses.

*That*

*That mighty Arden held*—————

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called Arden. The reliques of whose name in Dene of Monmouthshire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Forest d'Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxembourg, shews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-used English name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inscriptions, <sup>b</sup> *Diana Nemorensis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like seems to be express'd in an old marble, now in Italy, <sup>c</sup> graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS. MANIBVS.  
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.  
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.  
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reason of this her greatness join'd with antiquity, he also made choice of this place for description of the chase, the English simples, and hermit, as you read in him.

*And thither wisely brought that goodly Virgin band.*

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uses; but see to the VIIIth. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins ship'd at London; nor skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or if on neither. Their request (as the Genius' prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to express the worth of his native soil's city.

*By Leofrique her lord, yet in base bondage held.*

The ensuing story of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Matthew of Westminster, that *Nuda, equum ascendens, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit.* This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was earl of Leiceſter, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning Legeceſtra, being indeed sometimes for Chester, of old call'd *urbs legionum*, as to XI. Song already) which is without scruple shew'd in a <sup>d</sup> charter of the manor of Spalding in Lincolnshire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Thoraldus de Buchenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leiceſtriæ, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei Comitum Algari primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar succeeded him; and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it

was

<sup>b</sup> Hubert. Golix. Thesaur. in Aris.

<sup>c</sup> Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmo 2.

| part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.

<sup>d</sup> Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.

e Malmesb.  
f Lib. vetust.  
g Lib. Dom.  
h Feb. Curia  
comiti Effigia



# SONG THE THIRTEENTH. 927

was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from king Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is stiled earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good king Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annex'd to it. Nay, since the Normans, I find that <sup>e</sup> William Fitz-Osbern, earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commisso plus septem solidis solvat*, which was observed without controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard earl of Poitiers and Cornwall, brother to Hen. III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the stannaries of Cornwall; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that <sup>f</sup> custom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Saxon times usual, as appears in that; <sup>g</sup> *In Ipswich regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras: of the borough of Lewes, its profits erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis; & Oxford reddebat regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, comiti vero Algaro X. libras.* And under king John, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter earl of Essex, and William le Marshall earl of Striguil, <sup>h</sup> *Administrationem suorum comitatum habebant*, saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

## A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollrich-stones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire; of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochenorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name: of whose story, both for a passage in the last Song, and here, permit a short examination. The Norman <sup>i</sup> tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension 'twixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arriv'd here, had some skirmishes

<sup>e</sup> Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.

<sup>f</sup> Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Cambd.

<sup>g</sup> Lib. Domesday in Scaccario.

<sup>h</sup> Joh. Carnotens. Epist. 263. Nich. Viacomiti Effexia.

<sup>i</sup> Guil. Gemeticens. de Ducib. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neust. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, plerique alij.

skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon after-ward being admonish'd in a dream, aided and advised by K. Athelstan, entered Seine in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baiieux, ~~elf~~ where; returned upon request by embassy to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and christianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the story, touch'd it. But how came such habitude 'twixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is any concordance 'twixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodulph duke of Burgundy, two years before our king Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochenorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of thole 22 of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inlands, unless when (if that were at all) he assisted king Athelstan. Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under <sup>k</sup> some other name; as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in Æmilius what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation so much mistaking hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with <sup>l</sup> them which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard duke of Burgundy, and Ebal earl of Poitiers, assisting Walzelin bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hroruc and others (if none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that <sup>m</sup> Robert earl of Paris, and in some sort a king 'twixt Charles and Rodulph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they first <sup>n</sup> entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922 which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harshhest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with <sup>o</sup> Edgith of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelstan, in whose <sup>p</sup> protecti-

<sup>k</sup> *Ita quidam apud P. Emil. bist. Franc. 3. quem de hac re videt, & Polydor. ejusdem sequacem bist. 5.*

<sup>l</sup> *Floran. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 241.*

<sup>m</sup> *Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc. n Reicherspergens.*

<sup>o</sup> *Oginia dista P. Æmilio.*

<sup>p</sup> *Membran. vetust. Cæneb. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pitheo.*

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## SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 929

on here Lewis (afterward the IV.) was, while Rodolph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage also, spoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Historiographer P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Polydore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar king of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gross, to Godfrey king of the Normans, with ~~West-~~rich (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gross, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns and persons are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.



## POLYOLBION:

### SONG THE FOURTEENTH.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*Her sundry strains the muse to prove,  
Now sings of homely country love;  
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,  
For his coy wood-nymph Feckn'ham's sake;  
And, how the nymphs each other greet,  
When Avon and brave Severn meet.  
The vale of Eufham then doth tell,  
How far the vales do hills excell.  
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,  
She revels with the shepherd swains;  
And sends the dainty nymphs away,  
'Gainst Tame and Isis' wedding-day.*

**A**T length, attain'd those lands that south of Severn lie,  
As to the varying earth the muse doth her apply,

Poor



Poor sheep-hook and plain goad, she many times doth found:  
Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth bound.  
Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth glide:  
And with the mountains straight contendeth in her pride.

Now back again I turn, the land with me to take,  
From the Staffordian heaths as<sup>a</sup> Stour her course doth make,  
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly doth view:  
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew  
His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state bemoan;  
To please his amorous eye, whose like the world had none.  
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)  
Had to that forest-nymph a special liking still:  
The least regard of him who never seems to take,  
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake;  
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.

Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she would prefer,  
All pleasure he forsakes; that at the full-bagg'd cow,  
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth low,  
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle stray,  
At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together play,  
He never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep  
To hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing sheep:  
Nor to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:  
Nor lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling stream,  
That in the evening calm against the stones doth rush  
With such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to hush  
The silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,  
Remedilessly drown'd in sorrow day and night,  
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect;  
And therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in effect:  
'That<sup>b</sup> Lickey to his height seem'd slowly but to rise,  
'And that in length and breadth he all extended lies,  
'Nor doth like other hills to sudden sharpness mount,  
'That of their kingly kind they scarce can him account;  
'Tho' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,  
'That Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to outface.'

Whilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express their pride,  
As Salwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady side,

That

<sup>a</sup> Running by Stourbridge in Worstershire, towards Severn.

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# SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 931

That forest him affects in wand'ring to the <sup>b</sup> Wych :  
But he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,  
His Feck'nham quite forgets ; from all affection free.

But she, that to the flood most constant means to be,  
More prodigally gives her woods to those strong fires  
Which boil the source to salts. Which Clent so much ad-  
mires,

That love, and her disdain, to madness him provoke :  
When to the wood-nymph thus the jealous mountain spoke :

'Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which were all my care,  
'Thou lett'st the furnace waste ; that miserably bare  
'I hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise ;  
'Whose beauties many a morn have blest my longing eyes :  
'And, till the weary sun sunk down unto the west,  
'Thou still my object wast, thou once my only best.  
'The time shall quickly come, thy groves and pleasant  
springs,

'Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis sings,  
'The painful labourer's hand shall stock the roots, to burn ;  
'The branch and body spent, yet could not serve his turn.  
'Which when, most wilfull nymph, thy chance shall be to see,  
'Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for me."

But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet doth  
ply,

Great Severn to attend along to Teuksbury,  
With others to partake the joy that there is seen,  
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign <sup>c</sup> queen.  
Here down from Eufham's vale, their greatness to attend,  
Comes Swilliat sweeping in ; which Cotswold down doth  
send :

And Garran there arrives, the great recourse to see.  
Where thus together met, with most delightful glee,  
The chearful nymphs that haunt the valley rank and low  
(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to flow,  
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her pride)  
Amongst the barful meads on Severn's either side,

P p p

To

<sup>b</sup> The salt fountain of Worcester-shire.

<sup>c</sup> Severa.

To these their confluent floods, full bowls of perry brought:  
Where, to each other's health past many a deep-fetch'd  
draught,

And many a sound carouse from friend to friend doth go.  
Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own juice doth  
flow,

Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,  
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glorious tale;

' I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath said,  
' To answer them that most with baseness us upbraid;  
' Those high presumptuous hills, which bend their utmost  
might,

' Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:

' But I would have them think, that I (which am the queen

' Of all the British vales, and so have ever been

' Since Gomer's giant-brood inhabited this isle,

' And that of all the rest, myself may so ensile)

' Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,

' That ever threat'ned heaven with the austere face.

' And for our praise, then thus; What fountain send they  
forth

' (That finds a river's name, though of the smallest worth)

' But it invales itself, and on its either side

' Doth make those fruitful meads, which with their paint-  
ed pride

' Embroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious gyres

' He swiftly fallieth out, and suddenly retires

' In sundry works and trails, now shallow, and then deep,

' Searching the spacious shores, as though it meant to sweep

' Their sweets with it away, with which they are repleat.

' And men, first building towns, themselves did wisely feat

' Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pasture bears

' The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such goodly ears,

' As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,

' When as his hardened hand the labourer comes to put,

' Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hardly wields:

' And on the corn-strew'd lands, then in the stubble fields,

' There feed the herds of neat, by them the flocks of sheep,

' Seeking the scatt'ed corn upon the ridges steep:

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# SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 933

' And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much spill'd)  
 ' Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then having fill'd,  
 ' Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce to rise.  
 ' When as those monstrous hills so much that us despise  
 ' (The mountain, which forsooth the lowly valley mocks)  
 ' Have nothing in the world upon their barren rocks,  
 ' But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, banish'd quite  
 ' From every fertile place; as rascals, that delight  
 ' In base and barren plots, and at good earth repine.  
 ' And though in winter we to moisture much incline,  
 ' Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our land,  
 ' When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuff barns they  
 stand,

' Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,  
 ' Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits, to think  
 ' That autumn shall produce, to recompence their toil,  
 ' A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.  
 ' And from that envious foe which seeks us to deprave,  
 ' Though much against his will this good we clearly have,  
 ' We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by his height,  
 ' For, who will us survey, their clear and judging sight  
 ' May see us thence at full: which else the searching'st eye,  
 ' By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,  
 ' Could never throughly view, ourselves nor could we show.  
 ' Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies owe,  
 ' And what high grace they have which near to us are plac'd,  
 ' In ' Breedon may be seen, being amorously embrac'd  
 ' In cincture of my arms. Who tho' he do not vaunt  
 ' His head like those that look as they would heaven sup-  
 plant:

' Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride  
 ' He in my bosom sits; while him on every side  
 ' With my delicious sweets and delicates I trim.  
 ' And when great Malvern looks most terrible and grim,  
 ' He with a pleased brow continually doth smile.'

Here Breedon, having heard his praises all the while,  
 Grew insolently proud; and doth upon him take  
 Such stare, as he would seem but small account to make.

P p p 2

Of

' A hill invironed on every side with the vale of Eufham.

Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale  
To his instruction turns the process of her tale.

'T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the meaner's hate,  
'Quoth she, take my advice, abandon idle state;  
'And by that way I go, do thou thy course contrive:  
'Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely thrive.  
'Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains toil,  
'Let us have store of grain, and quantity of soil.  
'To what end serve their tops (that seem to threat the sky)  
'But to be rent with storms? whilst we in safety lie.  
'Their rocks but barren be, and they which rashly climb,  
'Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey for time.  
'And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's green,  
'The grised winter's snow upon their heads is seen.  
'Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:  
'Who though his site be such as seems to equal thee,  
'And destitute of nought that Arden him can yield,  
'Nor of th' especial grace of many a goodly field;  
'Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health and sport)  
'Which many a time hath been the muses quiet port;  
'Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteems  
'The more for his fair site; but richer than he seems,  
'Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous warm,  
'As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can harm.  
'Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee;  
'From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,  
'To paradise may think a second he had found,  
'If any like the first were ever on the ground.'

Her long and zealous speech thus Eufham doth conclude:  
When straight the active muse industriously pursu'd  
This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.  
For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,  
When in her pride of strength she nourish'd goodly vines,  
§. And oft her cares repress't with her delicious wines.  
But now, th' all-cheering sun the colder soil deceives,  
§. And us (here tow'ards the pole) still falling south-ward  
leaves:

So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth prove;  
According to their books, who hold that he doth move

From

SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 935

From his first zenith's point ; the cause we feel his want.  
But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to plant  
The pear-tree every where : whose fruit she strains for juice,  
That her pur'ft perry is, which first she did produce  
From Wor'sterfhire, and there is common as the fields ;  
Which naturally that foil in moft abundance yields.

But the laborious mufe, which ftill new work affays,  
Here fallieth through the flades, where beauteous Severn  
plays

Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wifhed fight :  
Where ſhe her ſtream divides, that with the more delight  
She might behold the town, of which ſhe's wond'rous  
proud :

Then takes ſhe in the Frome, then Cam, and next the Strowd,  
As thence upon her courſe ſhe wantonly doth ſtrain.  
Suppoſing then herſelf a ſea-god by her train,  
She Neptune-like doth float upon the bracky marſh ;  
Where, leſt ſhe ſhould become too cumbersome and harſh,  
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a chafe,  
Contending to have ſtood the high'ſt in Severn's grace,  
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her ſhore)  
With her cool amorous ſhades, and all her ſylvan ſtore,  
To pleaſe the goodly flood imploys her utmoſt powers,  
Suppoſing the proud nymph might like her woody bowers.

But Severn (on her way) ſo large and head-ſtrong grew,  
That ſhe the wood-nymph ſcorns, and Avon doth purſue ;  
A river with no leſs than goodly King's-wood crown'd,  
A foreſt and a flood by either's fame renown'd ;  
And each with other's pride and beauty much bewitch'd ;  
Beſides, with Briſtol's ſtate both wond'rouſly enrich'd.  
Which ſoon to Severn ſent th' report of that fair <sup>2</sup> road  
(So burdened ſtill with barks, as it would over-load  
Great Neptune with the weight) whoſe fame ſo far doth  
ring;

When as that mighty flood, moſt bravely flourishing,  
Like Theris' goodly ſelf majeſtically glides ;  
Upon her ſpacious breaſt toſſing the ſurgeful tides,

P P P 3

To

<sup>2</sup> King's road.



To have the river see the state to which she grows,  
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon owes.

But, noble muse, proceed immediately to tell  
How Eusham's fertile vale at first in liking fell  
With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds : whose proud  
site

When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her delight,  
That him she only lov'd : for wisely she beheld  
The beauties clean throughout that on his surface dwell'd :  
Of just and equal height two banks arising, which  
Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some valley rich :  
Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such height,  
As throwds the lower soil ; which shadowed from the light,  
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's day  
Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert stray.  
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,  
Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale ;  
Where little purling winds like wantons seem to dally,  
And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip to valley,  
Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth devise,  
That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.

T' whom Sarum's plain gives place : tho' famous for her  
flocks,

Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswold's wealthy locks.  
Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,  
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store.  
A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,  
Few vales (as I suppose) like Eusham hapt to find :  
Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,  
So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.  
He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy grain :  
Through which they wisely seem their household to main-  
tain.

He hath pure wholesome air, and dainty crystal springs.  
To those delights of his, she daily profit brings :  
As to his large expence, she multiplies her heaps :  
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she reaps ;  
As th' one with what it hath, the other strove to grace.

And now, that every thing may in the proper place

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# SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 937

Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth breed  
 (The simplest though it seem) shall our description need,  
 And shepherd-like, the muse thus of that kind doth speak :  
 No brown, nor sullied black the face or legs doth streak,  
 Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills,  
 That lightly laden are : but Cotswold wisely fills  
 Her with the whitest kind : whose brows so woolly be,  
 As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.  
 The staple deep and thick, through to the very grain,  
 Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain :

A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad ;  
 As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.  
 And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,  
 But every where is stor'd ; the belly, as the back.  
 The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only pride,  
 As white as winter's snow, when from the river's side  
 He drives his new-wash'd sheep ; or on the shearing-day,  
 When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of May  
 His crooked horns hath crown'd ; the bell-weather so brave,  
 As none in all the flock they like themselves would have.

But, muse, return to tell how there the shepherd's king,  
 Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest lamb to bring,  
 In his gay bauldrick sits at his low grassy board,  
 With flawns, curds, clouted-cream, and country dainties  
 stor'd :

And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund swain  
 Quaffs fillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,  
 And to their country-girls, whose nosegays they do wear.  
 Some roundelays do sing : the rest, the burthen bear.

But Cotswold, be this spoke to th'only praise of thee,  
 That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st be,  
 Fair Isis to bring-forth (the mother of great Thames)  
 With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal streams  
 Her greatness is begun : so that our rivers king,  
 When he his long descent shall from his bel-fires bring,  
 Must needs (great pastures prince!) derive his stem by thee,  
 From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third degree :

As th'old world's heroes wont, that in the times of yore,  
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so highly bore.

But eas'ly from her source as Isis gently dades;  
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper shades,  
The nimbler-footed Churn, by Cisseter doth slide;  
And first at Greeklade gets preheminance to guide  
Queen Isis on her way, ere she receive her train,  
Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cotswold's plain  
At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to support  
The mother of great Tames. When, seeing the resort,  
From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with her self doth cast  
The train to over-take, and therefore hies her fast  
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last of all  
Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cotswold fall,  
And farth'ft unto the north) bright Enload forth doth bear.  
For, though it had been long, at length she came to hear  
That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:  
And therefore she prepar'd t'attend upon the bride;  
Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.

And being near of kin to that most spring-ful place,  
Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains flow,  
That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold cannot show  
The like: as though from far, his long and many hills  
There emptied all their veins, where-with those founts he  
fills,

Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do float,  
Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open throat,  
As though the cleves consum'd in humor; they alone,  
So crystalline and cold, as hardneth stick to stone.

But whilst this while we talk, the far-divulged fame  
Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty name  
Doth bid the muse make haste, and to the bride-house speed;  
Of her attendance there lest they should stand in need.

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# SONG THE FOURTEENTH. 939

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Somewhat returning now near the way you descended from the northern parts, the muse leads you through that part of Worcestershire, which is on this side Severn, and the neighbouring Stafford, viewing also Cotteswold, and so Gloucester. The fictions of this song are not so covert, nor the allusions so difficult, but that I presume your conceit, for the most part, willingly discharges my labour.

*And of her cares repress with her delicious wines.*

In this tract of Gloucestershire (where to this day many places are stiled Vine-yards) was of antient time among other fruits of a fertile soil, great store of vines, and more than in any other place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this realm we have some: but what comes of them in the press is scarce worth respect. Long since, the emperor <sup>a</sup> Probus *Et Gallis omnibus & Hispanis ac Britannis permittit ut vites haberent vinumque conficerent.* But <sup>b</sup> Tacitus, before that, speaking of this island, commends it with *Solum præter oleam vitemque & cætera calidioribus terris oriri sueta, patiens frugum, sæcundum.* Long since Probus, England had its vineyards also and some store of wine, as appears by that in *Domesday*, *Unus & Parcus & VI. Arpenni Vineæ* (that is, between five and six acres; *Arpent* in French signifying a content of ground of a hundred rods square, every rod eighteen foot) *& reddit XX. modios vini, si bene procedit*, being recorded of a place <sup>c</sup> by Raleigh in Essex. This was under William I: and since him in time of Hen. I. <sup>d</sup> much wine was made here in Gloucestershire. That now the isle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the soil's old age, and so like a woman growing sterile (as <sup>e</sup> in another kind Tremellius many hundred years since thought) or by reason of the earth's change of place, as upon difference in astronomical observations Stadius guess'd, or that some part of singular influence, whereon astrology hangs most, of inferior qualities, is alter'd by that slow course (yet of great power in alteration of heaven's system) of the eighth sphere (or præcession of the *Æquinoctial*) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others examination.

*— still falling southward leaves.*

He alludes to the difference of the zodiaque's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about 1460 years since the utmost declination of the sun in the first of Cancer (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. since that Albategni (about Charlemain's time) observed it some 15 scruples less: after him (near 1000 year of Christ) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 scr. and in this later

<sup>a</sup> *Flav. Vopiscus in ejusd. vitâ.*

<sup>b</sup> *In Jul. Agricola.*

<sup>c</sup> *Camba, in Trin:bantibus.*

<sup>d</sup> *Malmesb. de Pontificum gestis 4.*

<sup>e</sup> *Ap. Columell, de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.*

later age John of Coningsburg and Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenique account, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31 scrup. and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , as that noble Dane, and most honor'd restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, hath taught us: which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers; yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's concept, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetched cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonique year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of Eccentriques out of one sign into another, the equinoctial præcession, and such like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into Fortunate, Opprest or Combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cazimi, their *Orbes moities*, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the sun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decrease of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obliquity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the pole's altitude, and other error in observation, Copernicus was deceiv'd, and in this present age the sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

f Copernic. Re. 3. cap. 3.

g Cardan, ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Variatione, Rer. 2. qui prophanè nimium; à motibus octava Sphære, ijs scilicet, quos circa cibus decc. contrariis velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ Religionis mutationem in-

eptè simul & impiè prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.

h Cui, hoc nomine, graviter minitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercitat. 90. sect. 2.

i Tycho Brahe in Progymnasim.

NOW The  
That Isis,  
And instant  
And now  
The rich an  
so much up  
preparing for  
is Cotswold  
Who for the

Tame arises i

# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

## SONG THE FIFTEENTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The guests here to the bride-house hie.  
The goodly vale of Aylsbury  
Sets her son (Tame) forth, brave as May,  
Upon the joyful wedding day :  
Who, deckt up, tow'rd his bride is gone.  
So lovely Ifis coming on,  
At Oxford all the muses meet her,  
And with a Prothalamion greet her.  
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,  
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs :  
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,  
And sings of rivers, and their praises.  
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.  
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.*

**N**OW fame had through this isle divulg'd in every ear,  
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,  
That Ifis, Cotswold's heir, long woo'd, was lastly won,  
And instantly should wed with <sup>a</sup> Tame, old Chiltern's son.  
And now that wood-man's wife, the mother of the flood,  
The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood  
So much upon her Tame, was busied in her bowers,  
Preparing for her son as many sutes of flowers,  
As Cotswold for the bride, his Ifis, lately made ;  
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom, only staid.  
Winfet

Tame arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot of the Chiltern.



Whilst every crystal flood is to this business prest,  
 The cause of their great speed and many thus request;  
 O! whither go ye, floods? what sudden wind doth blow,  
 Than other of your kind, that you so fast should flow?  
 What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?  
 Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Charwel, say.  
 They suddenly reply, 'What lets you should not see  
 'That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?  
 'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:  
 'Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend.'

But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern (for his life)  
 From prodigal expense can no way keep his wife;  
 Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wise prepar'd,  
 And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd  
 In setting forth her son: nor can she think it well,  
 Unless her lavish charge do Cotswold's far excel.  
 For, Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,  
 And (by her wholesome air continually in health)  
 Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful strength.  
 Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and length,  
 Doth Chiltern fitly match: which mountainously high,  
 And being very long, so likewise she doth ly  
 From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth begin,  
 To fashion like a vale, to th'place where Tame doth win  
 His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,  
 For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure,  
 That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,  
 For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:  
 And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth flow,  
 Now cares not on her child what cost she do bestow:  
 Which when wise Chiltern saw (the world who long had  
 try'd,

And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;  
 Whose hoar and chalky head descry'd him to be old,  
 His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the cold)  
 Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady rate;  
 And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth debate:

'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to the most  
 'But whereas less will serve, what means this idle cost?

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These pre  
To Oxford  
Apollo's aid  
To that mos  
Who in her c  
That meeting  
her beauty fl  
Arising near  
the German  
Watling.

# SONG THE FIFTEENTH. 943

‘Too much, a surfeit breeds, and may our child annoy :  
 ‘These fat and luscious meats do but our stomachs cloy.  
 ‘The modest comely mean, in all things likes the wise.  
 ‘Apparel often shews us womanish precise.  
 ‘And what will Cotswold think when he shall hear of this ?  
 ‘He’ll rather blame your waste, than praise your cost, I wils.’

But women wilful be, and she her will must have ;  
 Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Tame be brave.  
 Alone which tow’rds his love she eas’ly doth convey :  
 For the Oxonian <sup>b</sup> Ouze was lately sent away  
 From Buckingham, where first he finds his nimbler feet ;  
 Tow’rds Whittlewood then takes : where, past the noblest  
 † street,

He to the forest gives his farewell, and doth keep  
 His course directly down into the German deep,  
 To publish that great day in mighty Neptune’s hall,  
 That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.

As we have told how Tame holds on his even course,  
 Return we to report, how Isis from her source  
 Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier springs ;  
 And in her princely train, t’ attend her marriage, brings  
 Clear <sup>c</sup> Churnet, <sup>c</sup> Coln, and <sup>c</sup> Leech, which first she did  
 retain,

With <sup>c</sup> Windrush : and with her (all outrage to restrain  
 Which well might off’red be to Isis as she went)  
 Came Yenload with a guard of Satyrs which were sent  
 From <sup>c</sup> Whichwood, to await the bright and god-like dame.

So, <sup>c</sup> Bernwood did bequeath his Satyrs to the Tame,  
 For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should be.

These preparations great when Charwell comes to see,  
 To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,  
 Apollo’s aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,  
 To that most learned place to welcome her repair.

Who in her coming on, was wax’d so wondrous fair,  
 That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether they  
 Her beauty should extol, or she admire their <sup>d</sup> bay.

On

<sup>a</sup> Arising near Brackley, running  
 to the German sea.  
 † Watling.

<sup>c</sup> Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke  
 of in the former Song.

<sup>d</sup> Laurel for learning.

On whom their several gifts (to amplify her dow'r)  
 The muses there bestow; which ever have the pow'r  
 Immortal her to make. And as she pass along,  
 Those modest \* Thespian maids thus to their Isis sung;  
 ' Ye daughters of the hills, come down from every  
 side,

- ' And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
- ' Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she is to pass.
- ' For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
- ' A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever seen
- ' So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
- ' Give instantly in charge the day be wond'rous fair,
- ' That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
- ' Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit,
- ' The bride-chamber adorn'd with all befitting it.
- ' And for the princely groom, who ever yet could name
- ' A flood that is so fit for Isis as the Tame?
- ' Ye both so lovely are, that knowledge scarce can tell,
- ' For feature whether he, or beauty she excel:
- ' That ravished with joy each other to behold,
- ' When as your crystal waists you closely do infold,
- ' Betwixt your beauteous selves you shall beget a son,
- ' That when your lives shall end, in him shall be begun.
- ' The pleasant Surryan shores shall in that flood delight,
- ' And Kent esteem herself most happy in his sight.
- ' The shire that London loves, shall only him prefer,
- ' And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
- ' The<sup>f</sup> Scheld, the goodly Meuse, the rich and viny Rhine,
- ' Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's wat'ry plain,
- ' And all the Belgian streams and neighbouring floods of  
 Gaul,

' Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.  
 As of fair Isis thus the learned virgins spake,  
 A shrill and sudden bruit this Prothalamion brake;  
 That White-horse, for the love she bare to her ally,  
 And honoured sister vale, the bounteous Ailsbury,

\* The muses.  
<sup>f</sup> They all three, rivers of great  
 est note in Lower Germany, cast

themselves into the ocean, in the  
 coast opposite to the mouth of  
 Thames.

Sent



SONG THE FIFTEENTH. 945

Sent presents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,  
Which for his mother vale so much on greatness stood.

From Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see  
That river like his birth might entertained be:  
For that ambitious vale, still striving to command,  
And using for her place continually to stand,  
Proud White-horse to persuade, much business there hath  
been

T' acknowledge that great vale of Eufham for her queen,  
And but that Eufham is so opulent and great,  
That thereby she herself holds in the sovereign seat,  
This White-horse all the vales of Britain would o'erbear,  
And absolutely sit in the imperial chair;  
And boasts as goodly herds, and numerous flocks to feed,  
To have as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;  
As pure and fresh an air upon her face to flow,  
As Eufham for her life: and from her steed doth show,  
Her lusty rising downs, as fair a prospect take  
As that imperious<sup>i</sup> Wold: which her great queen doth  
make

So wond'rously admir'd, and her so far extend.  
But to the marriage hence, industrious muse, descend.

The Naiads and the nymphs extremely overjoy'd,  
And on the winding banks all busily imploy'd,  
Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:  
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,  
Brave<sup>k</sup> anadems do make: some bauldricks up do bind:  
Some, garlands: and to some the nosegays were assign'd;  
As best their skill did serve. But for that Tame should be  
Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that he  
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that belong  
(His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung  
From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures near.  
To sort which flowers, some sit; some making garlands  
were;

The primrose placing first, because that in the spring  
It is the first appears, then only flourishing;

The

<sup>i</sup> Cotswold.

<sup>k</sup> Crowns of flowers.

The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly mix'd :  
 T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd betwixt.  
 Amongst those things of scent, there prick they in the lilly :  
 And near to that again, her sister daffadilly.  
 To sort these flowers of show, with th' other that were  
 sweet,

The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxslip, for her meet :  
 The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,  
 The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,  
 And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,  
 By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay :  
 The crow-flower, and there-by the clover-flow'r they stick,  
 The daisie, over all those sundry sweets so thick,  
 As nature doth herself ; to imitate her right :  
 Who seems in that her ' pearl so greatly to delight,  
 That every plain therewith she powd'reth to behold :  
 The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and gold :  
 Which though esteem'd but weeds ; yet for their dainty hues,  
 And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose chuse.

Thus having told you how the bridegroom Tame was  
 drest,

I'll shew you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest ;  
 Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,  
 Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely rate.  
 In anadems for whom they curiously dispose  
 The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,  
 For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place  
 In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchase.  
 The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign power  
 (So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)  
 With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the pale :  
 Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a gale  
 Of sweetness ; yet in scents as various as in sorts.  
 The purple violet then, the pansie there supports :  
 The mary-gold above t' adorn the arched bar :  
 The double daisie, thrift, the button-bachelor,  
 Sweet-william, fops-in-wine, the campion : and to these  
 Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays :

Sweet

I Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.

SONG THE FIFTEENTH. 947

Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare for smell,  
With many a flower, whose name were now too long to tell:  
And rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de'-is.

Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted point-device,  
Whilst some still busied are in decking of the bride,  
Some others were again as seriously imploy'd  
In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;  
Which every where they throw with bounteous hands and  
free.

The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps do fly,  
The scentful camomile, the verd'rous costmary;  
They hot muscado oft with milder maudlin cast;  
Strong tansey, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:  
Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,  
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime;  
As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant flower,  
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy hour.  
Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild that grow,  
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they throw.

Thus all things falling out to every one's desire,  
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,  
The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with sundry cates,  
And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;  
Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwel here was  
thought

The fitt'ft to chear the guests: who thoroughly had beentaught  
In all that could pertain to courtship, long agon,  
As coming from his fire, the fruitful <sup>m</sup> Helidon,  
He travelleth to Tames; where passing by those towns  
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful clowns,  
With taber and the pipe, on holydays do use,  
Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their shoes:  
And having in his ears the deep and <sup>n</sup> solemn rings,  
Which sound him all the way, unto the <sup>o</sup> learned springs,

Q q q

Where

<sup>m</sup> A hill betwixt Norhampton-shire and Warwick. | fordshire called, the Crossring.  
• Oxford.

<sup>n</sup> Famous rings of bells in Ox-



Where he, his sovereign Ouze most happily doth meet,  
 And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's offspring, greet  
 With all their sacred gifts: thus, expert being grown  
 In musick; and besides, a curious maker known:  
 This Charwel (as I said) the first these floods among,  
 For silence having call'd, thus to th'assembly sung:

' Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies, easily ly;  
 ' And forests, that to both you equally apply  
 ' (But for the greater part, both wild and barren be)  
 ' Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,  
 ' Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,  
 ' Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood imbrace,  
 ' An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,  
 ' So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,  
 ' Along the flow'ry fields licentiously do strain,  
 ' Greeting each curled grove, and circling every plain;  
 ' Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,  
 ' And with his crystal front then courts the climbing tow'rs.  
 ' Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath a name,  
 ' Like that from whose proud foot there springs some flood  
 ' of fame:  
 ' And in the earth's survey, what seat like that is set,  
 ' Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth wet?  
 ' Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that road,  
 ' Int' which some goodly flood his burthen doth unload?  
 ' By whose rank swelling stream the far-fetcht foreign freight  
 ' May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.  
 ' Of any part of earth, we be the most renown'd;  
 ' That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.  
 ' As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and fall,  
 ' The ancient limit held twixt Italy and <sup>p</sup> Gaul.  
 ' Europe and Asia keep on Tanais' either side.  
 ' Such honour have we floods, the world (even) to divide.  
 ' Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christen'd oft by us;  
 ' Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.

' Such

<sup>p</sup> That which was called Gallia magna and the western part of Cisalpina, and is Lombardy, Ro- Italy.

SONG THE FIFTEENTH. 949

'Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients gave,  
 'As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.  
 'But with our fame at home return we to proceed.  
 'In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our Tweed,  
 'The tripartited isle do generally divide,  
 'To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep her side.  
 'Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as tho'  
 'Nature it pointed out, to our great Brute to show  
 'How to his mighty sons the island he might share.  
 'A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;  
 'Where, if the state of floods at large I list to show,  
 'I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw  
 'Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,  
 'Which when full India's showers inforceth him to swell,  
 'Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pamper'd shore:  
 'How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down his ore,  
 'The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia taught  
 'To search into those hills, from which such wealth he brought.  
 'Beyond these if I pleas'd, I to your praise could bring,  
 'In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plow'd spring)  
 'The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed ground,  
 'Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are crown'd.  
 'And as the earth doth us in her own bowels nourish;  
 'So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and flourish.  
 'To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:  
 'To be so in themselves, that do not only care;  
 'But by a sacred power, which goodness doth await,  
 'Do make those virtuous too, that them associate.

By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the show:  
 And Tames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth flow  
 To Windsor ward again (that with a wond'ring eye,  
 The forest might behold his awful empery)  
 And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,  
 That with his wealth he seems to retch his wid'ned bank:  
 Till happily attain'd his grandfire Chiltern's grounds,  
 Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers crowns.  
 Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he makes,  
 At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes

Her lord the stately Thames, which that great flood again  
 With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.  
 Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store;  
 As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.

Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial stream  
 Himself establisht sees amidst his watry realm,  
 His much-lov'd Henly leaves, and proudly doth pursue  
 His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to view.  
 Whose most delightful face when once the river sees,  
 Which shews her self attir'd in tall and stately trees,  
 He in such earnest love with amorous gestures woes,  
 That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;  
 And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,  
 As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.

Him with the like desire the forest doth imbrace,  
 And with her presence strives her Thames as much to grace.  
 No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,  
 When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command;  
 No wood-nymph as her self such troops hath ever seen,  
 Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor been;  
 Nor any ever had so many solemn days,  
 So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich<sup>a</sup> assays.

Then, hand in hand, her Thames the forest softly brings  
 To that supreamest place of the great English kings,  
 §. The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance  
 That princely order first, our first that conquer'd France;  
 The temple of Saint George, whereas his honour'd knights,  
 Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient rites:  
 Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,  
 To keep the muses still near to this princely flood;  
 That nothing there may want, to beautify that seat,  
 With every pleasure stor'd: and here my song compleat.

<sup>a</sup> Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**I** Shall here be shorter than in the last before. The muse is so full in  
 her self, employ'd wholly about the nuptials of Tame and Isis. In  
 the



## SONG THE FIFTEENTH. 951

the garlands of Tame are wreathed most of our English field-flowers :  
in them of Isis, our more sweet and those of the garden ; yet upon that,

*The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.*

I cannot but remember the institution, (toucht to the fourth song) of his most honourable order, dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cause were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatsoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting those of Templars, St. James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and such like other, which were more religious than military) hath precedence of Antiquity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind any where established. The Anunciada (\* instituted by Amades VI. earl of Savoy, about 1409. although others have it by Amades IV. and so create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewes XI. Della Banda, by Alfonso of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating institutions, after a regard of the far-extended fame, worth, and glory of St. George's knights.

\* V. Aubert Mir, Orig. Equest. 2. cap. 4. Et Sansevin, Orig. de Cavalieri.



# SONG THE SIXTEENTH.

Old Ver, near to Saint Alban's, brings  
Watling to talk of ancient things ;  
What Ver'lam was before she fell,  
And many more sad ruins tell.  
Of the four old imperial ways,  
The course they held, and to what seas ;  
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,  
Their sites, and how they bounded were.  
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate :  
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.  
The muse, led on with much delight,  
Delivers London's happy site ;  
Shows this loose age's lewd abuse:  
And for this time there stays the muse.

## Now

2 The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

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## SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 953

Now as the Tames is great, so most transparent Coln  
 Feels, with excessive joy, her amorous bosom swoln,  
 That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood  
 (Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,  
 Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,  
 Unto her clearer banks contributed his store;  
 Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his renown,  
 Where the delicious meads her through her course do crown.  
 This ' Ver (as I have said) Coln's tributary brook,  
 On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.  
 Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was set,  
 Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.  
 Where after reverence done, ' Ver, quoth the ancient street,  
 ' 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did meet.'  
 ' And so it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to see  
 ' Things in far better state than at this time they be:  
 ' But he that made, amend: for much there goes amiss.'  
 ' Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, so in truth it is:  
 ' And sith of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to say,  
 ' Since great Mulmutius first made me the noblest way,  
 ' The soil is alter'd much: the cause I pray thee show.  
 ' The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee much  
 to know.  
 ' I fain would understand, why this delightful place,  
 ' In former time that stood so high in nature's grace  
 ' (Which bare such store of grain, and that so wond'rous  
 great,  
 ' That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the 'soil of  
 wheat)  
 ' Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,  
 ' Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the land.'  
 At which the silent brook shrunk-in his silver head,  
 And feign'd as he away would instantly have fled;  
 Suspecting, present speech might passed grief renew.  
 Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;  
 ' I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:  
 ' The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would understand.  
 Q q q 4 \$ . Thou  
 ' The little clear river by St. Alban's. | ' Whethamsted.



' §. Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did  
 bear  
 ' (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)  
 ' With alabaſter, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,  
 ' When (well-near) in her pride great Troynovant ſhe  
 ſcorn'd.  
 ' §. Thou ſaw'st great-burden'd ſhips through theſe thy  
 vallies paſs,  
 ' Where now the ſharp-edg'd ſcythe ſhears up the ſpiring  
 graſs:  
 ' That where the ugly ſeale and porpoife us'd to play,  
 ' The graſhopper and ant now lord it all the day:  
 ' Where now St. Alban's ſtands, was called Holm-huſt  
 then;  
 ' Whoſe ſumptuous fane we ſee neglected now again,  
 ' This rich and goodly fane which ruin'd thou doſt ſee,  
 ' Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'ſt me:  
 ' But to another thing thou cunningly doſt flie,  
 ' And reaſon ſeem'ſt to urge of her ſterility.'  
 With that he fetch'd a ſigh, and ground his teeth in rage;  
 ' Quoth Ver, even for the ſin of this accuſed age.  
 ' Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth ſtand,  
 ' To holy Albion built, firſt martyr of the land;  
 ' Who in the faith of Chriſt from Rome to Britain came,  
 ' And dying in this place, reſign'd his glorious name.  
 ' In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)  
 ' Our Engliſh Offa rear'd a rich and ſumptuous ſhrine  
 ' And monaſtery here: which our ſucceeding kings  
 ' From time to time endow'd with many goodly things,  
 ' And many a Chriſtian knight was buried here, before  
 ' The Norman ſet his foot upon this conquer'd ſhore;  
 ' And after thoſe brave ſpirits in all thoſe baleful ſtours,  
 ' That with duke Robert went againſt the pagan powers,  
 ' And in their country's right at Creſſy thoſe that ſtood,  
 ' And that at Poiſters bath'd their bilbows in French blood;  
 ' Their  
 ' I look before to the Eleventh P With the eldeſt ſon of the con-  
 ſong queror in the Holy Land.

SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 955

‘ Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that fought,  
 ‘ Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was brought:  
 ‘ In this religious house at some of their returns,  
 ‘ When nature claim’d her due, here plac’d their hallow’d  
 urns:

‘ Which now devouring time, in his so mighty waste,  
 ‘ Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac’d.  
 ‘ So that the earth to feel the ruinous heaps of stones,  
 ‘ That with the burd’nous weight now press their sacred  
 bones,

‘ Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits be fed;  
 ‘ As loathing her own womb, that such loose children bred.  
 Herewith transported quite, to these exclaims he fell:  
 ‘ Lives no man, that this world her grievous crimes dare tell?  
 ‘ Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that stood?  
 ‘ When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood;  
 ‘ In those free golden days, it was the Satyrs use  
 ‘ To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse;  
 ‘ But soothers find the way preferment most to win;  
 ‘ Who serving great mens turns, become the bawds to sin.

When Watling in his words that took but small delight,  
 Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;

As one that fain would drive these fancies from his mind,

‘ Quoth he, I’ll tell thee things that fute thy gentler kind.

‘ My song is of my self, and my three sister streets,

‘ Which way each of us run, where each her fellow meets,

‘ Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,

‘ From sea again to sea, that through the island ran.

‘ Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,

‘ Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,

‘ That no man might arrest, or debtors goods might seize

‘ In any of us four his military ways.

‘ And though the Fofs in length exceed me many a mile,

‘ That holds from shore to shore the length of all the isle,

‘ From where rich Cornwall points to the Iberian seas,

‘ Till colder Cathness tells the scattered Orcades,

‘ I measuring but the breadth, that is not half his gaet;

‘ Yet, for that I am grac’d with goodly London’s state,

‘ And

' And Tames and Severn both since in my course I cross,  
 ' And in much greater trade, am ' worthier far than Foss.  
 ' But ô unhappy chance! through time's disastrous lot,  
 ' Our other fellow streets ly utterly forgot:  
 ' As Icing, that set out from Yarmouth in the east,  
 ' By the Icenii then being generally possest,  
 ' Was of that people first term'd Icing in her race,  
 ' Upon the \* Chiltern here that did my course imbrace:  
 ' Into the dropping south and bearing then outright,  
 ' Upon the Solent sea stopt on the Isle of Wight.

' And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cambria's far-  
 ' ther shore,

' Where South-wales now shoots forth Saint David's pro-  
 ' montore;

' And, on his mid-way near, did me in England meet;  
 ' Then in his oblique course the lusty stragling street  
 ' Soon overtook the Foss; and toward the fall of Tine,  
 ' Into the German sea dissolv'd at his decline.'

Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as having told:  
 But now this flood, that fain the street in talk would hold,  
 Those ancient things to hear, which well old Watling knew,  
 With these enticing words, her fairly forward drew.

' Right noble street, quoth he, thou hast liv'd long,  
 ' gone far,

' Much traffick had in peace, much travailed in war;  
 ' And in thy larger course survey'd as sundry grounds  
 ' (Where I poor flood am lockt within these narrower  
 ' bounds,

' And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,  
 ' And there remains not one to pity them or me)  
 ' On with thy former speech: I pray thee somewhat say.  
 ' For, Watling, as thou art a military way,  
 ' Thy story of old streets likes me so wond'rous well,  
 ' That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee tell. [wan:

With these perswasive words, smoothe Ver the Watling  
 Stroking her dusty face, when thus the street began;

' When

' Watling, chiefest of the four] ' Not far from Dunstable.  
 great ways.

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 the English  
 XI. song.



## SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 957

' When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came to rear,  
 ' And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,  
 ' Though from the inland part the Britons they had chas'd,  
 ' Then understand how here themselves the Saxons plac'd.  
 ' Where in great Britain's state four people of her own  
 ' Were by the several names of their abodes well known  
 ' ( As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,  
 ' Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Cornwall are,  
 ' The old Danmonii dwelt: so hard again at hand,  
 ' The Durotriges sat on the Dorsetian sand:  
 ' And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were let,  
 ' Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt and So-  
 ' merfet,

' The Attrebatas in Bark unto the bank of Tames,  
 ' Betwixt the Celtick sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)  
 ' The Saxons there set down one kingdom: which install'd,  
 ' And being west, they it their \* western kingdom call'd.  
 ' So eastward where by Tames the Trinobants were set,  
 ' To Trinovant their town, for that their name in debt,  
 ' That London now we term, the Saxons did possess,  
 ' And their east kingdom call'd, as <sup>h</sup> Essex doth express;  
 ' The greatest part thereof, and still their name doth bear;  
 ' Though Middlesex therein, and part of Hartford were;  
 ' From Coln upon the west, upon the east to \* Stour,  
 ' Where mighty Tames himself doth into Neptune pour.  
 ' As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-lands lean,  
 ' Which bear their chalky brows into the German main,  
 ' The Angles, which arose out of the Saxon race,  
 ' Allured with delights and fitness of that place,  
 ' Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom down,  
 ' From where the wallowing seas those queachy washes  
 ' drown

' That Ely do inisle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,  
 ' Till those Norfolkian shores vast Neptune doth enrich:

' Which

\* For a more plain division of the English kingdoms see to the XI. song.      <sup>h</sup> So call'd, of the East-Saxons.      \* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.

' Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)  
 ' Th' East-Angles kingdom, then, those English did instile.  
 ' And Suffex seemeth still, as with an open mouth,  
 ' Those Saxons rule to shew, that of the utmost south  
 ' The name to them assum'd, who rigorously expell'd  
 ' The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough wood-lands  
 ' held  
 ' From where the goodly Tames the Surryan grounds doth  
 ' sweep,  
 ' Until the smiling downs salute the Celtick deep.  
 ' Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring Ca-  
 ' teuclani,  
 ' Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,  
 ' Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;  
 ' (Which well-near o'er this part, now called England, lay,  
 ' From Severn to the ditch that cuts New-market plain,  
 ' And from the banks of Tames to Humber, which con-  
 ' tain  
 ' So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia hight)  
 ' Their mightier empire, there, the middle English pight.  
 ' Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did not end:  
 ' But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend  
 ' Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut  
 ' Through Wales from north to south, into wide Mercia put  
 ' Well near the half thereof, and from three peoples there,  
 ' To whom three special parts divided justly were  
 ' (The Ordovices, now which North-wales people be,  
 ' From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee:  
 ' And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ then;  
 ' And those Silures call'd, by us the South-wales men)  
 ' Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,  
 ' To shut the Britons up within a little nook.  
 ' From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a kingdom  
 ' made:  
 ' Where in the Britons rule (before) the Brigants sway'd;  
 ' The powerful English there establisht were to stand:  
 ' Which, north from Humber set, they term'd North-  
 ' humberland;

SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 959

- ‘Two kingdoms which had been with several thrones  
 ‘install’d.  
 ‘Bernitia hight the one; Diera th’other call’d.  
 ‘The first from Humber stretcht unto the bank of Tine:  
 ‘Which river and the Frith the other did confine.  
 ‘Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish bounds,  
 ‘From Durham down along to the Lancastrian <sup>k</sup> sounds,  
 ‘With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their fall,  
 ‘To England-ward within the Picts renowned wall,  
 ‘And did the greater part of <sup>l</sup> Cumberland contain:  
 ‘With whom the Britons name for ever shall remain;  
 ‘Who there amongst the rocks and mountains lived long,  
 ‘When they Loëgria left, inforc’d through powerful  
 ‘wrong.

- ‘Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay,  
 ‘To where the <sup>m</sup> Frith falls out into the German sea.

This said, the aged street sagg’d sadly on alone:  
 And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone  
 T’accompany his Coln: which as she gently glides,  
 Doth kindly him imbrace: whom soon this hap betides;  
 As Coln come on along, and chanc’d to cast her eye  
 Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,  
 She <sup>n</sup> Peryvale perceiv’d prank’d up with wreaths of wheat,  
 And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;  
 ‘Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,  
 ‘Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest price?  
 ‘No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,  
 ‘As that made of the meal fetch’d from my fertil leaze.  
 ‘Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,  
 ‘For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.  
 ‘What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear  
 ‘Makes stouter English ale, or stronger English beer?  
 ‘The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses are;  
 ‘The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch and tare.  
 ‘What

<sup>k</sup> Sea-depths near the shores. | borough into the sea.  
<sup>l</sup> The Cymbries land. | <sup>n</sup> Peryvale, or Pure-vale, yieldeth  
<sup>m</sup> A river running by Eden- | the finest meal of England.



- What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
- Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
- Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
- To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss.
- And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
- Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay.

When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,  
 With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,  
 With Hampstead being fall'n and High-gate at debate;  
 As one before them both that would advance his state,  
 From either for his height to bear away the praise,  
 Besides that he alone rich Peryvale surveys.  
 But Hampsted pleads, himself in simples to have skill,  
 And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;  
 As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely  
 In learned physick's use, and skilful surgery;  
 And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place her own,  
 Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was known.

Then High-gate boasts his way; which men do most  
 frequent;

His long-continued fame, his high and great descent;  
 Appointed for a gate of London to have been,  
 When first the mighty Brute that city did begin.  
 And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath place,  
 A forest for her pride, though titled but a chase.  
 Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as large,  
 As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater charge.  
 Whose<sup>m</sup> holts that view the east, do wistly stand to look  
 Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook.  
 Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bean,  
 Amongst the chalky banks t' increase their mistress' train;  
 Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead  
 (By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant mead,  
 And coming in her course to cross the common fare,  
 For kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)  
 Yet scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,  
 Complaining in her course, thus to herself alone;

<sup>m</sup> High woody banks.

SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 961

'How should my beauty now give Waltham such delight,  
 'Or I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her sight?  
 'Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,  
 'And would her doating dreams should be believ'd for true)  
 'Dare loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships did pass,  
 'To Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous was;  
 'But, by the later times, suspected but to feign,  
 'She planks and anchors shews, her error to maintain;  
 'Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there to row  
 'Upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to show,  
 'When Rome her forces here did every year supply,  
 'And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.  
 'But I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly tell,  
 'That what of Coln is said, of me none could refell,  
 'Whom<sup>a</sup> Alfred but too wise (poor river!) I may say  
 '(When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,  
 'Which Hartford then besieg'd, whose navy there abode,  
 'And on my spacious breast before the castle rode)  
 'By<sup>a</sup> vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;  
 'That they might ne'er return to Neptune's wat'ry realm.  
 'And, since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,  
 'A by-word to each brook, and to the world a scorn.'

When Sturt, a nymph of her's (whose faith she oft had  
 prov'd,

And whom, of all her train, Lee most intirely lov'd)  
 Left so excessive grief her mistress might invade,  
 Thus (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth persuade:  
 'Though you be not so great to others as before,  
 'Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.  
 'Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;  
 'Sith every thing on earth subjects itself to change.  
 'Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain ground:  
 'And where before were hills, now standing lakes are found,  
 'And that which most you urge, your beauty to despoil,  
 'Doth recompence your bank with quantity of soil,  
 'Beset with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted pride,  
 'Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant side.

<sup>a</sup> See to the 12th Song.

‘ And Waltham woes you still, and smiles with wonted  
cheer:

‘ And Tames as at the first, so still doth hold you dear.

‘ To much-beloved Lee, this scarcely Sturt had spoke,  
But goodly London’s sight their farther purpose broke:  
When Tames his either banks adorn’d with buildings fair,  
The city to salute doth bid the muse prepare,  
Whose turrets, fanes, and spires, when wistly she beholds,  
Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:

‘ At thy great builder’s wit, who’s he but wonder may?

‘ Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall say;

‘ O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!

‘ Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in.

‘ What God, or heavenly power was harbour’d in thy breast,

‘ From whom with such success thy labours should be blest?

‘ Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,

‘ And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix’d with sand.

‘ And where fair Tames his course into a crescent casts

‘ (That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,

‘ He might his surging waves into her bosom send)

‘ Because too far in length his town should not extend.

‘ And to the north and south, upon an equal reach,

‘ Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to stretch,

‘ Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;

‘ And only level lies upon the rise and set.

‘ Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most chearful air,

‘ And every way thereto the ways most smooth and fair;

‘ As in the fittest place by man that could be thought,

‘ To which by land, or sea, provision might be brought.

‘ And such a road for ships scarce all the world commands,

‘ As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute’s city stands

‘ Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,

‘ Commodities to bring, as also to transport:

‘ Our kingdom that enrich’d (through which we flourish  
long)

‘ Ere idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,

‘ Now pest’ring all this isle: whose disproportion draws

‘ The publick wealth so dry, and only is the cause

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a Surr. lib. 6



## SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 963

' Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign things,  
 ' Which upstart gentry still into our country brings ;  
 ' Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain  
 ' By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain :  
 ' Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,  
 ' Before the costly coach, and filken stock came in ;  
 ' Before that Indian weed ° so strongly was embrac'd,  
 ' Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste ;  
 ' That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceitful school,  
 ' And subtly having learn'd to sooth the humorous fool,  
 ' Present their painted toys unto this frantick gull,  
 ' Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool ;  
 ' When foreigners, with our's them warmly cloath and feed,  
 ' Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had need.

But whilst the angry muse, thus on the time exclaims,  
 Sith every thing therein consisteth in extremes ;  
 Lest she inforc'd with wrongs, her limits should transcend,  
 Here of this present song she briefly makes an end.

° Tobacco

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

**I**N wandering passage the muse returns from the wedding, somewhat  
 into the land, and first to Hartford ; whence, after matter of de-  
 scription, to London.

*Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear.*

For, under Nero, the Britons intollerably loaden with weight of the  
 Roman government, and especially the Icens (now Norfolk and Suf-  
 folk men) provok'd by that cruel servitude, into which not themselves  
 only, but the wife also and posterity of their king Prasutagus were,  
 even beyond right of victory, constrained, at length breathing for li-  
 berty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general  
 R. Boudicea, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebell'd  
 against their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition committing  
 a slaughter of no less than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus mis-  
 10,000 of this number) ransack'd and spoil'd Maldon (then Camalodu-  
 num) and also this Verulam near St. Alban's) which were the two  
 chief towns of the isle ; the first a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this  
 a b municipal city, call'd expressly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius,

R r r

C. er.

a Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.

b Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.

Caer-Municip. Out of || Agellius I thus note to you its nature. *Municipes sunt cives Romani ex municipiis suo jure & legibus suis utentes, muneris tantum cum pop. Rom. honorarii participes, a quo munere capeffendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis necessitatibus neque ulla pop. Rom. lege aftricti, quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus esset.* It differed from a colony, most of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such as were received into state-favour and friendship by the Roman. Personating the Genius of Ver'lam, that ever-famous  
 \* Spenser sung:

*I was that city, which the garland wore  
 Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me  
 By Roman victors, which it won of yore;  
 Though nought at all but ruins now I be,  
 And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:  
 Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,  
 Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?*

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon times afterward it endured a second ruin; and, out of its corruption, after the abbey erected by king Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, \* in later times most of the stone-works, and whatsoever fit for building was by the abbots translated. So that,

—————<sup>f</sup> Now remains no memory,  
 Nor any little monument to see,  
 By which the traveller that fares that way,  
 This once was she, may warned be to say.

The name hath been thought from the river there running call'd Ver, and Humfrey ‡ Lhuid makes it, as if it were *Ver-lhan*, i. e. a church upon Ver.

*'Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these thy vallies pass.*

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the author's charge; he tells you more judiciously towards the end of the song. But the cause why some have thought so, is for that, <sup>h</sup> Gildas, speaking of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous passing thro' the river at Verlamcestre, calls it *iter ignotum trans Thamefis fluvii alveum*: so by collection they guess that Thames had then his full course this way, being thereto farther mov'd by anchors and such like here dig'd up. This conjecture hath been followed by that <sup>i</sup> noble muse thus in the person of Verlam;

*And where the crystal Thamis wont to slide  
 In silver channel down along the Lee,*

|| *Noët. Attic. 16. cap. 13.*

\* In his ruins of time.

† Leland, ad Cyg. Cant.

‡ Spens. ubi supra.

g In Brew. Brit.

h In Epist. de Excid. Britan.

i Spenser.

About

k Florilegu  
 122 Hen.  
 m Jacob.  
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 tures & aibi.

# SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 965

About whose flow'ry banks on either side  
A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,  
Were wont to play from all annoyance free:  
There now no river's course is to be seen,  
But moorish fens, and marshes ever green.

There also where the winged ships were seen,  
In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;  
A thousand fishers number'd to have been  
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey  
Of fish, with baits which they us'd to betray,  
Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,  
Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

But, for this matter of the Thames, those two grand antiquaries, Leland and Camden, have join'd in judgment against it: and for the anchors, they may be suppos'd of fish-boats in large pool, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name.

*Since us his kingly ways Molmutius first began.*

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the British story) constituted divers laws; especially that churches, ploughs, and high-ways should have liberties of sanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches should be free and enjoy liberty for refuge, consenting allowance of most nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed also by constitution of<sup>k</sup> king Lucius (a christian) every church-yard was a sanctuary, until by act of<sup>l</sup> parliament under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abused, was taken away; but, whether now restored in the last<sup>m</sup> parliament, wherein all statutes concerning abjuration or sanctuary made before 35th Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. The plough and husbandmen have by our<sup>n</sup> statutes, and especially by<sup>o</sup> civil and<sup>p</sup> Persian law, great freedoms. High-ways being without exception necessary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the<sup>q</sup> Roman laws, and are taken in ours, to be in that respect as they are by implication of the name) the king's highways, and<sup>r</sup> *res sacrae*: *Et qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ suæ, dicitur fecisse purpresturam super ipsum regem.* According to this privilege of Molmutius in the statute of Marlbridge<sup>s</sup> it is enacted, that none should distrain in the king's highway, or the common street, but the king and his ministers, *specialem auctoritatem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally

R r r 2

<sup>k</sup> Florilegus.

<sup>l</sup> 2 Hen. 8 cap. 14.

<sup>m</sup> Jacob. Sess. 1. c. 25.

<sup>n</sup> Westminster. 2. c. 20 & 21 Ed. 1. District.

<sup>o</sup> Scaccarii.

<sup>p</sup> C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores & aibi.

<sup>q</sup> Xenoph. Cyropæd. 1.

<sup>r</sup> ff. de viis public.

<sup>s</sup> Brit. lib. 4. tract. Assis. Nov. dist.

c. 16. §. 8.

<sup>t</sup> 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Ars. Cler.

cap. 9. Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.



nerally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin : you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, Distress may be taken, as for an amerciament in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights fees. But the old rolls of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the <sup>u</sup> register also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VII. where you read *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum & sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot forestarii, &c.* the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digression *Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, &c.* as, beside authentick MSS. it is expressly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by king John, and printed in Matthew Paris; 'twixt which, and that of our's commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. When as it is plain that he was not archbishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and return to Molmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon his son king Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caus'd more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to such highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit <sup>x</sup> and judicious authority these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikinild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randal of Chester, and by him derived from S. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hereford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and York-shires to Tinnmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Bermingham in Warwickshire by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and

<sup>t</sup> 34 Ed. 1. Abourp 232. 8. Ricb 2. |  
 ibid. 194. 11 Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19 Ed. 2. A. |  
 Abourp, 221. & 225. alibi,

<sup>u</sup> Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta  
 ad MS. emendat.  
<sup>x</sup> V. Camden Roman.

# SONG THE SIXTEENTH. 967

and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verlam was called also by the English, 7 Watlingchester) it is said that it went from Dover in Kent, and so by west of London) yet part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into 2 Cardigan; but 2 others say from Verlam to Chester; and where all is refer'd to Belin by Geoffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another 2 tells you that the sons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Fosse is derived, by one consent out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Coteshold by Teukesbury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithness the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may be desperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon, no such name is found, but with the first two, Ickenild and Ermingstreet. Ickenild, saith he, goes from East to West: Ermingstreet, from south to north: another tells me, that Ermingstreet begins at S. Dewy's, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the word's community with Icens) in the eastern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or elect the best; I only add, that Ermingstreet, which being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from Iamunull in that signification whereby it c interprets an universal pillar worship'd for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stanstreet in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel in a foil on both sides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern shore in Suffex are some places seeming as other relicks of it. But I here determine nothing.

y Lbuid. Breviar. Brit.

2 Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.

a Henric. Huntingd. bist. 1.

b Roger Hovuden part 1. fol. 248.

c Adam. Bremens. bist. Eccles. cap. 5.

and see to the 3d song.





# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*To Medway, Tames a suter goes ;  
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.  
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in :  
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.  
Great Tames, as king of rivers, sings  
The catalogue of th' English kings.  
Thence the light muse, to th' southward soars,  
The Surrian and Suffexian shores ;  
The Forests and the downs surveys,  
With rillets running to those seas ;  
This song of hers then cutteth short,  
For things to come, of much import.*

**A**T length it came to pass, that Isis and her Tame  
Of Medway understood, a nymph of wondrous fame ;  
And much desirous were, their princely Tames should  
prove

If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden-love ;  
That of so great descent, and of so large a dower,  
Might well ally their house, and much increase his power :  
And striving to prefer their son, the best they may,  
Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array,  
Bankt with imbroder'd meads, of sundry sutes of flowers,  
His breast adorn'd with swans, oft washt with silver  
showers:

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## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 969

A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate  
As might beseem their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,  
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,  
The world's huge wealth to see; yet with a full intent,  
To woe the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he went.  
Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done,  
And whil'st they sadly wept at parting of their son,  
See what the Tames befel, when 'twas suspected least.

As still his goodly train yet every hour increast,  
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came down to meet  
His greatness, whom the Tames so graciously doth greet,  
That with the <sup>a</sup> fern-crown'd flood he minion-like doth  
play :

Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.  
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the shole,  
Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gentle Mole.  
Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to foreflow  
The way which he so long intended was to go,  
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there ;  
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,  
Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight  
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight.

Then Isis and the Tame from their conjoyned bed,  
Desirous still to learn how Tames their son had sped  
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been spent,  
That he ere this had won the goodly heir of Kent)  
And sending to enquire, had news return'd again  
(By such as they imploy'd, on purpose in his train)  
How this their only heir, the Isle's imperial flood,  
Had loitered thus in love, neglectful of his good.

No marvail (at the news) though <sup>b</sup> Ouse and Tame were  
sad,

More comfort of their son expecting to have had.  
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they  
show'd :

Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be bestow'd,

R r r 4

And

<sup>a</sup> Coming by Fernham, so called of Fern there growing.

<sup>b</sup> Isis.

And knowing danger still increased by delay,  
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.  
But Thames would hardly on : oft turning back, to shew  
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go.

The mother of the Mole, old <sup>c</sup> Homesdale, likewise  
bears

Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs :  
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content  
T' have matcht her with a flood of far more mean descent.  
But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams,  
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of Thames :  
And headlong holds her course, his company to win.  
But Homesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler in ;  
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt :  
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it out.)  
§. Mole digs her self a path, by working day and night  
(According to her name, to shew her nature right)  
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep :  
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's keep,  
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run ;  
As longing to imbrace old Tame and Isis' son.

When Thames now understood what pains the Mole  
did take,

How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his sake ,  
Although with Medway matcht, yet never could remove  
The often-quick'ning sparks of his more ancient love.  
So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's guide  
The Ocean doth return, and thrusteth-in the tide ;  
Up tow'rds the place, where first his much-lov'd Mole was  
seen,

§. He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Shene<sup>d</sup>.

Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,  
So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate,  
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear :  
And first unto her Lord, at Wandsworth doth appear,  
That in the goodly Court of their great sovereign Thames,  
There might no other speech be had amongst the streams,

But

<sup>c</sup> A very woody vale in Surry.

<sup>d</sup> Thames ebbs and flows be-  
yond Richmond.

# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 971

But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore;  
Of her complection, grace, and how her self she bore.

But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest  
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still increast,  
From where brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to behold  
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he could,  
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly pride,  
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)  
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,  
Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth  
view,

Then Westminster the next great Tames doth entertain;  
That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous fane:  
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,  
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.  
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,  
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.  
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,  
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)  
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,  
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies;  
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show,  
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that grow.  
There sees his crouded wharfs, and people-pest' red shores,  
His bosom over-spread with shoals of labouring oars:  
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,  
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to state,  
Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)  
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,  
Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their king;  
A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,  
The princely Tames recites, and thus his song he laid:

' As bastard William first, by conquest hither came,  
' And brought the Norman rule upon the English name:  
' So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,  
' Throughout his troubled reign, here held his hard-got  
spoils.

' De-



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spoils.

' De-

- ' Deceasing at the last, through his unsettled state,  
 ' §. Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.  
 ' For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad  
 ' (Who in the holy-war his person then bestow'd)  
 ' His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged reign:  
 ' And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,  
 ' Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,  
 ' Through craft into the throne, the younger Beauclerk crept.  
 ' From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert strove to wrest,  
 ' The other (of his power that amply was possess'd)  
 ' With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful day  
 ' (Where Fortune shew'd herself all human power to sway)  
 ' Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the flight,  
 ' §. Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,  
 ' And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd:  
 ' But Henry's whole intent was by just heav'n deny'd.  
 ' For, as of light and life he that sad Lord bereft;  
 ' So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have left,  
 ' The <sup>b</sup> raging seas devour'd, as hitherward they sail'd.  
 ' When in this line direct, the Conqueror's issue fail'd,  
 ' Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain emperor's  
     bride  
 ' (Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)  
 ' And Stephen earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sister's son,  
 ' A fierce and cruel war immediately begun;  
 ' Who with their several powers arriv'd here from France,  
 ' By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.  
 ' But Stephen, what by coin, and what by foreign strength,  
 ' Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious goale at  
     length.  
 ' But, left without an heir, the empress' issue next,  
 ' No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,  
 ' The second Henry soon upon the throne was set,  
 ' (Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plantaginet.  
 ' Who held strong wars with Wales, thar his subjection  
     spurn'd:  
 ' Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, return'd:  
     With

<sup>b</sup> See the last note of the 4th Song.



# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 973

' With his stern children vex'd : who (whil'st he strove t'  
 advance  
 ' His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in France.  
 ' With his high fame in fight, what cold breast was not fir'd?  
 ' Through all the western world, for wisdom most admir'd.  
 ' Then Richard got the rule, his most renowned son,  
 ' Whose courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion* won.  
 ' With those first earthly Gods had this brave prince been  
 born,  
 ' His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn  
 ' The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy Land  
 ' So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptune's hand,  
 ' The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he had reft,  
 ' And him to rule their charge they only then had left.  
 ' Him John again succeeds; who having put away  
 ' Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took to sway.  
 ' Who, of the commonwealth first havock having made,  
 ' §. His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,  
 ' In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;  
 ' That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,  
 ' The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise,  
 ' Their daughters to redeem, that he by force would seize?  
 ' Which the first civil war in England here begun.  
 ' And for his sake such hate his son young Henry won,  
 ' That to depose their prince, th' revengeful people thought;  
 ' And from the line of France young Lewis to have brought  
 ' To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the throne,  
 ' By his more forceful friends: who, wise and puissant grown,  
 ' §. The general charter seiz'd: that into slavery drew  
 ' The freest born English blood. Of which such discord  
 grew,  
 ' And in the barons breasts so rough combustions rais'd,  
 ' With much expence of blood as long was not appeas'd,  
 ' By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,  
 ' Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power and pride.  
 ' He knew the worst of war, match'd with the barons  
 strong;  
 ' Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and long.  
 ' This

' This long-liv'd prince expir'd : the next succeeded ; he,  
 ' Of us, that for a god might well related be.  
 ' Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge : who to the Orcads  
   raught  
 ' His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania brought  
 ' The reliques of her crown (by him first placed here)  
 ' §. The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.  
 ' He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long had stood,  
 ' And made them take a <sup>k</sup> prince, sprung of the English  
   blood.  
 ' This isle from sea to sea, he generally control'd,  
 ' And made the other parts of England both to hold.  
   ' This Edward, first of our's, a second then ensues ;  
 ' Who both his name and birth, by looseness did abuse :  
 ' Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely places ;  
 ' And chose not men for wit, but only for their faces.  
 ' In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust,  
 ' Who sooth'd him in his ways apparently unjust ;  
 ' For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,  
 ' In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.  
   ' A third then of that name, amends for this did  
   make :  
 ' Who from his idle fire seem'd nought at all to take.  
 ' But as his grandfire did his empire's verge advance :  
 ' So led he forth his powers into the heart of France.  
 ' And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,  
 ' Against the Salique law, which utterly forbad  
 ' Their women to inherit ; to propagate his cause,  
 ' At Cressley with his sword first cancelled those laws :  
 ' Then like a furious storm, through troubled France he ran ;  
 ' And by the hopeful hand of brave Black-Edward wan  
 ' Proud Poitiers, where king John he valiantly subdu'd,  
 ' The miserable French and there in mammoicks hew'd ;  
 ' Then with his battering rams made earthquakes in their  
   towers,  
 ' Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded our's.

<sup>k</sup> See Song the IXth.

# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 975

As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard then

' (Son to that famous prince Black-Edward, man of men,  
' Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)  
' Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth apply'd  
' To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw  
' Unworthy ignorant fots, with whose dull eyes he saw:  
' Who plac'd their like in court, and made them great in state  
' (Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all plagues,  
might hate.)

' To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent again,  
' And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.  
' He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;  
' His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:  
' And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend  
' To ribaulds, so again by villains had his end.

' Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard, then  
' Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,  
' Desirous first of change, which to that height him brought,  
' Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;  
' And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him down:  
' For whom he hardly held his ill-atchieved crown;  
' That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose,  
' And raising public arms against his powerful foes,  
' His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,  
' His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful reign.

' A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father got  
' The crown, by right or wrong, the son respecteth not.  
' Nor farther hopes for that ere leaveth to pursue;  
' But doth his claim to France courageously renew;  
' Upon her wealthy shores unloads his warlike fraught;  
' And shewing us the fields where our brave fathers fought,  
' First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a light,  
' As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,  
' That her pale genius sunk; which trembling seem'd to  
stand,

' When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.  
' That all his grandfire's deeds did over, and thereto  
' Those high atchievements add the former could not do:

' At



- ‘ At Agincourt’s proud fight, that quite put Poitiers down;
- ‘ Of all, that time who liv’d, the king of most renown.
- ‘ Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did haste :
- ‘ Whose nine years noble acts, nine worlds deserve to last.
- ‘ A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the mighty son
- ‘ Of him, in England’s right that spacious France had won.
- ‘ Who coming young to reign, protected by the peers
- ‘ Until his non-age out : and grown to riper years,
- ‘ Prov’d upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving war ;
- ‘ But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
- ‘ Whose mildness over-much did his destruction bring :
- ‘ A wondrous godly man, but not so good a king.
- ‘ Like whom yet never man try’d fortune’s change so oft ;
- ‘ So many times thrown down, so many times aloft
- ‘ (When with the utmost power their friends could them
- afford,
- ‘ The Yorkists put their right upon the dint of sword)
- ‘ (As still he lost and won, in that long bloody war,
- ‘ §. From those two factions stil’d, of York and Lancaster.
- ‘ But by his foes inforc’d to yield him to their power,
- ‘ His wretched reign and life both ended in the tower.
- ‘ Of th’ Edward’s name the fourth put on the regal
- wreath :
- ‘ Whom furious bloody war (that seem’d a while to breath,
- ‘ Not utterly forlook. For Henry’s queen and heir
- ‘ Their once-possest reign still seeking to repair)
- ‘ Put forward with their friends their title to maintain.
- ‘ Whose blood did Barnet’s streets and Teuksbury’s distain,
- ‘ Till no man left to stir. The title then at rest,
- ‘ The old Lancastrian line being utterly supprest,
- ‘ Himself the wanton king to amorous pleasures gave ;
- ‘ §. Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.
- ‘ His son an infant left : who had he liv’d to reign,
- ‘ Edward the fifth had been. But justly see again,
- ‘ As he a king and prince before had caus’d to die
- ‘ (The father in the tower, the son at Teuksbury)
- ‘ So were his children young, being left to be protected
- ‘ By Richard ; who nor God, nor human laws respected.

‘ Thi

# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 977

' This viper, this most vile devourer of his kind  
 ' (Whom his ambitious ends had struck so grossly blind)  
 ' From their dear mother's lap them seizing for a prey,  
 ' Himself in right the next, could they be made away)  
 ' Most wrongfully usurp'd, and them in prison kept;  
 ' Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.  
 ' As his unnatural hands were in their blood imbrew'd:  
 ' So (guilty in himself) with murder he pursu'd  
 ' Such, on his hainous acts as look'd not fair and right;  
 ' Yea, such as were not his expressly, and had might  
 ' T' oppose him in his course; 'till (as a monster loth'd,  
 ' The man, to hell and death himself that had betroth'd)  
 ' They brought another in, to thrust that tyrant down;  
 ' In battle who at last resign'd both life and crown.

' A seventh Henry, then, the imperial seat attain'd,  
 ' In banishment who long in Britain had remain'd,  
 ' What time the Yorkists fought his life to have bereft,  
 ' Of the Lancastrian house then only being left  
 ' (Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond did beget,  
 ' §. Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.  
 ' Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,  
 ' To make his title strong thereby on either side.  
 ' And grafting of the white and red rose firm together,  
 ' Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name of Tether.  
 ' In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard slain,  
 ' Then in that prosperous peace of his successful reign,  
 ' Of all that ever rul'd, was most precise in state,  
 ' And in his life and death a king most fortunate.

' This seventh that was of our's, the eighth succeeds in  
 name:

' Who by prince Arthur's death (his elder brother) came  
 ' Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:  
 ' Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,  
 ' In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone to try,  
 ' Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.  
 ' The abbeyes he suppress; a thousand ling'ring year,  
 ' Which with revenues large the world had sought to rear.

' And

- ‘ And through his awful might, for temporal ends did save,
- ‘ To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;
- ‘ And here the papal power, first utterly deny’d,
- ‘ *Defender of the faith* that was instil’d, and dy’d.

- ‘ His son the empire had, our Edward sixth that made;
- ‘ Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.
- ‘ A protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,
- ‘ Th’ religion then receiv’d, here stoutly did maintain:
- ‘ But ere he raught to man, from his sad people rest,
- ‘ His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.

‘ Of which the eldest of two, queen Mary, mounts the chair :

- ‘ The ruin’d Roman state who striving to repair,
- ‘ With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu’d;
- ‘ Whose martyr’d ashes oft the wond’ring streets bestrew’d.
- ‘ She match’d herself with Spain, and brought king Philip hither,
- ‘ Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway’d together.
- ‘ But issueless she dy’d; and under six years reign,
- ‘ To her wise sister gave the kingdom up again.

- ‘ Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;
- ‘ Digressing from her sex, with man-like government
- ‘ This island kept in awe, and did her power extend
- ‘ Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
- ‘ Against th’ Iberian rule, the Flemings sure defence:
- ‘ Rude Ireland’s deadly scourge; who sent her navies hence
- ‘ Unto the either Inde, and to that shore so green,
- ‘ Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:
- ‘ In Portugal ’gainst Spain, her English ensigns spread;
- ‘ Took Cales, when from her aid the brav’d Iberia fled.
- ‘ Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings among
- ‘ Scarce any rul’d so well: but <sup>1</sup> two, that reign’d so long.

Here suddenly he staid: and with his kingly song,  
 Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rung,  
 He with the eddy turn’d, a space to look about:  
 The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out.

And

<sup>1</sup> Hen. III. & Ed. III.

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# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 979

And soon the pliant muse, doth her brave wing advance,  
Tow'rds those sea-bord'ring shores of our's, that point at  
France ;

The harder Surrey heath, and the Suffexian down,  
Which with so great increase though nature do not crown,  
As many other shires of this environ'd Isle,  
Yet on the <sup>1</sup> weather's head, when as the sun doth smile,  
Nurst by the Southern winds, that soft and gently blow,  
Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow ;  
The earth as soon puts on her gaudy summer's sute ;  
The woods as soon in green, and orchards great with fruit.

To sea-ward, from the seat where first our song begun,  
Exhaled to the south by the ascending sun,  
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Suffexian ground,  
Great <sup>m</sup> Andredsweld's sometime : who, when she did  
abound

In circuit and in growth, all other quite supprest :  
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreast,  
Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her delight.  
As, **Water-down**, so call'd of her depressed site :  
And **Ash-down**, of those trees that most in her do grow,  
Set higher to the downs, as th'other standeth low.  
Saint Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is plac'd,  
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be grac'd.  
These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald  
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief conceal'd)  
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast came on,  
Under the ax's stroak fetcht many a grievous groan,  
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful sound,  
Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the queachy ground.  
So that the trembling nymphs, opprest through ghastly fear,  
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd hair.  
The Sylvens that about the neighbouring woods did dwell,  
Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,  
Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wandred far abroad,

S f f

Ex

<sup>1</sup> The sun in Aries.

<sup>m</sup> A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,  
 When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade,  
 Where they in summer wont to sport them in the shade.  
 ' Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us cherish,  
 ' Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to perish?  
 ' Or to our daily want to minister supply?  
 ' These iron times breed none that mind posterity.  
 ' 'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,  
 ' Or changes of the world, that we in time have seen;  
 ' When, not devising how to spend our wealth with waste,  
 ' We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,  
 ' But now, alas, our selves we have not to sustain,  
 ' Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from rain.  
 ' Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer beech,  
 ' Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych,  
 ' Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn:  
 ' What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's turn;  
 ' When under publick good, base private gain takes hold,  
 ' And we poor woful woods to ruin lastly fold.

This uttered they with grief: and more they would have spoke,

But that the envious downs, int'open laughter broke;  
 As joying in those wants, which nature them had given,  
 Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven.  
 Like him that long time hath another's state envy'd,  
 And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;  
 The more he is deprest, and bruis'd with fortune's might,  
 The larger rein his foe doth give to his despight:  
 So did the envious downs; but that again the floods  
 ( Their fountains that derive from these unpitied woods,  
 And so much grace thy downs, as through their dales they creep,

Their glories to convey unto the Celtick deep)  
 It very hardly took, much murmuring at their pride.  
 Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian side  
 (Dividing it well near from the Suffexian lands  
 That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled sands)

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## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 981

To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell :

§. And Arun (which doth name the beauteous Arundel)  
As on her course she came, it to her forest told.

Which, nettled with the news, had not the power to  
hold :

But breaking into rage, with tempests them might rive ;  
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk might thrive,  
The brave and nobler woods which basely thus upbraid.

§. And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly said,

“ The downs did very ill, poor woods so to debase.”

But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful grace,  
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squeamish grown,  
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be known.  
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,  
The lately-passed times denominate the new.

So Cucmer with the rest, put to her utmost might :

As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right

(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood)

And Asten, once distain'd with native English blood :

(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,

§. Doth blush ; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,

When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers,

Whose name and honors now are denizen'd for ours)

That boding ominous brook, it through the forests rung :

Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,

Great stir was like to grow ; but that the muse did charm

Their furies, and her self for nobler things did arm.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

**A**fter your travels (thus led by the muse) through the inlands, out  
of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey  
and Suffex, the southern shires from London to the ocean : and Thames,  
as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from  
Norman William to yesterday's age.

*Mole digs her self a path, by working day and night.*

This Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Darking in Surrey,  
and after some two miles sees the light again, which to be certain hath  
been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of



the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) call'd Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixt with the sea, which hath been both tried by a<sup>a</sup> cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old<sup>b</sup> oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

————— Ἰν Ἀλφειῶ ῥομα ἐλεύξει,  
Μισγόμενον πηγαῖς Εὐριπείης Ἀρεθούης.

Like this, <sup>c</sup> Pausanias reckons more; <sup>d</sup> Erasim in Grece, Lycus <sup>e</sup> that runs into Meander, <sup>f</sup> Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the antient limit of Portugal and the Bétique Spain) is specially famous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that <sup>g</sup> Country, is put for an unfeigned truth.

*He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sbeene.*

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creeky, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the heavens, because such <sup>h</sup> testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

*Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.*

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; <sup>i</sup> *I constitute my heir of the crown of England: but to the universal creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I commend it. For I had it not by inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much effusion of blood I took it from that perjur'd Harold,*

a Strab. Geograph. 5.

b Pausan. Eliac. 1.

c There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.

d Herodot. bist. 5.

e Idem. 2 Polibym.

f Justin. bist. 42.

g Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispan.

h Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.

i Guil. Picavens. in bist. Cademens.

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## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 983

*Harold, and by death of his favorites, have I subdued it to my empire. And somewhat after: Therefore I dare not bequeath the scepter of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest after my death worse troubles happen in it by my occasion. For my son William (always, as it became him, obedient to me) I wish that God may give him his graces, and that, if so it please the Almighty, he may reign after me.* This William the second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the dukedom of Normandy, then as it were by birth-right, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or dutchy of Cornwall at this day, belonging to our kings heirs apparent, was deny'd him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip I. of France, which caused his merited disinheritation. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and will discover also the conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case \* reported of one English, who, deriving his right from Seisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of king William I. the manor of Sharbon in Norfolk against one Warren a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had all titles of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (mov'd by their rebellions which had stood for the sworn Harold) dispos'd all things as a conqueror: Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinheriting the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and in reading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

*Who by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.*

His death by an unfortunate looking at a deer out of one Walter Tirl's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blasted there with infection, and Richard, duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twist catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William the first, who destroy'd in Hantshire 36 parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossest him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you: but, if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Tigurin prints in An. 1086, and for *Rex magnificus & bonæ*

Sff 3

*indolis*

\* *Antiq. Sched. in Icen. Camd.*

† *Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatius dilucidandum, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano,*

*visendi sunt Hottoman. Il'ust. quæst. 5. Alberic. Gentil. de Jure Belli 3 cap. 5. & cas. Calw. in D. Coke l. 7.*

*indolis adolescens*, read *Rich. magnificus* &c. for Richard brother to the Red William

*Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.*

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture; but so much the less, in that Robert with divers other German and French princes left all private respects for the holy war, which after the cross undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without swords often drawn, before his holy expedition: about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown (beside the means of his working favorites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king: upon which point a great question is disputed among civilians. Robert was no sooner return'd into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose chief justice it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state-misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture-right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gain'd to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were perswaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of twelve barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of queen Maud, the duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his brother) assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death) so often read of in Choniates, Cantucuzen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that king Henry after a few years imprisonment released him, and commanded that within 40 days and

12 hours

<sup>o</sup> *Hottom. Illust. quæst. 2.*

<sup>p</sup> *Placitator & Exactor totius regni, Flor. Wig. & Monachorum turba.*

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<sup>q</sup> *Hen. 2.*  
<sup>r</sup> *Glanvil.*  
*placet, adea*  
67.  
<sup>s</sup> *Irin. N*



# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 985

12 hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile; and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: Yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of <sup>a</sup> Clarindon, which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner <sup>s</sup> persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessities, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; *I will (proceeds the oath) diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help, &c.* So here the forty days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary: compare this with other <sup>s</sup> authorities, and you shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (earl of Kent, and chief justice of England under Henry III.) having incurr'd the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decernentes <sup>t</sup> ibi XL. dierum excubijs observare*: And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkement out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for

§ f f 4

return ?

<sup>a</sup> Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved. fol. 314.

<sup>r</sup> Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib. 2. §.

67.

<sup>s</sup> Itin. North. 3. Ed. 3. Coron. 313.

*Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamford lib. 2. cap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, sed equitatis.*

<sup>t</sup> Matb. Par. pag. 507.

return ? as in case of *disseisin*, the law hath <sup>u</sup> been that the disseisor could not reenter without action, unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been effoigned *de ulira Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assise of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's Quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administation, as in another <sup>x</sup> country the reason of the like is given; or else from the forty days in the effoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? 100. pounds of silver (saith he) *and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren.*

### *His sacrilegious hands upon the Churches laid.*

The great controversy about electing the arch-bishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last consecrating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was first cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the pope. He presently makes delegation to William bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Romish behest; if he persisted in constancy, they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing, with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in publick denunciation they performed their authority; and the king, in some sort, his*

threat-

<sup>u</sup> Brañ. lib. 4. trañ. assis. Nov. Diff. | <sup>Vid.</sup> de Consuetudine in Oxoniâ 21. Ed. 3. cap. 5. & lib. 5. trañ. de Effon. cap. 3. | fol. 46. b.

<sup>x</sup> Cust. Generaux. de Artois art. 164.

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<sup>y</sup> Jo. Stou.  
<sup>Vid.</sup> Camd. in  
<sup>z</sup> Polydor. b  
<sup>a</sup> Norff. 6.

# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 987

threatnings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymens custody, and compelling every priest's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extream unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in high-ways and ditches without ecclesiastick ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by archbishop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with suspicion of the subjects hearts at home, and another cause then more esteemed than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face *that before holy-Thursdai following he should be no king*, altered his stiff, and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and perswaded him by oath of himself and sixteen more of his barons, to make submission to the church of Rome, and condescended to give for satisfaction, 100. clo. clo. clo. pounds sterling (that name of Sterling began, as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some esterling, making that kind of mony, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the statling bird, as some, nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in <sup>2</sup> records much more ancient the express name *Sterlingorum* I have read) to the clergy, and subject <sup>a</sup> all his dominions to the pope; and so had absolution, and after more than four years, release of the interdict<sup>b</sup>. I was the willinger to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which maddened rather than amended his troubled spirits. Easily you shall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the pope, and for alms toward Jerusalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be no ways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with continual and undigestable incentives of the clergy with traitorous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have indured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls,

in-

<sup>y</sup> *Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini pag. 52.*

*Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. aho.*

<sup>z</sup> *Polydor. bist. 16.*

<sup>a</sup> *Norff. 6, Ricb. 1. fin. rot. 13. &*

*alibi in eisdem. Archiepis V.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ante alios de his consulendus sit Matth. Paris,*



interdicts, excommunications, depofings, and fuch like, publifhed and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, fhearing, and not feeding their fheep, made this poor king (for they brought him fo poor, that he was call'd *Johannes sine terra*) even as a phrenetique, commit what pofterity receives now among the worft actions (and in themfelves they are fo) of princes.

*His Baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raife.*

No fooner had Pandulph tranfacted with the king, and Stephen of Langton was quietly poffeff of his archbifhoprick, but he prefently, in a council of both orders at Paul's, ftirs up the hearts of the barons againft John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an inftauration of St. Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge obfervation thereof as an abfolute duty to fubjects of free ftate. He was eafily heard, and his thoughts feconded with rebellious defigns: and after denials of this purpos'd request, armies were muftered to extort thefe liberties. But at length by treaty in Runingmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters; the one, of liberties general, the other of the foreft: both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Foreft. The pope at his request confirmed all: but the fame year, difcontentment (through too much favour and refpect given by the king to divers ftrangers, whom fince the compofition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high efteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambaffadors were fent to advertife the pope what injury the fee of Rome had by this late exaction of fuch liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had fuch great intereft (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his beft and moft majeftical titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled againft him, foon obtain'd a bull curfing in thunder all fuch as flood for any longer maintenance of thofe granted charters: This (as how could it be otherwife?) bred new, but almoft incurable broils in the ftate betwixt king and fubject: but in whom more, than in the pope and his archbifhop, was caufe of this diffention? Both, as wicked boutefeus, applying themfelves to both parts; fometimes animating the fubject by cenforious exauthorizing the prince, then affifting and moving forward his pronenefs, to faithlefs abrogation, by pretence of an interceding univerfal authority.

*The general Charter feiz'd—*

The laft note fomewhat inftucts you in what you are to remember, that is, the Grand Charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by king John; his fon Henry III. of fome IX years age (under protection firft of William Marfhall earl of Penbroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches bifhop of Winchefter) in the ninth year of his reign,

*c John Hadland.*

f 35 Hen. 6  
Flou. 1. fol.  
ib. 2. cap. 26.

# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 989

in a parliament held at Westminster desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth : whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter acquiescerent, si illis diu petitas Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (saith Paris) *ita quod Chartæ utrorumque Regum in nullo inveniuntur dissimiles.* Yet those, which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton chap. V. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year<sup>f</sup> books : after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold duke of Austria, was near 100000. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom : and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to ; *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel hæredes nostros de cætero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate & consensu communi Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum & aliorum Prælatorum, Comitum, Baronum, Militum, Burgensium, & aliorum liberorum hominum :* which although compar'd with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry : he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible : which, with its like (in disenheriting and seising on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish'd even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers, talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must

<sup>f</sup> 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. | <sup>g</sup> Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1.  
*Plowd.* 1. fol. 236. atqui vid. *Bract.* | *Polyd. Hist.* 17.  
*4p.* 2. cap. 26. §. 2.

must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament <sup>h</sup> (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeach'd by himself, as through ill counsel of alien-caterpillers crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

The meste wo that here bel bi king Henry's day  
In this lond, icholle beginne to tell yuf ich may.  
He adde <sup>i</sup> thre bzeethzen that is modze's sons were,  
And the <sup>k</sup> king of Almaine the verthe that to heie them here,  
Ac sir William de Valence and sir <sup>l</sup> Eimer thereto,  
Elit of Wincetre and sir Guy de Lifewi also  
Thoru hom and thoru the <sup>n</sup> quene was so much Frenss folc  
ibrought

That of English men me told as right nought,  
And the king hom let her will that each was as king  
And nome poure men god, and ne paieide nothing.  
To eni of this bzeethzen yuf ther pleinde eny wight  
Hii seide, yuf we doth ou wzong, wo shall ou do right:  
As wo seith we beth kings, ur wille we mowe do,  
And many Englis alas hulde mid hom also.  
So that thozou Godes grace the erles at last,  
And the bishops of the lond, and barons bespeake vaste,  
That the kind Englismen of Londe hii wolde out caste,  
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer lasse.  
Thereof <sup>n</sup> hii nome conseil, and to the king hii send,  
To <sup>o</sup> abbe pite of his lond and suiche manners amend.  
So ther at lasse hii brought him therto  
To make a purbeiance amendment to do,  
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond boz to septe,  
Twelf hundzed as in yer of grace and fifty and eyght,  
Right aboute missomer fourtene night it lasse  
The erles and the barons were well <sup>p</sup> stude vaste  
Boz to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,  
Sir Richard, and sir Simond erle of Leicetre

And

<sup>h</sup> 42. Hen. 3.

<sup>i</sup> Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown earl of March in Poitiers.

<sup>k</sup> Richard earl of Cornwal, son to king John.

<sup>l</sup> Athelmarus.

<sup>m</sup> Elianer daughter to Raymund earl of Provence.

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<sup>q</sup> Live.

<sup>r</sup> A gain.

<sup>s</sup> Good.

<sup>t</sup> Kindled



# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 991

And sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,  
 So that at last the king thereto hii drowe,  
 As remue the Frensh men to a libbe beyonde se  
 Wi ho2 londs her and ther and ne come noght<sup>r</sup> age.  
 And to granti<sup>s</sup> god lawes and the Old Charter also  
 That so ofte was igranted er, and so ofte undo.  
 Hereof was the chartre imade and aseled vast there  
 Of the king and of other heye men that there were,  
 Tho nome<sup>t</sup> tende tapers the bishops in ho2 hond  
 And the king himself and other heye men of the lond,  
 The bishops<sup>u</sup> amansed all that there agon were  
 And ever estt undude the lawes that loked were there,  
 Mid berninge taperes; and such as lasse,  
 The king and others seid Amen and the tapers adoun  
 caste.

If particulars of the story, with precedents and consequents be desired, above all I send you to Matthew Paris, and William Rishanger, and end in adding, that these so controverted charters had not their settled surety until Ed. I. since whom they have been more than thirty times in parliament confirmed.

## *The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.*

Which is the chair and stone at Westminster, whereon our sovereigns are inaugurated. The<sup>w</sup> Scottish stories (on whose credit, in the first part hereof) I importune you not to rely) affirm that the stone was first in Galicia of Spain at Brigantia (whether that be Compostella, as Francis Tarapha wills, or Corunna as Florian del Campo conjectures, or Betanfos according to Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scots there, sat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought into Ireland by Simon Brech 1st king of Scots transplanted into that isle about 700 years before Christ; out of Ireland king Ferguze (in him, by some, is the beginning of the now continuing Scottish reign) about 370 years afterwards, brought it into Scotland; king Kenneth some 850 of the incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in the Sheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of his successors was usual, as of our monarchs now at Westminster, and in the Saxon times at Kingston upon Thames. This Kenneth, some say, caus'd that distich to be engraven on it,

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum.  
 Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

—(Whereupon it is called *fatale marmor* in Hecst. Boetius) and inclos'd it in a wooden chair. It is now at Westminster, and on it are the coronations of

q Live.  
 r Again.  
 s Good.  
 t Kindled tapers.

u Cursed.  
 w Hecst. Boeth. bish. 1. 10. c. 14. Buchanan. rer. Scotie. 6. c. 8.

of our sovereigns ; thither first † brought (as the author here speaks) among infinite other spoils, by Edward Longshanks after his wars and victories against king John Balliol.

*Their women to inherit* —————

So they commonly affirm : but that denial of sovereignty to their women cost the lives of many thousands of their men, both under this victorious Edward, and his son the Black Prince, and others of his successors. His case stood briefly thus : Philip IV. surnamed the Fair, had issue three sons, Lewis the \* Contentious, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all these successively reign'd after him, and died without issue inheritable :) he had likewise a daughter Isabel (I purposely omit the other, being out of the present matter,) married to Edward II. and so was mother to Edward III. The issue male of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip son and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alençon, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male although descended of a daughter : and in a publick assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards dutchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself every mouth speaks of it ; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond about 1200 years since, hath thence denomination ; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* † \* (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were Horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as † *Chivalers* in French, and *Equites* in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *quæ ad equestris ordinis dignitatem & in capite summo, & in cæteris membris conservandum pertinebat* : which very well agrees with a † sentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament devising all the testator's salique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted

† 1297. 24 Ed. I.

x Hunting.

y Francic. lib. 2.

\* As our word saddle.

z Knights.

a Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Clossan. Conf. Burgund. Rubric, 3. §. 5. num. 70.

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b Knights fees,  
c Paul. Meru  
sup. 17.  
d Ad l. ff. de  
f Hierome Bign  
livre 3.

## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 993

ed b Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if so, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is meerly without tenure? Therefore *Ego scio* (saith a later lawyer) *legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum*. It was compos'd (not this alone, but with others as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seissell bishop of Marfilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in these words *De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terræ hereditas perveniat*; and in substance, as refer'd to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered by that great civilian d Baldus, and divers others, but rather as custom than any particular law, as one f of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loy écrite, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventée, mais l'avons puisee de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donné cet instinct*: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded Gynæocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yffel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endur'd in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one g Velleda, a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill beseem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient h time which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in child-birth, be present, and warily observe lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIII. on the last of September in 1601, is, after other such remembered.

### *Of these two factions stil'd, of York and Lancaster.*

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the III<sup>d</sup> had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the II.) William of Hatfield died

b Knights fees, or lands held.

c Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3.

sup. 17.

d Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.

e Hierome Bignon, de l'excel. des Roies, Livre 3.

g V. Tacit. hist. 4.

h Rodulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.

† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit. 9 Ed. 4. fol. 9.



died without issue ; Henry duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the II<sup>d</sup>. and to the V<sup>th</sup> and VI<sup>th</sup> of his name left the kingdom descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel duke of Clarence, the 3<sup>d</sup> brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer earl of March, (who upon this title was designed heir apparent to Richard II<sup>d</sup>.) Edmund, by her had Roger ; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters ; but all died without posterity, excepting Anne ; through her, married to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmund of Langley was conveyed (to their issue Richard duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whose heir she was) had before the rest of that royal stem. So that Lancaster derived itself from the fourth brother ; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the sixth Henry was this fatal and enduring misery over England, about determination of these titles, first conceived in the 30<sup>th</sup> year of his reign, by Richard duke of York, whose son Edward IV. deposed Henry some nine years after ; and having reigned near like space, was also, by re-adoption of Henry, depriv'd for a time, but restored, and died of it posselt, in whose family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaster, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referr'd the utmost <sup>1</sup> root of the Lancastrian title to Edmund, indeed eldest son to Henry III. but that by reason of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the succession, which is absurd and false. For one whom I believe before most of our monks, and the king's chronologer of those times, Matthew Paris, tells expressly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crook-back. All these had that most honour'd surname <sup>k</sup>Plantagenet ; which hath been extinct among us ever since Margaret countess of Salisbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reason of John of Gaunt's device being a red rose, and Edmund of Langley's a white rose, these two factions afterward, as for cognizances of their descent and inclinations, were by the same flowers distinguish'd.

*Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.*

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancastrian faction, nought but death (as, there, reason of state was enough) was his kindness. Towards strangers, whose slipping words were in wrested sense, seeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himself, the relations of Sir John Markham, his chief justice, Thomas Burdet an esquire of Warwickshire, and some citizens, for idle speeches are testimony. How to his own blood in that miserable end of his brother George duke of Clarence, is shewed : Whose death hath divers reported causes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is supposed upon a prophecy forespeaking that Edward's successor's name should begin with G ; which made him suspect this George (a kind of superstition not exampled, as I remember,

among

<sup>i</sup> Ap. Polyd. bist. 16.

<sup>k</sup> 33 Hen. 8. J. Stow. p. 717.

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<sup>l</sup> Francis.  
cap. 1, edit. su  
m Comes Cla  
manico indiscri

## SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 995

among our princes ; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as passages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, discover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more serious, yet insufficient faults (tasting of Richard duke of Gloucester's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the rest disclose them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly seen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was drowned in a hogthead of malmsey at the tower. One <sup>1</sup> that very lately would needs dissuade men from drinking healths to their princes, friends, and mistresses, as the fashion is, a bachelor of divinity, and professor of history and greek at Cologne, in his division of drunken natures, makes one part of them, *Qui in balneas mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generosissimum vinum transformaretur* : and for want of another example, dares deliver, that, *such a one was George<sup>m</sup> earl of Clarence, who, when for suspicion of treason he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmsey.* First, why he calls him earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profest history can justify ; neither indeed was ever among us any such honour. Earls of <sup>a</sup> Clare long since were : but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) duke of Clarence third son to Ed.III. since whom never have been other than dukes of that dignity. But unto what I should impute this inexcusable injury to the dead prince, unless to Icarus's shadow dazling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful causing him to slip in matter of his own profession, I know not. Our stories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any such election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been so kind as to have imparted it.

### *Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.*

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, had issue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort earl of Somerset, and marquis Dorset : To him succeeded his second son, John (Henry the eldest dead) and was created first duke of Somerset by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made earl Richmond by Henry VI.) son to Owen Tyddour (deriving himself from the British Cadwallader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

### *Defender of the faith. ———*

When amongst those turbulent commotions of Lutherans and Romanists under Charles V. such oppositions increased, that the pope's three crowns

T t t

even

<sup>1</sup> Francisc. Matens. de ritu bibend. 1. | pantur, & Will. Conquestor sæpius dictus  
cep. 1. edit. superioribus Nundinis. | Comes Norm.  
m Comes Clarentiæ. Cæterum ævo Nor- | ni From Clare in Suffolk, V. Polydor.  
manico indiscriminatim Comes & Dux usur- | bis. 19. & Camd. in Itenis.

even tottered at such arguments as were published against his pardons, mass, monastic profession, and the rest of such doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no sort of antagonists) wrote particularly against him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their seven sacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the ° Vatican at Rome, and with the king's own hand thus inscribed,

*Anglorum Rex, HENRICUS, LEONI X.  
mittit hoc opus, & fidei testem & amicitia.*

Hereupon, this Leo sent him the title of *Defender of the faith*: which was as ominous to what ensu'd. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began so to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his son Edward VI. queen Elizabeth, and our present sovereign, hath been to this piously established and defended,

To ease your conceit of these kings here sung, I add this Chronology of them.

- 1066. William I. conquered England.
- 1087. William the Red (Rufus) second son of the conqueror.
- 1100. Henry I. surnamed Beauclerc, third son to the first William.
- 1135. Stephen earl of Moreton and Bologne, son to Stephen earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (Anno 1086) you must mend Beccensis Comititis, and read Blessensis Comititis; and howsoever it comes to pass, he is, in the same author, made son to Tedbald earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
- 1154. Henry II. son to Geffery Plantagenest earl of Anjou, and Maude the empress, daughter to Henry Beauclerc.
- 1189. Richard I. *Cœur de Lion*, son to Henry II.
- 1199. John, brother to *Cœur de Lion*.
- 1216. Henry III. son to king John.
- 1273. Edward I. Longshanks, son to Henry III.
- 1308. Edward II. of Caernarvan, son to Edward I. deposed by his wife and son.
- 1326. Edward III. son to Edward II.
- 1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (son to Edward the Black Prince, son to Ed. III.) deposed by Henry duke of Lancaster.
- 1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke; son to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, 4th son to Edward III.
- 1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, son to Henry IV.

Francisc. Swert, in *Delic. orbis Christ.* p. *Defensor, Ecclesiae* 1. Sleidano *Comment.* 3.

1422.

q Dunum s  
habet Camd.  
tumuli Arenar  
Gorop. Gadic.



# SONG THE SEVENTEENTH. 997

1422. Henry VI. of Windfor, son to Henry V. deposed by Edward earl of March, son and heir to Richard duke of York, deriving title from Lionel duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, 3d and 5th sons of Edward III.
1460. Edward IV. of Roan, son and heir of York. In the 10th of his reign Henry VI. got again the crown, but soon lost both it and life.
1483. Edward V. son to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard duke of York, by his uncle Richard duke of Gloucester.
1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. slain at Bosworth field, by Henry earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.
1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancastrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the house of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.
1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, son to Hen. VII.
1546. Edward VI. of Hampton-court, son to Henry VIII.
1553. Mary, sister to Edward VI.
1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

## *Great Andredswalde sometime* —

All that maritime tract comprehending Suffex, and part of Kent, (so much as was not mountains, now call'd the Downs, which in British, old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English, signifies but hills) being all woody, was called Andredswæld, i. e. Andred's wood, often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden in Kent by it Andredchester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call those woody lands, by north the downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the parishes terminations on this side the Downs, that is, Herst, or Hurst, i. e. a wood. It is called by Ethelwerd expressly *Immanis sylva, quæ vulgò Andredsuuda nuncupatur*, and was 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of these forests being nymphs of this great Andredsuuda, and their complaint for loss of woods in Suffex, to decay'd, is plain enough to every reader.

## *As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.*

So it is conjectured and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of

T t t 2

Bevis'

q Dunum uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & Duppen Belgis dicuntur tumuli Arenarij, & 2 Curt. Oceano objecti Gorop. Gadit. 1. alij.

r We yet call a desert, a wilderness from this root.

s Han. Huntingd. bish. 5. in Alfredo.

Bevis' horse : it were so as tolerable as <sup>t</sup> Bucephalon, from Alexander's horse, <sup>u</sup> Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name, and such like, if time would endure it : But Bevis was about the conquest, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time of king Alfred <sup>w</sup> who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men <sup>x</sup> Goropius had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he deriv'd Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmost of the now Jutland) part of whom he imagines (about the Saxon and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

*And Adur coming on to Shoreham.*

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that <sup>y</sup> port of Adur, about this coast, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

*Doth blush, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.*

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found king Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some <sup>z</sup> have (by that authority the muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

<sup>t</sup> Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

<sup>u</sup> Steph. πρὸς πρῶν.

<sup>w</sup> Testament Alfred. ubi etiam, Rithe-ramseild, Diccolingum, Angmeringum,

Feltham, & alia in hoc agro villa legantur

Osfertbo ejusdem cognat.

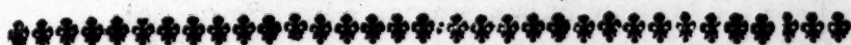
<sup>x</sup> Gotbodanic. lib. 7.

<sup>y</sup> Portus Adurni innotit. provinc.

<sup>z</sup> Guil. Parvus hist. 1. cap. 1.



OUR  
WH  
Nor can  
For, living  
His banks  
That from  
Yea, many  
Fled from  
As satyr-like  
And would



# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Rother thro' the Weald doth rove,  
Till he with Oxney fall in love :  
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,  
And win the river from the isle.  
Medway, with her attending streams,  
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames :  
And where in breadth she her disperses,  
Our famous captains she rehearſes,  
With many of their valiant deeds.  
Then with Kent's praise the muſe proceeds,  
And tells when Albion o'er ſea rode,  
How he his daughter-iſles beſtow'd ;  
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets ;  
Where to this Song an end ſhe ſets.*

**O**UR Argas ſcarcely yet delivered of her ſon,  
When as the river down, thro' Andredſweald doth run:  
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.  
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild ;  
His banks with aged oaks, and buſhes overgrown,  
That from the Sylvans kind he hardly could be known:  
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which hapt this flood to ſee,  
Fled from him, whom they ſure a ſatyr thought to be ;  
As ſatyr-like he held all pleaſures in diſdain,  
And would not once vouchſafe, to look upon a plain ;



Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,  
 Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,  
 For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly chaste,  
 And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.  
 But, what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,  
 Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could not pierce?  
 For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,  
 In-iss'd in his arms, he clips her for his own.  
 Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well.

Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh heard tell,  
 Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,  
 And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,  
 She thinketh with herself how she a way might find  
 To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's mind;  
 Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,  
 Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's green;  
 Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers and weeds;  
 Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering reeds:  
 Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty thighs,  
 Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous eyes.  
 And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling plait,  
 Emboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and full-fed neat.  
 Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to batten;  
 Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to fatten;  
 With villages amongst, oft powthered here and there;  
 And (that the same more like to landskip should appear)  
 With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat  
 (In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat,  
 Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brouz'd the vel-  
 vet buds)

In which, they lick their hides, and chew their savoury cuds.

Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came to know,  
 Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,  
 Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth move,  
 That to a constant course, she thus persuades her love:  
 'With Rumney though for dower I stand in no degree;  
 'In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than she:

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# SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1001

' Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour lack.  
 ' The foul is said deform'd : and she, extremely black,  
 ' And though her rich attire, so curious be and rare,  
 ' From her there yet proceeds unwholsome putrid air :  
 ' Where my complexion more suits with the higher ground,  
 ' Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still abound.  
 ' The wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace,  
 ' Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace ;  
 ' Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a prey :  
 ' The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.  
 ' And what, tho' of her strength she seem to make no doubt?  
 ' Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him out.'

With this perswasive speech which Oxney lately us'd ;  
 With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother stood con-  
 fus'd,

Old \* Andred's weald at length doth take her time to tell  
 The changes of the world, that since her youth befell,  
 When yet upon her soil, scarce human foot had trod ;  
 A place where only then the Sylvens made abode.  
 Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,  
 And every where walk'd free, a burges of the wood ;  
 Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-starv'd at home,  
 (Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did roam.  
 And stemming the rude stream dividing us from France,  
 Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)  
 §. That Lymen then was nam'd, when (with most irk-  
 some care)

The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English bare.  
 And when at last she found, there was no way to leave  
 Those, whom she had at first been forced to receive ;  
 And by her great resort, she was through very need,  
 Constrained to provide her peopled towns to feed.  
 She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to prepare,  
 To steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrowing share :  
 And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,  
 A housewife she became, most skill'd in making cloth.

T t t 4

That

That now the draper comes from London every year,  
 And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision there.  
 Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty furlongs went,  
 Have lost their ancient bounds, now <sup>b</sup> limited in Kent.  
 Which strongly to improve, the Medway forth did bring,  
 From Suffex who ('tis known) receives her silver spring.  
 Who tow'rds the lordly Thames, as she along doth strain,  
 Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear up her limber  
 train

As she removes in state : so for her more renown,  
 Her only name she leaves, t<sup>c</sup> her only <sup>c</sup> christned town ;  
 And Rochester doth reach, in entring to the bower  
 Of that most matchless Thames, her princely paramour.  
 Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with her pride)  
 Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,  
 That where she told her Thames, she did intend to sing  
 What to the English name immortal praise should bring ;  
 To grace his goodly queen, Thames presently proclaims,  
 That all the Kentish floods, resigning him their names,  
 Should presently repair unto his mighty hall,  
 And by the posting tides, towards London sends to call  
 Clear Ravensburn (though small, remembred them among)  
 At Deptford entring. Whence as down she comes along,  
 She Darent thither warns : who calls her sister Cray,  
 Which hasten to the court with all the speed they may.  
 And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd such grace,  
 Except her country nymphs, that none should be in place,  
 More rivers from each part, had instantly been there,  
 Than at their marriage, first, by <sup>d</sup> Spenser numbred were.

This Medway still had nursed those navies in her road,  
 Our armies that had oft to conquest born abroad ;  
 And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,  
 Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen :  
 Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been brought,  
 What brave exploits they did ; as where, and how, they  
 fought,

Where-

<sup>b</sup> The Weald of Kent.<sup>c</sup> Maidstone, i. e. Medway's

town.

<sup>d</sup> In the Fairy Queen.



## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1003

Wherefore, for audience now, she to th'assembly calls,  
The captains to recite when seriously she falls.

‘Of noble warriors now, faith she, shall be my song;  
‘Of those renowned spirits, that from the conquest sprung,  
‘Of th’english Norman blood: which, matchless for their  
‘might,

‘Have with their flaming swords, in many a dreadful fight,  
‘Illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far;  
‘Our Heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war,  
‘Such fear from every foe, and made the east more red,  
‘With splendor of their arms, than when from Tithon’s bed  
‘The blushing dawn doth break; towards which our fame  
‘begun,

‘By Robert (Curt-hose call’d) the Conqueror’s eldest son,  
‘Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit went  
‘The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.

‘And to that title which the Norman William got,  
‘When in our conquest here, he strove t’include the Scot,  
‘The general of our power, that stout and warlike earl,  
‘Who English being born, was stil’d of Aubemerle;  
‘Those Lacyes then no less courageous, which had there  
‘The leading of the day, all brave commanders were.

‘Sir Walter Especk, matcht with Peverel, which as far  
‘Adventur’d for our fame: who in that bishops war,  
‘Immortal honour got to Stephen’s troubled reign:  
‘That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were slain.

‘The earl of Strigule then our Strong-bow, first that  
‘won

‘Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glorious sun,  
‘Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may stand.

‘In cœur de Lyon’s charge unto the holy-land,

‘Our earl of Le’ster, next, to rank with them we bring:  
‘And Turnham, he that took th’impost’rous Cyprian king.  
‘Strong Tuchet chose to weild the English standard there;  
‘Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mortimer:  
‘And more, for want of pens whose deeds not brought to  
‘light,

‘It grieves my zealous soul, I can not do them right.

‘The

' The noble Pembroke then, who, Strong-bow did succeed,  
 ' Like his brave grand-fire, made th' revolting Irish bleed,  
 ' When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection broke;  
 ' And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the English yoke,  
 ' Lewellin prince of Wales in battel overthrew,  
 ' Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or slew.  
 ' Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strong-bow's matchless  
   'strain,

' As he a Marshal was, did in himself retain  
 ' The nature of that word, being martial, like his name:  
 ' Who, as his valiant fire, the Irish oft did tame.

' With him we may compare Marisco (king of men)  
 ' That lord chief justice was of Ireland, whereas then  
 ' Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, had their  
   place,

' Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish oft did chase;  
 ' Whose deeds may with the best deservedly be read.

As those two Lacyes then, our English powers that led:  
 ' Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battel quell,  
 ' Amongst whom (trodden down) the king of Conaught fell.

' Then Richard, that lov'd earl of Cornwall, here we set:  
 ' Who, rightly of the race of great Plantagenet,  
 ' Our English armies shipt, to gain that hallowed ground,  
 ' With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous Rosamond:  
 ' The pagans through the breasts, like thunderbolts that shot;  
 ' And in the utmost east such admiration got,  
 ' That the shril-sounding blast, and terror of our fame  
 ' Hath often conquered, where our swords yet never came:  
 ' As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.

' So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous here,  
 ' Guy Beauchamp, that great earl of Warwick, place shall  
   have:

' From whom the Cambrian hills the Welsh-men could not  
   save;

' Whom he, their general plague, impetuously pursu'd,  
 ' And in the British gore his slaughtering sword imbru'd.

' In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we prefer  
 The Lord John Gifford, matcht with Edmond Mortimer;

' Men

## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1005

‘Men rightly moulded up, for high advent’rous deeds.

‘In this renowned rank of warriors then succeeds

‘Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did guide ;

‘In many a dangerous straight, that had his knowledge  
try’d,

‘And in that fierce assault, which caus’d the fatal flight,

‘Where the distressed Welsh resign’d their ancient right,

‘Stout Frampton : by whose hand, their prince Lewellin  
‘fell.

‘Then followeth (as the first who have deserved as well)

‘Great Saint John ; from the French, which twice recovered

‘Guyn :

‘And he, all him before that clearly did out-shine,

‘Warren, the puissant earl of Surrey, which led forth

‘Our English armies oft into our utmost north ;

‘And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to hear,

‘When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her banks for  
‘fear.

‘On him there shall attend, that most adventurous Twhing,

‘That at Scambekin fight, the English oft did bring

‘Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.

‘As Bassett, last of these, yet not the least of all

‘Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk bravely fought ;

‘Where Long-shanks, to our lore, Albania lastly brought.

‘As, when our Edward first his title did advance,

‘And led his English hence, to win his right in France,

‘That most deserving earl of Derby we prefer,

‘Henry’s third valiant son, the earl of Lancaster,

‘That only Mars of men ; who (as a general scourge,

‘Sent by just-judging heaven, outrageous France to purge)

‘At Cagant plagu’d the power of Flemings that she rais’d,

‘Against the English force : which as a hand-sell seas’d,

‘Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wise ;

‘Took Bergera, Langobek, Mountdurant, and Mount-  
guyse ;

‘Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forfa, won ;

‘Mountpessans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguillon,

‘Roch-



' Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolisme surpriz'd;  
 ' With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.  
 ' Then took the earl of Leyle: to conduct whom there came  
 ' Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonisht at his name,  
 ' To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being prest)  
 ' And manfully himself of Mirabel posselt;  
 ' Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain struck:  
 ' And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;  
 ' With prosperous success, in lesser time did win  
 ' Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bovin;  
 ' Sackt Poictiers: which did, then, that country's treasure  
     ' hold;  
 ' That not a man of ours would touch what was not gold,  
     ' With whom our ' Maney here deservedly doth stand,  
 ' Which first inventor was of that courageous band,  
 ' Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be freed,  
 ' Till there they had atchiev'd some high advent'rous deed,  
 ' He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;  
 ' And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and halberds drew  
 ' Great Derby beaten down; t'amaze the men of war,  
 ' When he for England cry'd, St. George, and Lancaster:  
 ' And as mine author tells (in his high courage proud)  
 ' Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,  
 ' He would begin the war; and, to make good the same,  
 ' Then setting foot in France, there first with hostile flame  
 ' Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neighbouring  
     towns to light;  
 ' That suddenly they caught a fever with the fright.  
 ' Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he made;  
 ' And when the Spanish powers came ' Britain to invade,  
 ' Both of their aids and spoys, them utterly bereft.  
 ' This English Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,  
 ' Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis fly,  
 ' And fame her self, to him, so amply did apply,  
 ' That when the most unjust Calicians had forethought,  
 ' Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to have brought,  
     ' The

' Sir Walter Maney.

' Little Britain in France.

' The  
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prince.

## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1007

' The ' king of England's self, and his renowned son  
 ' (By those perfidious French to see what would be done)  
 ' Under his guydon marcht, as private soldiers there.  
     ' So had we still of ours, in France that famous were ;  
 ' Warwick, of England then high-constable that was,  
 ' As other of that race, here well I cannot pass ;  
 ' That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps, which so  
     ' long  
 ' Them earls of Warwick held ; so hardy, great, and strong,  
 ' That after of that name it to an adage grew,  
 ' If any man himself advent'rous hapt to shew,  
 ' <sup>b</sup>Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none so bold as he.  
     ' With those our Beauchamps, may our Bouchers  
     ' reck'ned be.  
 ' Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in those days,  
 ' That hazarded in France so many dangerous frays :  
 ' Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French and us,  
 ' Like to a blazing star was ever ominous ;  
 ' A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.  
     ' Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as prosp'rous  
     ' lot  
 ' Th'English men hath led ; by whose auspicious hand,  
 ' We often have been known the Frenchmen to command.  
 ' And Harcourt, though by birth an alien ; yet, ours won,  
 ' By England after held her dear adopted son :  
 ' Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to do,  
 ' Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly did wooe :  
 ' To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by stealth  
 ' (Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their wealth)  
 ' Before her bulwark'd gates the burgeses he took ;  
 ' Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to look,  
 ' And saw their faithful friends so wofully bestead,  
 ' Not once durst issue out to help them, for their head.  
     ' And our John Copland ; here courageously at home  
 ' ( Whilst every where in France, those far abroad do roam)  
 ' That at Newcastle fight (the battel of the queen,  
 ' Where most the English hearts were to their sovereign seen)  
     ' Took

<sup>a</sup> Edward III. and the Black-  
prince.

<sup>b</sup> Bold Beauchamp ; a proverb.

' Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the fight.  
 ' Nor could these wars imploy our only men of might:  
 ' But as the queen by these did mighty things atchieve;  
 ' So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,  
 ' As any yet of ours, two knights as much that dar'd,  
 ' Stout Dangorn, and with him strong Hartwel honor shar'd;  
 ' The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Roch Darren beat,  
 ' And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort set.  
 ' In each place where they came so fortunate were ours.

' Then, Audley, most renown'd amongst those valiant  
 powers,  
 ' That with the prince of Wales at conquer'd Poictiers fought;  
 ' Such wonders that in arms before both armies wrought;  
 ' The first that charg'd the French; and, all that dreadful  
 day,

' Through still renewing worlds of danger made his way;  
 ' The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through his pride)  
 ' But by plain down-right death the title to decide.  
 ' And after the retreat, that famous battel done,  
 ' Wherein rich spacious France was by the English won,  
 ' Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince bestow'd  
 ' For his so brave attempts, through his high courage show'd.  
 ' Which to his four Esquires<sup>1</sup> he freely gave, who there  
 ' Vy'd valour with their lord; and in despite of fear,  
 ' Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds gap'd wide  
 as hell;

' And cries, and parting groans, whereas the Frenchmen fell,  
 ' Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they were.

' Our Dabridgcourt the next shall be remembered here,  
 ' At Poictiers who brake in upon the Alman horse  
 ' Through his too forward speed: but, taken by their force,  
 ' And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,  
 ' Being rescu'd by his friends in Poictiers' fearful fight,  
 ' Then like a lion rang'd about th' enemy's host:  
 ' And where he might suppose the danger to be most,  
 ' Like lightning entred there, to his French foes dismay,  
 ' To gratify his friends which rescued him that day.

' Then

<sup>1</sup> The honorable bounty of the lord Audley.



## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1009

‘Then Chandos : whose great deeds found fame so much  
‘to do,

‘That she was lastly forc’d, him for her ease to wooe ;  
‘That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-shone  
‘All those before him were, and for him none scarce known,  
‘At Cambray’s scaled wall his credit first that won ;  
‘And by the high exploits in France by him were done,  
‘Had all so over-aw’d, that by his very name  
‘He could remove a siege : and cities where he came  
‘Would at his summons yield. That man, the most belov’d,  
‘In all the ways of war so skilful and approv’d,  
‘The <sup>k</sup> prince at Poictiers chose his person to assist.  
‘This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,  
‘In battel ’twixt brave Bloys and noble Mountfort, try’d  
‘At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,  
‘Rag’d like a furious storm beyond the power of man,  
‘Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern English  
‘wan

‘The royal British rule to Mountfort’s nobler name.  
‘He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did tame.  
‘Gavaches he regain’d, and us Rochmador got.  
‘Where-ever lay’d he siege that he invested not ?  
‘As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to us,  
‘The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,  
‘Renown’d sir Robert Knowles, that in his glories shar’d,  
‘His chivalry and oft in present perils dar’d ;  
‘As nature should with time, at once by these consent  
‘To show, that all their store they idly had not spent.  
‘He Vermandoise o’er-ran with skill and courage high :  
‘Notoriously he plagu’d revolting Picardy :  
‘That up to Paris walls did all before him win,  
‘And dar’d her at her gates (the king that time within)  
‘A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.

‘Then those stout Percyes, John, and Thomas, men  
of name.

‘The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,  
‘And Hower, that with him assumes as high a place.

‘Strong

<sup>k</sup> The Black Prince.

' Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adventures shot :  
 ' That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carcilot,  
 ' As famous in the French, as in the Belgick war ;  
 ' Who took the lord Brimewe ; and with the great Navarre,  
 ' In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.

' Courageous Carill next, than whom those glorious days  
 ' Produc'd not any spirit that through more dangers swam.

' That princely Thomas, next, the earl of Buckingham,  
 ' To Britany through France that our stout English brought,  
 ' Which under his command with such high fortune  
 fought

' As put the world in fear Rome from her cinders rose,  
 ' And of this earth again meant only to dispose.

' Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all the rest,  
 ' From London at the first a poor mean soldier prest  
 ' ( That time but very young ) to those great wars in France,  
 ' By his brave service there himself did so advance,  
 ' That afterward, the heat of those great battels done  
 ' ( In which he to his name immortal glory won )  
 ' Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guydon fly.  
 ' So, passing through east France, and entring Lombardy,  
 ' By th'greatness of his fame, attain'd so high command,  
 ' That to his charge he got the white Italian band.  
 ' With <sup>1</sup> Mountferato then in all his wars he went :  
 ' Whose clear report abroad by fames shrill trumpet sent,  
 ' Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan after won,  
 ' To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then begun ;  
 ' By <sup>2</sup> Barnaby, there made the Milanefes guide :  
 ' His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.  
 ' For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous battels stroke,  
 ' And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.  
 ' And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,  
 ' Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Florentine :  
 ' The use of th'English bows to Italy that brought ;  
 ' By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to have  
 wrought.

' Our

<sup>1</sup> The marquis of Mountferato.

<sup>2</sup> Brother to Galeazo, Viscount of Milan.

# SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1011

' Our Henry Hotspur next, for high atchievement meet,  
 ' Who with the thundring noise of his swift coursers feet,  
 ' Aftun'd the earth, that day, that he in Holmdon's strife  
 ' Took Douglas, with the earls of Angus, and of Fyfe.  
 ' And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm earth bled,  
 ' With his revengeful sword switcht after them that fled.  
 ' Then Calverly, which kept us Calais with such skill,  
 ' His honor'd room shall have our catalogue to fill :  
 ' Who, when th'rebellious French, their liberty to gain,  
 ' From us our ancient right unjustly did detain  
 ' (T'let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)  
 ' Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to heaven in fire ;  
 ' Estaples then toke in that day she held her fair,  
 ' Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely share ;  
 ' And got us back saint Marks, which loosely we had lost.  
 ' Amongst these famous men, of us deserving most,  
 ' In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,  
 ' For that his naval fight, John duke of Exeter ;  
 ' The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her did call)  
 ' Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.  
 ' And one, for single fight, amongst our martial men,  
 ' Deserves remembrance here as worthily again ;  
 ' Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most courageous  
 ' squire :  
 ' Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire  
 ' Unto the English name a high report to win,  
 ' Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,  
 ' Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could then produce.  
 ' Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious muse,  
 ' To him, above them all, our power that did advance ;  
 ' John duke of Bedford, stil'd the fire-brand to sad France :  
 ' Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew, sent,  
 ' Affrighted them like death ; and as at sea he went,  
 ' The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Neptune roar'd,  
 ' The whilst those mighty ships out of their scuppers pour'd  
 ' Their trayterous clutted gore upon his wrinkled face.  
 ' He took strong Ivery in : and like his kingly race,

U u u

' There



' There down before Vernoyle the English standard stuck :  
 ' And having on his helm his conquering brother's luck,  
 ' Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglass laid,  
 ' Which brought the Scottish power unto the Dauphin's aid ;  
 ' And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill of death,  
 ' Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay for breath.  
 ' Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there abet,  
 ' Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.  
 ' So, Salisbury arose ; from whom, as from a source  
 ' All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her force.  
 ' From whom not all their forts could hold our treacherous  
 ' foes.  
 ' Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did lose.  
 ' Against the envious French, at Cravant then came on ;  
 ' As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion,  
 ' The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the fight :  
 ' And in his leading, shew'd such valour and such might,  
 ' As though his hand had held a more than earthly power ;  
 ' Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,  
 ' The French and Scottish force that day, which bravely led ;  
 ' Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded fled.  
 ' Mount Aguilon, and Mounts, great Salisbury surpriz'd :  
 ' §. What time (I think in hell) that <sup>p</sup> instrument devis'd,  
 ' The first appear'd in France, as a prodigious birth  
 ' To plague the wretched world, sent from the envious earth ;  
 ' Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round to shake,  
 ' As though of all again it would a chaos make.  
 ' This famous general then got Gwerland to our use,  
 ' And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and La Suife,  
 ' St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayon, Lyle,  
 ' The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and Yanvile.  
 ' Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war had seen,  
 ' And that with danger oft so conversant had been,  
 ' As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to care,  
 ' And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)  
 ' The earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that great day  
 ' At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate lay

Our

# SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1013

' (Our battles every where that Hector-like supply'd,  
 ' And march'd o'er murder'd piles of Frenchmen as they  
 dy'd)  
 ' Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,  
 ' And at the Bishop's Park o'erthrew the Dauphin's powers.  
 ' Through whose long time in war, his credit so increas'd,  
 ' That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.  
 ' In this our warlike rank, the two stout Astons then,  
 ' Sir Richard and Sir John, so truly valiant men,  
 ' That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,  
 ' Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton, Popham.  
 ' All men of great command, and highly that deserv'd:  
 ' Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that serv'd  
 ' At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we gave  
 ' The French those deadly foils, that ages since deprave  
 ' The credit of those times, with these so wond'rous things,  
 ' The memory of which, great Warwick forward brings.  
 ' Who (as though in his blood he conquest did inherit,  
 ' Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)  
 ' Being chosen for these wars in our great regent's place  
 ' (A deadly foe to France, like his brave Roman race)  
 ' The castilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,  
 ' Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorson beat to ground.  
 ' Then he, above them all, himself that fought to raise,  
 ' Upon some mountain top, like a Piramides;  
 ' Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war,  
 ' That with his very name their babes they us'd to scar,  
 ' Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over-ran,  
 ' As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,  
 ' And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suffolk freed.  
 ' His sharp and dreadful sword made France so oft to bleed,  
 ' Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck did fall;  
 ' Took Iosing, where he hung her traitors on the wall;  
 ' And with as fair success won Beaumont upon Oyse,  
 ' The new town in Esmoy, and Crispin in Valloies:  
 ' Creile, with St. Maxine's-bridge; and at Auranche's aid,  
 ' Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strongly laid,

U u u 2.

' March'd

- ' March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not known ;
- ' And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan :
- ' Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
- ' Whereas the traiterous French he miserably beat.
- ' And having over-spread all Picardy with war,
- ' Proud Burgaine to the field he lastly sent to dare,
- ' Which with his English friends so oft his faith had broke;
- ' Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of smouldring  
smoak :
- ' Then Gysfors he again, then did St. Denis raze :
- ' His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we praise ;
- ' Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot did set :
- ' And that the first alone the garland might not get,
- ' With him hath hand in hand leap'd into danger's jaws ;
- ' And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood to pause;
- ' Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
- ' Both at St. Denis' siege, and batter'd Guyfors got.
- ' Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great Warwick lay
- ' (And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
- ' Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their numbred  
powers,
- ' And absolutely made both Main and Anjou our's.
- ' To Willoughby the next, the place by turn doth fall;
- ' Whose courage likely was to bear it from them all :
- ' With admiration oft on whom they stood to look,
- ' St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges shook :
- ' In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to fly,
- ' And beat the rebels down disordering Normandy :
- ' That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths her could  
not save)
- ' And the perfidious French out of the country drave.
- ' With these, another troop of noble spirits there sprung,
- ' That with the foremost prest into the warlike throng.
- ' The first of whom we place that stout Sir Philip Hall,
- ' So famous in the fight against the Count St. Paul,
- ' That Crotoy us regain'd : and in the conflict 'twixt
- ' The English and the French, that with the Scot were mix'd,

' On



# SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1015

\* On proud Charles Clermont won that admirable day.

\* Strong Fastolph with this man compare we justly may,

\* By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd

\* In many a brave attempt, the general foe annoy'd;

\* With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought :

\* And many a bulwark there into our keeping brought ;

\* And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,

\* Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.

\* The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and Sir John,

\* By any English spirits yet hardly over-gone ;

\* The fame they got in France, with costly wounds that  
bought :

\* In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly fought.

\* Then, valiant Matthew Gough : for whom the English  
were

\* Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles there,

\* Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,

\* Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate course.

\* He beat the Bastard Balme with his selected band,

\* And at his castle-gate surpriz'd him hand to hand,

\* And spight of all his power away him prisoner bare.

\* Our hardy Burdet then with him we will compare,

\* Besieg'd within St. James de Beneon, issuing out,

\* Crying Salisbury, St. George, with such a horrid shout,

\* That cleft the wand'ring clouds ; and with his valiant crew

\* Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,

\* And Arthur earl of Eure and Richmont took in fight :

\* Then following them (in heat) the army put to flight :

\* The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a general sack,

\* As, flying, one fell still upon another's back ;

\* Where our six hundred slew so many thousands more.

\* At our so good success that once a Frenchman swore

\* That God was wholly turn'd unto the English side,

\* And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.

\* Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst the rest,

\* Who justly if compar'd might match our very best.

\* He in our wars in France with our great Talbot oft,

\* With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and then aloft,

' Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate ;  
 ' At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,  
 ' Eight hundred faithless French who took or put to sword ;  
 ' And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.

' In this our service then great Arondel doth ensue,  
 ' The marshal Boufack who in Beuvoys overthrew ;  
 ' And, in despite of France and all her power, did win  
 ' The castles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bomelin ;  
 ' Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,  
 ' Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he imbru'd:  
 ' Revolted Loveers sack'd, and manfully supprest  
 ' Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.

' As Poynings, such high praise in Guelderland that got,  
 ' On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot  
 ' Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders shook  
 with fear.

' As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned were :  
 ' Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our English fleet:  
 ' That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat ;  
 ' And setting foot in France, her horribly did fright :  
 ' (As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's sp'rit  
 ' Had come to be their scourge, their fame again to earn)  
 ' Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and Deverne,  
 ' The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,  
 ' Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Daveere ;  
 ' In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,  
 ' Did with invasive war most terribly infest.

' A nobler of that name, the earl of Surrey then,  
 ' That famous heroe fit both for the spear and pen  
 ' (From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward Scottish king  
 ' In his victorious troop who home with him did bring)  
 ' Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan  
 ' Us Morles. Happy time that bred't so brave a man !

' To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth fall :  
 ' In France who then employed with our great admiral,  
 ' In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,  
 ' Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke and Manfier.

' Our

# SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1017

- ‘ Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, shall be hid,
- ‘ That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn stoutly did.
- ‘ Sands, Guyldfard, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams, and with them,
- ‘ Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton, Jerningham,
- ‘ Great martialists, and men that were renowned far
- ‘ At sea; some in the French, some in the Scottish war.
- ‘ Courageous Randolph then, that serv’d with great command,
- ‘ Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.
- ‘ The long-renown’d lord Gray, whose spirit we oft did try;
- ‘ A man that with dread Mars stood in account most high.
- ‘ Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us that wan,
- ‘ When in our maiden reign the Belgick war began :
- ‘ Who with our friends the Dutch, for England stoutly stood,
- ‘ When Netherland first learn’d to lavish gold and blood.
- ‘ Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales might vaunt)
- ‘ His martial compeer then, and brave commilitant :
- ‘ Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish manly fought,
- ‘ Much honour to their names, and to the Britons brought.
- ‘ Th’ lord Willoughby may well be reckon’d with the rest,
- ‘ Inferior not a whit to any of our best ;
- ‘ A man so made for war, as though from Pallas sprung.
- ‘ Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
- ‘ Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did bear ;
- ‘ Our only schools of war this later time that were.
- ‘ As Stanly whose brave act at Zutphen’s service done,
- ‘ Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood won.
- ‘ Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall never die
- ‘ Whilst Belgia shall be known ; or there’s a Britany :
- ‘ In whose brave height of spirit, time seem’d as to restore
- ‘ Those, who to th’ English name such honour gain’d of yore.
- ‘ Great Essex of our peers the last that ere we knew ;
- ‘ Th’ old world’s heroes lives who likeli’st did renew ;
- ‘ The soldier’s only hope, who stoutly serv’d in France ;
- ‘ And on the towers of Cales as proudly did advance

‘ Our



- ' Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake,
- ' When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging lake,
- ' T' receive that city's spoil, which set her batter'd gate
- ' Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretched state.
- ' Next, Charles, lord Mountjoy, sent to Ireland to suppress
- ' The envious rebel there ; by whose most fair success,
- ' The trowzed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
- ' And the proud Spanish force were justly overthrown.
- ' That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record bear,
- ' What by the English prowess was executed there.

' Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of great  
command

- ' In our employments long : whose either martial hand
- ' Reach'd at the highest wreath, it from the top to get,
- ' Which on the proudest head, fame yet had ever set.

- ' Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bagnall, then
- ' Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living pen ;
- ' True martialists, and knights, of noble spirit and wit.

- ' The valiant Cecil last, for great employment fit,
- ' Deservedly in war the lat'st of our's that rose :
- ' Whose honour every hour, and fame still greater grows.'

When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt her song,  
By letting Medway know she tarried had too long  
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,  
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.

When as the pliant muse, straight turning her about,  
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,  
Saluting the dear soil, ' O famous Kent, quoth she,  
' What country hath this isle that can compare with thee,  
' Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst wish ?  
' Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and fish :  
' As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy  
wood :

- ' Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
- ' Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots upon the  
rise,

' Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice

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SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1019

' With cherries, which we say, the summer in doth bring,  
 ' Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful spring;  
 ' From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr kisses steals,  
 ' With their delicious touch his love-sick heart that heals.  
 ' Whose golden gardens seem th'Hesperides to mock :  
 ' Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apricock,  
 ' Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the king,  
 ' The apple-orange ; then the savoury ruffettan :  
 ' The pear-main, which to France long ere to us was known,  
 ' Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our own.  
 ' The renat : which though first it from the pippin came,  
 ' Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that curious  
     name,

' Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set ;  
 ' As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget  
 ' (Both by the fire and dame being anciently descended)  
 ' The issue born of them, his blood hath much amended.  
 ' The sweeting, for whose sake the plow-boys oft make war :  
 ' The wilding, costard, then the well-known pomwater,  
 ' And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several taste,  
 ' That have their sundry names in sundry countries plac'd ;  
 ' Unto whose dear increase the gardener spends his life,  
 ' With piercer, wimble, saw, his mallet, and his knife ;  
 ' Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned root,  
 ' As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute :  
 ' And their selected plants doth workman-like bestow,  
 ' That in true order they conveniently may grow.  
 ' And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labouring ant,  
 ' Which many times annoy the graft and tender plant :  
 ' Or else maintains the plot much starved with the wet,  
 ' Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set :  
 ' Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy.

But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,  
 Who any way the time intend not to prolong ?  
 To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my Song,  
 Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,  
 To beautify the place where Medway shows her pride.

But

But Greane seems most of all the Medway to adore,  
 And Tenet standing forth to the <sup>a</sup> Rhutupian shore,  
 By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again  
 From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.  
 For earth-born Albion, then great Neptune's eldest son,  
 Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,  
 Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard fight,  
 Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his might;  
 His daughters then but young (on whom was all his care)  
 Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:  
 With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for his sake,  
 That in their grandfire's court she much of them would  
 make:

But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was to go,  
 Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him so,  
 There at the giant raught; which was perceiv'd by chance:  
 This loving isle would else have followed him to France;  
 To make the channel wide that then he forced was,  
 §. Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to pass.

Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled there,  
 Who nothing less than want and idleness could bear,  
 Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.  
 With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth abound,  
 She falls in love with Stour, which coming down by Wye,  
 And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly ply.  
 To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,  
 His famous country thus he gloriously reports;

' O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee belong,  
 ' The hard'st to be control'd, impatientest of wrong.  
 ' Who, when the Norman first with pride and horror sway'd,  
 ' Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English laid;  
 ' And with a high resolve, most bravely didst restore  
 ' That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.  
 ' §. Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free customs bind,  
 ' Then only show'd'st thyself of th' ancient Saxon kind.  
 ' Of all the English shires be thou surnam'd the Free,  
 ' §. And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall reck'ned be.

' And



## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1021

‘ And let this town, which chief of thy rich country is,  
 ‘ Of all the British sees be still Metropolis.’

Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him doth hie,  
 Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,  
 Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth lay,  
 The other thrusting out into the Celtick sea.

§. Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously to lowre,  
 Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour ;  
 Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France  
 Since mighty Albion’s fall by war’s uncertain chance.  
 Who, since his wish’d revenge not all this while is had,  
 ’Twixt very grief and rage is fall’n extremely mad ;  
 That when the rolling tide doth stir him with her waves,  
 Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he raves,  
 And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his deep,  
 That warn the wand’ring ships out of his jaws to keep.

The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,  
 If possibly, to cure his grievous malady :  
 As Amphitrite’s nymphs their very utmost prove,  
 By all the means they could, his madness to remove.  
 From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-grafs do bring,  
 That inwardly apply’d’s a wond’rous sovereign thing.  
 From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling blood ;  
 Some, his ill-season’d mouth that wisely understood,  
 Rob Dover’s neighbouring cleaves of sampyre, to excite  
 His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.

Now, Shepey, when she found she could no farther wade  
 After her mighty fire, betakes her to his trade,  
 With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed,  
 And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish breed.  
 Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,  
 As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune’s court.  
 But Greane, as much as she her father that did love  
 (And, then the inner land, no farther could remove)  
 In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,  
 That almost under-flood she weepeth every tide.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUT of Suffex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent, this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whose running through the woods, insiling Oxney, and such like, poetically here described is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's song of our martial and heroic spirits, because a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in less comprehension, without wrong to many worthies it is not performable, I have omitted all illustration of that kind, and left you to the muse herself.

*That Limen then was named.*————

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in the time of king Alfred made irruption; which he must (I think) maintain by adding likelihood that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith; where (as the reliques of the name in Lime, and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making <sup>a</sup> Portus Lemanis, which is misprinted in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles off) it seems Limen, then also, there was it discharged out of the land. But for the author's words read this; *Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum suis equis C C L. navibus Cantiam transvectus in Ostio Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio IIII. milliarijs in eandem sylvam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea construxerunt*, which are the syllables of Florence of Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdon names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus est in Orientali parte Cnet juxta magnum nemus Andredslaige*. How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness (that <sup>b</sup> lived not much past L. years after his arrival) in these words, *In Limneo portu constituunt puppes, Apoldze* (so I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco conducto Orientali Cantiae parte, destruuntque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, illicque hiberna castra confirmant*. Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelwerd

<sup>a</sup> Lemanis in notit. utr. provinc.

<sup>b</sup> Ethelwerd, lib. 4. cap. 4.

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## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1023

I respect much more than the later stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

*What time I think in hell that instrument devised.*

He means a gun ; wherewith that most noble and right martial Thomas Montague earl of Salisbury at the Siege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was one <sup>c</sup> Berthold Swartz (others say Constantius Anklitzen a Dutch Monk and Chymist) who having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the stone ; which he observing, made use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and shewed the use to the Venetians in their war with the Genoese at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common assertion : but I see as good <sup>d</sup> authority, that it was used above twenty years before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoneus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like ; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffey and others deliver ; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

*Whereas some say before he used on foot to pass.*

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this straight betwixt Dover and Calais (some thirty miles over) as some moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it, and derives the name from *Bryth* signifying (as he says) as much as *Guith*, i.e. a separation in Welsh, whence the <sup>e</sup>isle of Wight was so called ; Guith and Wight being soon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verstegan, as you may read in him ; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity Camden hath proposed divers considerations, in which, experience of particulars must direct. Howsoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for ought I see, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucosia to Thrace, as is <sup>f</sup> affirmed ; and Sicily (whose like our island is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expressly, Strabo and Pliny deliver ; and also the names of Rhegium, <sup>g</sup> *ῥαγὲ τοῦ Πηνυρθεῖαι*, and of the self Sicily ; which rather than from *Secare*, I derive from <sup>h</sup> *Sicilire*, which is of the same signification and nearer in analogy : Claudian calls the isle

——— *Diducia*

<sup>c</sup> v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 2. cap. 3. &  
Salmuth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.  
<sup>d</sup> Achilles Gassar. ap. Munst. Cosmog. 3.  
<sup>e</sup> Sam. Beulan. ad. Nennium.

<sup>f</sup> Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 38.  
<sup>g</sup> From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. &  
Strab. 2.  
<sup>h</sup> Varr. de re rustic. 1. cap. 49.



————— *Diducta Britannia Mundo;*  
and Virgil hath

————— *Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, as foxes and such like, came first into this island (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had store of wolves, until some three hundred years since) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow passage of swimming, might receive them from that continent where the ark rested, which is Armenia. That men desired to transport them, is not likely; and a learned<sup>i</sup> jesuit hath conjectured, that the West-Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, because they have lions, wolves, panthers, and such like, which in the Bermudas, Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

*Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind.*

To explain it, I thus english you a fragment of an old<sup>k</sup> monk: *When the Norman conqueror had the day, he came to Dover castle, that he might with the same subdue Kent also; wherefore, Stigand archbishop, and Egelsin abbot, as the chief of that shire, observing that now whereas heretofore no Villains (the latin is, nullus fuerat servus, and applying it to our law-phrase, I translate it) had been in England, they should be now all in bondage to the Normans, they assembled all the county, and shewed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of Villainage: They, resolving all rather to die than lose their freedom, purpose to encounter with the duke for their country's liberty. Their captains are the archbishop and the abbot. Upon an appointed day they meet all at Swanescumb, and harbouring themselves in the woods, with boughs in every man's hand, they compass his way. The next day, the duke coming by Swanescumb, seemed to see with amazement, as it were a wood approaching towards him; the Kentish men at the sound of a trumpet take themselves to arms, when presently the archbishop and abbot were sent to the duke and saluted him with these words: Behold, sir duke, the Kentish men come to meet you, willing to receive you as their liege lord, upon that condition, that they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties and laws used among their ancestors; otherwise presently offering war; being ready rather to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage, and lose their ancient laws. The Norman in this narrow pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted the desire; and hostages given on both sides, the Kentish men direct the Normans to Rochester, and deliver them the county and the castle of Dover. Hither is commonly referred the retaining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certain that special customs they have in their Gavelkind (although now many of their gentlemen's*

<sup>i</sup> Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbis 1. cap. 20. & 21. | <sup>k</sup> Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.

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## SONG THE EIGHTEENTH. 1025

possessions<sup>1</sup> are altered in that part) *suffering for felony, without forfeiture of estate, and such like, as in particular, with many other diligent traditions you have in Lambard's Perambulation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not, methinks, of clear credit, as well by reason that no warrant of the historians about the Conquest affirms it (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as also for his commixture of a fauxete about villainage, saying it was not in England before that time, which is apparently false by divers testimonies.* <sup>m</sup> *Gif peop (says king Ines's laws) pynce on Sunnan dæg, be his Hlaforþes hætt rý hefreo; and, under Edward the Confessor, Thozold of Beauchendale grants to the abbey of Crowland his mannor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, scilicet Colgrinum præpositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam; and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in our<sup>n</sup> law, that one born there could not without consians of record be a villain.*

*And foremost ever plac'd when they shall reckon'd be.*

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one<sup>o</sup> that wrote it about Henry II. *Enudus* (as some copies are, but others, *Cinidus*; and perhaps it should be so, or rather *Cnudus*, for king *Cnut*; or else I cannot conjecture what) *quantâ virtute Anglorum, Dacos Danosque fregerit motusque compefcuerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregiæ virtutis meritum quam ibidem potenter & patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congressus hostium usque in hodiernum diem in omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltesirâ vocatur, eadem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidariam, adjecit sibi Devonîâ & Cornubiâ.* Briefly, it had the first English king, in it was the first christianity among the English, and Canterbury then honoured with the metropolitick see; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

*Grim Goodwin but the while seems grievously to lowre.*

That is Goodwin sands, which is reported to have been the patrimony of that Goodwin earl of Kent, under Edward the Confessor, swallowed into the ocean by a strange tempest somewhat after the conquest, and is now as a floating isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, sometimes as fixt, sometimes moving, as the muse describes.

POLY-

<sup>1</sup> Stat. 31. Hen. 8. cap. 3.

<sup>m</sup> If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's command, he shall be free.

<sup>n</sup> Itin. Cornub. 30. Ed. 1. *Wissenage*

45. & Mich. 5. Ed. 2. Ms. in Bibliothec.

<sup>Int.</sup> Templ. cas. John de Carton.

<sup>o</sup> Job. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

<sup>p</sup> Hæf. Boetb. bist. Scotie. 12. & Jo.

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# POLYOLBION:

## SONG THE NINETEENTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The muse, now over Thames makes forth,  
Upon her progress to the north,  
From Cauney with a full career,  
She up against the stream doth bear;  
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,  
She points directly to the East,  
And shews how all those rivers strain  
Through Essex, to the German main;  
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,  
Our British brave sea-voyagers;  
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,  
Where of this song an end she makes.*

**B**EAR bravely up my muse, the way thou went'st before,  
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian shore,  
Stem up his tydeful stream, upon that side to rise,  
Where<sup>a</sup> Cauney, Albion's child in-isled richly lies,  
Which, though her lower scite doth make her seem but  
mean,

Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,  
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would depart,  
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,  
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,  
By Thames she well near is surrounded every tyde:

And

<sup>a</sup> An island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

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SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1027

And since of worldly state, she never taketh keep,  
But only gives her self, to tend and milk her sheep.

But muse, from her so low, divert thy high-set song  
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along  
The forests, and the floods, and most exactly show,  
How these in order stand, how those directly flow :

For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever won,  
Through forests, where clear rills in wild meanders run ;  
Where dainty summer bowers, and arborets are made,  
Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.

Fools gaze at painted courts, to th'country let me go,  
To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low ;  
No gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the woods ;  
No bed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods :

A city's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves,  
The muses have free leave, to starve or live in caves.

But <sup>b</sup> Waltham forest still in prosperous estate,  
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)  
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head aloft ;  
A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous soft,  
Upon her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,  
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames embrac'd.  
Upon her rising point, she chanced to espy,

A dainty forest-nymph of her society.  
Fair <sup>c</sup> Hatfield, which in height all other did surmount,  
And of the Dryades held in very high account,  
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,  
Who doubting of her self, by others late decay,  
Her sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,  
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.

' Dear sister rest content, nor our declining rue,  
' What thing is in this world, that we can say is new ;  
' The ridge and furrow shews, that once the crooked plow,  
' Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted now :

X x x

' And

<sup>b</sup> The scituation of Waltham forest. wards the east, between Stortford and Dunmow.

<sup>c</sup> Hatfield forest lying lower to-

- ' And at this hour we see, the share and coulter tear  
 ' The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes forests  
   ' were ;  
 ' And those but caitifs are, which most do seek our spoil,  
 ' Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our soil ;  
 ' 'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,  
 ' When as the softred ill proceeds from others crimes ;  
 ' 'Gainst lunaticks, and fools, what wise folk spend their  
   ' force ;  
 ' For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course :  
 ' And when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd and vile,  
 ' Of understanding he deprives them quite, the while  
 ' They into error run, confounded in their sin,  
 ' As simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.  
 ' And for those pretty birds, that wont in us to sing,  
 ' They shall at last forbear to welcome in the spring,  
 ' When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground,  
 ' And curse them in their notes, who first did woods con-  
   ' found.  
 ' Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,  
 ' We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled :  
 ' For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound  
 ' With every simple good, that in the isle is found :  
 ' And though we go to wreck in this so general waste,  
 ' This hope to us remains, we yet may be the last.

When Hatfield taking heart, where late she sadly stood,  
 Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood ;  
 Which from her christal font, as to enlarge her fame,  
 To many a village lends her clear and noble name,  
 Which as she wandreth on, through Waltham holds her way,  
 With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her wond'rous  
   gay ;

But making at the last into the watry marsh,  
 Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh,  
 Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous Waltham  
   gave,

With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wond'rous brave,

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SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1029

And her self's strength divides, to sundry lesser streams,  
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.

From whose vast beechy banks a rumor straight re-  
sounds,

Which quickly ran it self through the Essexian grounds,  
That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name should seek,  
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,  
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to fall,

Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd withal.  
On <sup>a</sup> Benge's batful side, and at her going out,  
With Walnot, Foulness fair, near watred round about.  
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that stand,  
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land ;  
As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,  
That she by sea and land, should every way be grac'd.  
Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part (there were) that  
took,

As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a brook ;  
And bad her to complain to Neptune of her wrong.

But whilst these grievous stirs thus hap'n'd them among,  
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most neatly clear,  
Which well near through the midst doth cut the wealthy shire,  
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds her chase,  
To which she gives the name, which as she doth imbrace  
Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer close :  
With whose supply (though small as yet) she greater grows.  
She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing by,  
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,  
And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego,  
As that which most express'd their fatal overthrow ;  
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she stood,  
And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to blood.  
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at  
hand,

The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the sand.  
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished bay,  
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crooked way,

X x x 2

Which

<sup>a</sup> The fruitfulest hundred of Essex.



Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time exil'd,  
She Froshwell after hight, then Blackwater instil'd,  
But few such titles have the British floods among.

When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey rung  
With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive,  
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,  
To Tethis' darlings, which should greatest honour do  
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester her  
name,

(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest fame)

Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,

Quoth she, ' Wherefore the time thus idly do you spend ?

' What is there nothing here, that you esteem of worth,

' That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings forth ?

' Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your praise ?

' Pure \* Walfleet, which do still the daintiest palates please,

' As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.

' The † Cyzic shells, or those on the Lucrinian coast ;

' Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter sends ;

' Whose tack the hungry clown, and plow-man so com-  
mends.

' If you esteem not these, as things above the ground,

' Look under, where the urns of antient times are found ;

' The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the dust,

' And warlike weapons, now consum'd with cankering  
rust ;

' The huge and massy ‡ bones, of mighty fearful men,

' To tell the world's full strength, what creatures lived  
then ;

' When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful earth

' Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants in their  
birth.'

Thus spake she, when from sea they suddenly do hear  
A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear ;

For

\* Walfleet oysters.

† Cyzicum is a city of Bythinia.

—Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon  
the Adriatic sea ; the oysters of

which places were reckoned for great  
delicates with the Romans.

‡ The bones of giant-like peo-  
ple found in those parts.

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SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1031

For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Neptune sent,  
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they incontinent  
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwell's pleasant road;  
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,  
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,  
Two, that each other's good, intended every way,  
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should precisely shew,  
That <sup>b</sup> Medway for her life, their skill could not out-go;  
For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide  
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;  
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth show,  
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not flow,  
But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her brings;  
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,  
But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks that she,  
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they agree,  
That since the Britons hence their first discoveries made,  
And that into the east they first were taught to trade.  
Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,  
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the best.  
Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,  
Their argument they make, and thus they sing their own;  
' In <sup>i</sup> Severn's late tun'd lay, that empress of the west,  
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life express'd;  
His conquests to the North, who Norway did invade,  
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly made  
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons acts among,  
This god-like hero's deeds exactly have been sung;  
His valiant people then, who to those countries brought,  
Which many an age since that, our great'st discoveries  
thought.

This worthiest then of ours, our <sup>k</sup> Argonauts shall lead.

Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps to tread,  
Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,  
Plow'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,

X x x 3

By

<sup>b</sup> Medway in the 19th song, re-  
citeth the catalogue of the English  
warriors.

<sup>i</sup> See the 4th song.

<sup>k</sup> Sea-voyages.

By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney over-ran;  
Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Norway won,  
Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore,  
Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before.

And when the Britons reign came after to decline,  
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine,  
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,  
Our English Octer put a fleet to sea again,  
Of th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hither bring,  
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days travelling.  
But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept,  
And with our English sails that mighty ocean swept,  
Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth  
call,

In hulks with grapling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;  
And great <sup>1</sup> Duina down from her first springing place,  
Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish Neptune's face.

Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzick found,  
Where <sup>m</sup> Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd into the found,  
And towing up his stream, first taught the English oars,  
The useful way of trade to those most gainful shores.

And when the Norman Stem here strong and potent  
grew,  
And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,  
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air,  
Though Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him  
dear;

I'th' mathematicks learn'd (altho' a friar profess'd)  
To see those northern climes, with great desire possess'd,  
Himself he thither ship'd, and skilful in the globe,  
Took every several height with his true astrolabe;  
The <sup>n</sup> whirlpools of the seas, and came to understand,  
From the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that com-  
mand;

Int'

<sup>1</sup> The great river of Russia.

<sup>m</sup> The greatest river of Dant-  
zick.

<sup>n</sup> The greatest wonder of na-  
ture.



SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1033

Int' any of whose falls, if th' wandering barque doth light,  
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,  
Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would  
draw

The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.

Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,  
I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;  
From which they have supposed, nature the winds doth  
raise,

And from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.

And when our civil wars began at last to cease,  
And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,  
Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;  
That brave advent'rous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,  
Ship'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those congealed  
piles,

Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like  
isles,

(In all her fearful'st shapes saw horror, whose great mind,  
In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd;  
Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth keep;  
When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)  
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,  
Where Keger from her scite, on those grim seas doth look.

Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,  
Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jenkinson;  
For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,  
Entring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer,  
To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,  
Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate,  
Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria past,  
To Boghor's bulwark walls, then to the liquid waste,  
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far distant shores,  
And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired oars,  
Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,  
Whose true report thereof, the English since have tried.

With Fitch, our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed is,  
Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.

The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shown)  
To view those parts, to us that were the most unknown,  
On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then,  
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again  
Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did  
view,

To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu ;  
And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast,  
Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indian waste.

The other from that place, the first before had gone,  
Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,  
Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty stream ;  
Licia, and Gaza saw, with great Hierusalem,  
And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlem did behold,  
And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture told.

Then Macham, who (through love to long adventures  
led)

Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,  
Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,  
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,  
Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger pass'd,  
Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast ;  
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,  
Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boistrous seas ;  
And lingering for her health, within the quiet bay,  
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,  
When as it was not long, but she gave up her breath ;  
When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her timeless death ;  
That their deserved rites her funeral could not have,  
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.  
When with his folk but few, not passing two or three,  
• There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,  
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,  
Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw ;  
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,  
Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd up a-  
gain ;

• The wonderful adventure of Macham.

SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1035

At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric thrown,  
T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our own.

Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours to try,  
For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.

Lock, Towerion, Fenner next, vast Guinea forth that  
fought,

And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.

Th' East-indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lancaster,  
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,  
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,  
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent ;  
And failing to Brazil another time he took  
Olynda's chieftest town, and harbour Farnambuke,  
And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton fraught,  
It by his safe return into his country brought.

Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean o'er,  
Who to the north-west fought huge China's wealthy shore,  
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring sea-man set,  
Where he in our hot't months of June and July met  
With snow, frost, hail, and fleet, and found stern winter  
strong,

With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and long.  
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal Light  
Makes half the year still day, and half continual night.  
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set again,  
As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.

The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,  
Both voyagers, that were with famous Forbisher.

And Davies, three times forth that for the north-west  
made ;

Still striving by that course, t'inrich the English trade ;  
And as he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,  
There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.

With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took in  
hand,

To clear the course scarce known into the Newfound land,  
And view'd the plenteous seas, and fishful havens, where  
Our neighbouring nations since have stor'd them every year.

Then



Then globe-engirdling Drake, the naval palm that won,  
 Who strove in his long course to emulate the sun ;  
 Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophesy to tell,  
 That from the British isles should rise a dragon fell,  
 That with his armed wings, should strike th' Iberian main,  
 And bring in after time much horror upon Spain.  
 This more than man (or what) this demi-god at sea,  
 Leaving behind his back, the great America,  
 Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tacklings flew'd,  
 To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitude ;  
 Unto that land before to th' Christian world unknown,  
 Which in his country's right he nam'd New Albion ;  
 And in the western Inde, spight of the power of Spain,  
 He saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene ;  
 And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every bay,  
 Saint Augustine surpriz'd, in Terra Florida.

Then those that forth for sea, industrious Rawleigh  
 wrought,  
 And them with every thing, fit for discovery fraught ;  
 That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely English found)  
 With Barlow, who the first Virginia thoroughly found.  
 As Greenville, whom he got to undertake that sea,  
 Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd Virginia.  
 (In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit ;  
 That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could fit.  
 O Greenville, thy great name for ever be renown'd,  
 And borne by Neptune still, about this mighty round ;  
 Whose naval conflict won thy nation so much fame,  
 And in th' Iberians bred fear of the English name.

Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of Lane, she could  
 not lie,  
 Who in Virginia left, with th' English colony,  
 Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,  
 That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear.  
 And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Virginians  
 wan  
 Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man.

Then

# SONG THE NINETEENTH. 1037

Then he which favoured still such high attempts as  
these,

Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all the seas,  
Imbarqu'd his worthy self, and his adventurous crew,  
And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries flew,  
Where Oronoque, as he, on in his course doth roll,  
Seems as his greatness meant, grim Neptune to controul ;  
Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,  
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.

So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,  
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana :  
And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,  
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.

So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again ;  
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New-Spain :  
And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,  
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,  
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney sought his prize,  
As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,  
The son of this brave fire, who with his furrowing keel,  
Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.

Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here,  
Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.  
What man could in his time discourse of any seas,  
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages ;  
Who through the south-seas pass'd, about this earthly  
ball,

And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,  
And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,  
Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,  
And to the Western-Indies, to Porto Rico went,  
And with the English power it bravely did surprize.

Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise,  
Hoist'd sails with happy winds to th' isles of Trinidado :  
Paria then he pass'd, the islands of Granado ;  
As those of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico : then  
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,

Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,  
 Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Inde;  
 Porto Santo who surpriz'd, and Côches, with the fort  
 Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive sort,  
 Cumana ransom crav'd, St. James of Leon sack'd;  
 Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd.

Then Sherley, (since whose name such high renown  
 hath won)

That voyage undertook, as they before had done:  
 He St. Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,  
 By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,  
 Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,  
 Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-found-land,  
 Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met  
 With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,  
 Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,  
 And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Jucatan.  
 A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,  
 With most strange tribute fraught, due to that Indian king.'

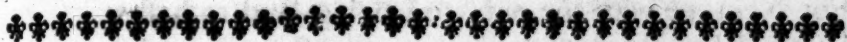
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,  
 When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,  
 Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,  
 Wherewith th'Essexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,  
 From the Suffolcean side yet those which Stour prefer  
 Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th'other her:  
 For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,  
 Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,  
 Yet Deben' of herself a stout and stedfast friend,  
 Her succour to that sea, near Orwel's road doth send.

When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,  
 As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire;  
 Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away,  
 In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should  
 stay:

For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,  
 Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

*POLY.*





# POLYOLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTIETH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The muse that part of Suffolk sings,  
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings  
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest  
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;  
To Ouze the less then down she takes,  
Where she a flight at river makes:  
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,  
With whose free praise this song she ends.*

**F**ROM Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfolcean shore  
That ran itself, the like had not been heard before:  
For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,  
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphall to be held  
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he  
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.  
Those seamaids that about his secret walks do dwell,  
Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fishes fell,  
As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,  
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,  
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's hate:  
For he would have his feast, observ'd with god-like state.

When those Suffolcean floods that sided not with Stour,  
Their streams but of themselves into the ocean pour,

As

As Or, through all the coast a flood of wond'rous fame,  
 Whose honoured fall begets a <sup>a</sup> haven of her name.  
 And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course do cast,  
 For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to haste:  
 When Waueney in her way, on this Septentrial side,  
 That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,  
 From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the east,  
 By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when possést  
 Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she throws,  
 With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who inclose,  
 And her an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.  
 But leave her muse a while, and let us on with Yar,  
 Which Gariena some, some Hier, some Yar do name;  
 Who rising from her spring not far from Walsingham,  
 Through the Norfolcean fields seems wantonly to play,  
 To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth on her  
 way,

Where Wentsum from the south, and Bariden do bear  
 Up with her, by whose wealth she much is honoured there,  
 To entertain her Yar, that in her state doth stand,  
 With towns of high't account the fourth of all the land:  
 That hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,  
 Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is such,  
 (For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,  
 By labour fore that live, whilst oft the English starve;  
 On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton spare,  
 So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.

But from my former theme, since thus I have digress'd  
 I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be dress'd:  
 And since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,  
 A little while to them I will convert my lay.

The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their season,  
 The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening peason;  
 The onion, scallion, leek, which housewives highly rate;  
 Their kinsman garlick then, the poor man's Mithridate;  
 The savoury parsnip next, and carrot pleasing food;  
 The skirret (which some say) in sallads stirs the blood;

The

<sup>a</sup> Orford-haven.

SONG THE TWENTIETH. 1041

The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter weather:  
Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs and fruits together.  
The great moist pumpkin then, that on the ground doth lie,  
A purer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by ;  
Which dainty palates now, because they would not want,  
Have kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant :  
The radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke ;  
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke ;  
The citrons, which our soil not eas'ly doth afford ;  
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.

But in these trivial things, muse, wander not too long,  
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,  
Which in her winding course, from Norwich to the main,  
By many a stately feat lasciviously doth strain,  
To Yarmouth till she come, her only christned town,  
Whose fishing thro' the realm doth her so much renown,  
Where those that with their nets still haunt the boundless lake,  
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings make,  
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,  
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.

Her own selves harbour here, when Yar doth hardly win,  
But kindly she again, saluted is by Thrin,  
A fair Norfolkcan nymph, which gratifies her fall.

Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to call,  
Which Neptune's great commands, before them bravely  
bear,

Commanding all the nymphs of high account that were,  
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy plasbes,  
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,  
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the German deeps,  
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,  
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,  
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.

When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the shore  
To see them safely brought, their herald came before,  
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn  
Of that so-much-esteem'd, sea-honouring unicorn.

Next



Next <sup>k</sup> Proto wond'rous swift, led all the rest the way,  
 Then she which makes the calms, the mild <sup>k</sup> Cymodice,  
 With god-like <sup>k</sup> Dorida, and <sup>k</sup> Galatea fair,  
 With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided hair :  
<sup>k</sup> Analiis which the sea doth salt, and seasoned keep ;  
 And <sup>k</sup> Batheas, most supreme and sovereign in the deep,  
 Brings <sup>k</sup> Cyane, to the waves which that green colour gives;  
 Then <sup>k</sup> Atmis, which in fogs and misty vapours lives :  
<sup>k</sup> Phrinax, the billows rough, and surges that bestrides,  
 And <sup>k</sup> Rothion, that by her on the wild waters rides ;  
 With <sup>k</sup> Icthias, that of frye the keeping doth retain,  
 As <sup>k</sup> Pholoë, most that rules the monsters of the main :  
 Which brought to bear them out, if any need should fall,  
 The Dolphin, Sea-horse, Gramp, the Wherlpoole, and the  
 Whale.

An hundred more besides, I readily could name,  
 With these as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that came.

These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods to delight:  
 Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the white ;  
 With many sundry shells, the scallop large and fair ;  
 The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,  
 The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,  
 The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed :  
 In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry twists,  
 Some worn about their waists, their necks, some on the wrists.  
 Great store of amber there, and jet they did not miss ;  
 Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly ambergrease.

Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,  
 But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,  
 To Loving-land make haste with all the speed they may,  
 For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their coming stay.  
 Glico the running streams in sweetness still that keeps,  
 And Clymene which rules, when they surround their deeps.  
 Spiö, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide ;  
 With Opis that doth bear them backward with the tide.

Semaia

<sup>k</sup> The virtual properties incident to waters, as well seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in the per- | sons of nymphs, as hath been us'd by the ancients.

SONG THE TWENTIETH. 1043

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear :  
 Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,  
 Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,  
 Phylodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank.  
 Which the clear Naides make them Anadems withal,  
 When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty hall.  
 Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmonious lays,  
 Which sing on rivers banks amongst the slender sprays,  
 With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the roseat sets,  
 Ioida, which preserves the azure violets.  
 Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general charge,  
 And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the marge.  
 Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flaxen hair  
 Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd were :  
 With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,  
 Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight  
 To those that wistly view'd their beauties : some again,  
 That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,  
 Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the sedge doth  
 grow,

Which neatly woven were, and some to grace the show,  
 Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neighbouring mead,  
 Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,  
 Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and wise.  
 But to break off their speech, her reed when Syrinx sounds,  
 Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to hornpipe rounds :  
 They ceasing, as again to others turns it falls,  
 The lusty galiards tread, some others jiggs, and braules.  
 This done, upon the bank together being set,

Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were met,  
 In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born virgins sing :

' Let earth, and air, say they, with the high praises ring,  
 ' Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,  
 ' From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,  
 ' Whose off-spring wise and strong, dear nymphs, let us  
 relate,

' On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in state,

Y y y

' And

' And with his trident rules the universal stream,  
 ' To be the only fire of mighty Polypheme.  
 ' On fair Thoofa got old Phorcus loved child,  
 ' Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.  
 ' Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs as we,  
 ' Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing be:  
 ' Some by his goodly queen, some in his lemmans bed;  
 ' Chrysafor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.  
 ' Swart Brontes, for his own so mighty Neptune takes,  
 ' One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunder-bolts that makes.  
 ' Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom seek)  
 ' Who was old Nestor's fire, the grav'st and wisest Greek.  
 ' Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st to hear,  
 ' Of famous nations first, that mighty founders were;  
 ' Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes contriv'd,  
 ' From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,  
 ' By Agenor his old fire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:  
 ' So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong  
 ' Claim'd kindred of this king, and by some beauteous neice,  
 ' So did Pelasgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.  
 ' A world of mighty kings and princes I could name,  
 ' From our god Neptune sprung; let this suffice, his fame  
 ' Incompasseth the world; those stars which never rise,  
 ' Above the lower south, are never from his eyes:  
 ' As those again to him do every day appear,  
 ' Continually that keep the northern hemisphere;  
 ' Who like a mighty king, doth cast his watched robe,  
 ' Far wider than the land, quite round about the globe.  
 ' Where is there one to him that may compared be,  
 ' That both the poles at once continually doth see;  
 ' And giant-like with heaven as often maketh wars;  
 ' The islands in his power as numberless as stars,  
 ' He washeth at his will, and with his mighty hands,  
 ' He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with sands:  
 ' Whose creatures, which observe his wide imperial seat,  
 ' Like his immeasured self, are infinite and great.<sup>1</sup>

Thus ended they their song, and off th' assembly brake,  
 When quickly towards the west, the muse her way doth take.  
 Where

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<sup>1</sup> The  
 northward



SONG THE TWENTIETH. 1045

Whereas the swelling foil, as from one bank doth bring  
This <sup>1</sup> Waueney sung before and <sup>1</sup>Ouse-the-less, whose spring  
Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by Thetford  
glides,

Where the clear Thet receives, her glory that divides,  
With her new-named town, as wondrous glad that she,  
For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should be :  
Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawking lie,  
And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to lie.

Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description be :  
What subject can be found, that lies not fair for me.  
Of simple shepherds now, my muse exactly sings,  
And then of courtly loyes, and the affairs of kings.  
Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and shield,  
And instantly again of the disports of field ;  
What can this isle produce, that lies from my report,  
Industrious muse, proceed then to my hawking sport.

When making for the brook, the falconer doth espy,  
One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth lie,  
Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer'e trade,  
A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.  
He whistleth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions streight,  
Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height :  
And if that after check, the one or both do go,  
Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth water shew ;  
The trembling fowl that hear the jiggling hawk-bells ring,  
And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,  
Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted hawks,  
Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,  
Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,  
Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one plane they make;  
The gallant'ft birds, said he, that ever flew on wing,  
And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a king.

Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to rise,  
The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the skies,

Y y y 2

Make

<sup>1</sup> The fountains of these rivers, not far asunder, yet one running  
northward, the other to the east,

Make fundry canceleers e'er they the fowl can reach,  
Which then to save their lives, their wings do lively stretch.  
But when the whizzing bells the silent air do cleave,  
And that their greatest speed, them vainly do deceive;  
And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do view,  
Themselves for very fear they instantly <sup>m</sup> ineaw.

The hawks get up again into their former place,  
And ranging here and there, in that their airy race;  
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,  
With many a stouping brave, them in again they lay.  
But when the falconers take their hawking-poles in hand,  
And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;  
The hawk gives it a fouse, that makes it to rebound,  
Well near the height of man, sometimes above the ground;  
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,  
And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth shread.  
With many a wo ho ho, and jocond lure again,  
When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.

But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-the-lefs,  
Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free access,  
To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh crown'd,  
As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd;  
And pointing to the north, her christal front she dashes,  
Against the swelling sands of the surrounded washes;  
And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,  
As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her place.  
Which when rich Marsh-land sees, lest she should lose  
her state,

With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.

' Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive pride,  
' There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,  
' Whose turf so barful is, or bears so deep a swath;  
' Nor is there any Marsh in all Great Britain, hath  
' So many goodly seats, or that can truly shew,  
' Such rareties as I, so that all Marshes owe  
' Much honour to my name, for that exceeding grace,  
' Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my place.

' Though

<sup>m</sup> Lay the fowls again in water,

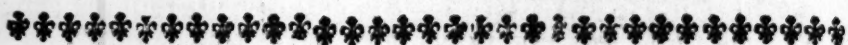
SONG THE TWENTIETH. 1047

' Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her grass,  
 ' And for her dainty scite, all others doth surpass;  
 ' Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that confine,  
 ' Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd with  
     mine.  
 ' Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl and fish,  
 ' Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish.  
 ' As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,  
 ' And sends the northern winds to curl my braided hair,  
 ' And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward me still,  
 ' Lest that rough god of sea, on me should work his will.  
 ' Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,  
 ' And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of Lynn.  
 ' Both towns of strength and state, my profits still shall  
     vent,  
 ' No Marsh hath more of sea, none more of continent.'  
 Thus Marsh-land ends her speech, as one that thoroughly  
     knew,

What was her proper praise, and what was Ouse's due.

With that the zealous muse, in her poetic rage,  
 To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrimage,  
 To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger flows,  
 Into the northern main, and see the glebe where grows,  
 That saffron (which men say) this land hath not the like,  
 All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth strike.  
 For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;  
 And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were  
 Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,  
 When for the greater Ouse, her wing she doth display.





# POLYOLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Now from New-market comes the muse,  
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,  
Those ancient ditches and surveys,  
Which our first Saxons here did raise;  
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,  
And shews you Ring-tail's pleasant vale,  
And to do Cambridge all her rites,  
The muses to her town invites.  
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,  
An end which to this canto brings.*

**B**Y this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,  
And fairly in our way, upon New-market-heath;  
That great and antient<sup>a</sup> ditch, which us expected long,  
Inspired by the muse, at her arrival song;  
‘ O time, what earthly thing with thee itself can trust,  
‘ When thou in thine own course art to thy self unjust!  
‘ Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion give  
‘ Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar’st live?  
‘ O time, had’st thou preserv’d, what labouring man hath  
‘ done,  
‘ Thou long before this day, might’st to thy self have won  
‘ A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac’d,  
‘ But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac’d;  
‘ For

<sup>a</sup> The devil's ditch.

SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST. 1049

- ‘ For though the things themselves have suffer’d by thy theft,
- ‘ Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might’st have left,
- ‘ Those monuments who rear’d, and not have suffer’d thus
- ‘ Posterity so much, t’ abuse both thee and us.
- ‘ I, by th’ East Angles first, who from this heath arose,
- ‘ The long’st and largest ditch, to check their Mercian  
foes;
- ‘ Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed,
- ‘ Men’s low and wretched thoughts, they constantly de-  
creed,
- ‘ That by the devil’s help, I needs must rais’d be,
- ‘ Wherefore the Devil’s-ditch they basely named me ;
- ‘ When ages long before, I bare saint Edmond’s name,
- ‘ Because up to my side, (some have supposed) came
- ‘ The liberties bequeath’d to his most sacred shrine.
- ‘ Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye antient friends of mine,
- ‘ That out of earth were rais’d, by men whose minds  
were great,
- ‘ It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
- ‘ First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest strength,
- ‘ That do’st extend thy course full seven large miles in  
length ;
- ‘ And thou the Fivemile call’d, yet not less dear to me,
- ‘ With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
- ‘ Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
- ‘ When you may see my truth’s bely’d, and so neglected ;
- ‘ Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous estate,
- ‘ And let thy well-fleec’d flocks, from morn to evening late,
- ‘ (By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with their praise,
- ‘ And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
- ‘ Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
- ‘ (Though of the world contemn’d) yet gracious in thine  
eye.’

Thus said, these antient Dykes neglected in their ground,  
Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow sound,  
To gratulate her speech ; when as we met again,  
With one whose constant heart, with cruel love was slain ;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,  
Which near to Cambridge set, o'er-looks that learn'd town.  
Of Balsam's pleasant hills, that by the name was known,  
But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous  
grown,

A giant was become ; for man he cared not,  
And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got :  
Who long had born good-will to most delicious Grant,  
But doubting lest some god his greatness might supplant.  
For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her course,  
He found the muses left their old Bœotian source ;  
Resorting to her banks, and every little space,  
He saw bright Phœbus gaze upon her chrystal face,  
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red,  
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down to bed.  
Wherefore this hill with love, being foully overgone ;  
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,  
Thus woos her ; ' Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt  
be,

' I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee,  
' A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins too,  
' Nay, nymph take heed of me, when I begin to wooe :  
' And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,  
' A curld-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold :  
' And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps twa,  
' Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to play,  
' And twenty sowes of lead, to make our wedding ring ;  
' Besides, at Sturbridge Fair, I'll buy thee many a thing :  
' I'll smouch thee every morn, before the sun can rise,  
' And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring eyes.'

Thus said, he smug'd his beard, and stroked up his  
hair,

As one that for her love he thought had offered fair :  
Which to the muses, Grant did presently report,  
Wherewith they many a year shall make them wond'rous  
sport.

When Ringdale in her self, a most delicious dale,  
Who having heard too long the barbarous mountain's tale,  
Thus



SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST. 1051

Thus thinketh in herself, ' Shall I be silenc'd, when  
' Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented men,  
' Are aided by the muse; their minds at large to speak,  
' Besides my sister vales supposing me but weak,  
' Judge meanly of my state, when she no longer staid,  
' But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.

' What though betwixt two <sup>b</sup> shires, I be by fortune  
thrown,

' That neither of them both can challenge me her own;  
' Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;  
' Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:  
' For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,  
' But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.  
' Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,  
' By him that would express my shape, as to a ring:  
' For nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,  
' Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:  
' For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground.  
' About which Ceres nymphs dance many a wanton round.  
' The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,  
' Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;  
' And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chaces,  
' Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.  
' What they in largeness have, that bear themselves so  
high,  
' In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,  
' For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my grass;  
' This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth surpass.'

When more she would have said, but suddenly there  
sprung,

A confident report, that through the country rung,  
That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled Grant,  
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an upright  
plant.

In falling on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,  
To entertain her friends the muses with a lay.

Where-

<sup>b</sup> This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in Cambridgehire.

Wherefore to shew herself ere she to Cambridge came,  
 Most worthy of that town to which she gives the name,  
 Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,  
 By Shelford having slid, which straightway she doth win :  
 Than which, a purer stream, a delicateser brook,  
 Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely overlook.  
 Thus furnishing her banks ; as sweetly she doth glide  
 Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either  
 side ;

And with the muses oft, did by the way converse :  
 Wherefore it her behoves, that something she rehearse,  
 The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her ear,  
 Such things as only she, and they themselves should hear,  
 A wond'rous learned flood ; and she that had been long,  
 (Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the wrong  
 Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,  
 Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd :  
 With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well,  
 She meant to have a bout, even in despite of hell,  
 When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,  
 Thus like a Satyr she, deliberately begun.

‘ My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at you,  
 ‘ (Of what degree so'er) ye wretched worldly crew,  
 ‘ In all your brainless talk, that still direct your drifts  
 ‘ Against the muses sons, and their most sacred gifts,  
 ‘ That hate a poet's name, your vileness to advance,  
 ‘ For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.  
 ‘ Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and poor to  
 be,

‘ Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.  
 ‘ Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,  
 ‘ He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.  
 ‘ His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth dwell,  
 ‘ Above those worldly cares, that sink such sots to hell ;  
 ‘ A caitif if there be yet viler than thy self,  
 ‘ If he through baseness light upon this worldly pelf,  
 ‘ The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of night,  
 ‘ Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all your right ;  
 ‘ When

SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST. 1053

- ' When not the greatest king, should he his treasure rain,
- ' The muses sacred gifts, can possibly obtain ;
- ' No, were the monarch of the universal earth,
- ' Except that gift from heaven, be breath'd into his birth.
- ' How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
- ' Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest good ?
- ' Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods you leave,
- ' You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceive.
- ' Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of whose  
ground,
- ' Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand pound ;
- ' That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
- ' Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly groat !
- ' When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods been left,
- ' Except poor widows cries, to memorize your theft.
- ' That curse the serpent got in paradise for hire,
- ' Descend upon you all, from him your devilish fire,
- ' Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your breast,
- ' And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred beast.
- ' But leave these hateful herds, and let me now declare,
- ' I th' Heliconian fount, who rightly christ'ned are ;
- ' Not such as basely sooth the humour of the time,
- ' And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme,
- ' Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
- ' Yet never to that place were by the muses call'd.
- ' Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging pride,
- ' That fain would seem to be, what nature them deny'd ;
- ' Whose verses hobbling run, as with disjointed bones,
- ' And make a viler noise, than carts upon the stones ;
- ' And these forsooth must be, the muses only heirs,
- ' When they but bastards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
- ' Inforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
- ' Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of wit ;
- ' What poet recks the praise upon such anticks heap'd,
- ' Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept ?
- ' Though some fantastick fool promote their ragged  
rhymes,
- ' And do transcribe them o'er a hundred several times,
- ' And



- ‘ And some fond women wins, to think them wond’rous  
     rare,  
 ‘ When they lewd beggary trash, nay very glibb’rish are,  
 ‘ Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear to please)  
 ‘ That gliding flow in state, like swelling Euphrates,  
 ‘ In which things natural be, and not in falsely wrong;  
 ‘ The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and  
     strong;  
 ‘ Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,  
 ‘ But such as may content the perfect man to read.  
 ‘ What is of painters said, is of true poets rise,  
 ‘ That he which doth express things nearest to the life,  
 ‘ Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add thereto,  
 ‘ For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.  
     ‘ Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically strung)  
 ‘ Inticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;  
 ‘ Th’ morality of which, is that his knowledge drew,  
 ‘ The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rudeness knew,  
 ‘ T’ embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.  
 ‘ Had he compos’d his lines, like many of these days,  
 ‘ Which to be understood, do take it in disdain,  
 ‘ Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would mean.  
 ‘ If Orpheus had so play’d, not to be understood,  
 ‘ Well might those men have thought the harper had been  
     wood;  
 ‘ Who might have sit him down, the trees and rocks  
     among,  
 ‘ And been a verier block than those to whom he sung.  
     ‘ O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved town,  
 ‘ In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;  
 ‘ In woman’s perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,  
 ‘ Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.  
 ‘ Phocis bedew’d with drops, that from Parnassus fall,  
 ‘ Let Cirrha seek to her, nor be you least of all,  
 ‘ Ye fair Boeotian Thebes, and Thespia still to pay  
 ‘ My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea send this way.  
 ‘ O let the thrice-three maids, their dews upon thee rain,  
 ‘ From Aganippa’s fount, and hoof-plow’d Hippocrane.  
     ‘ Mount

SONG THE TWENTY-FIRST. 1055

- ‘ Mount Pindus, thou that art the muses sacred place
- ‘ In Theffaly ; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
- ‘ They chose for their own hill, then thou Parnassus high,
- ‘ Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company
- ‘ About Apollo sit ; and thou, O flood, with these
- ‘ Pure Helicon, belov’d of the Pierides.
- ‘ With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be brought to her,
- ‘ And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer.’

This said, the lovely Grant glides eas’ly on along,  
 To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her watry throng,  
 The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in  
 Th’ in-isled Ely’s earth, which strongly she doth win  
 From Grant’s soft-neighbouring grounds, when as the fruit-  
 ful isle,

Much wondering at herself, thought surely all this while,  
 That by her silence she had suffered too much wrong,  
 Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the island sung.

- ‘ Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the Queen,
- ‘ For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and green.
- ‘ The horse, or other beast, o’erweigh’d with his own mass,
- ‘ Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass ;
- ‘ And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat,
- ‘ The turf which bears the hay, is wond’rous needful peat :
- ‘ My full and batning earth, needs not the plowman’s pains,
- ‘ The rills which run in me, are like the branched veins
- ‘ In human bodies seen ; those ditches cut by hand,
- ‘ From the surrounding Meres, to win the measur’d land,
- ‘ To those choice waters, I most fitly may compare,
- ‘ Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.
- ‘ Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew
- ‘ Of Waterfey the Lane, or th’ other call’d the New.
- ‘ The Frithdike near’st my midst, and of another sort,
- ‘ Whoever fish’d, or fowl’d, that cannot make report
- ‘ Of fundry Meres at hand, upon my western way,
- ‘ As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whittelsey ;
- ‘ Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that bred,
- ‘ Which whilst of Europe’s isles Great Britain is the head.

‘ No

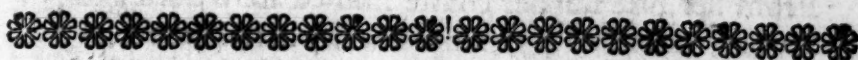
- ' No Meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one draught,  
 ' More store of either kinds hath with the net been caught;  
 ' Which though some petty isles do challenge them to be  
 ' Their own, yet must those isles likewise acknowledge me  
 ' Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey shame,  
 ' Although to Ramsey-Mere she only gives the name;  
 ' Nor Huntingdon, to me though she extend her  
     grounds,  
 ' Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.  
 ' Those Meres may well be proud, that I will take them in,  
 ' Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have been.  
 ' Besides my tow' red <sup>d</sup> Phane, and my rich city'd seat,  
 ' With villages, and dorps, to make me most compleat.  
     Thus broke she off her speech, when as the muse a  
     while,

Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,  
 Here consummates her song, and doth fresh courage take,  
 With war in the next book, the muses to awake.

' Though Ely be in part of Cam- the most part in Huntingdonshire.  
 bridgeshire, yet are these Meres for <sup>d</sup> The town and church of Ely,







# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Muse, Ouse from her fountain brings  
Along by Buckingham, and sings :  
The earth that turned wood to stone,  
And th' holy wells of Harlowston :  
Then shews wherefore the fates do grant,  
That she the civil wars should chant :  
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,  
And thence the German ocean greets.*

**I**Nvention as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions rouze,  
Exactly to set down how the far-wandering Ouse,  
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth strain,  
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,  
How bravely she her self betwixt her banks doth bear,  
Ere Ely she inisle, a goddess honoured there ;  
From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most heavenly  
sweet,  
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-street,  
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth twin,  
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly ambling in.  
The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone :  
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to stone.  
That little Asply's earth we anciently instile,  
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle :  
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,  
As she her self with flowers doth gorgeously array.

Ouse

Ouse having Ouleneý past, as she were waxed mad,  
 From her first stayder course immediately doth gad;  
 And in meandred gyres doth whirl herself about,  
 That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in, and  
 out,

And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,  
 In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,  
 Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly in her pride,  
 The shire's hospitious town, she in her course divide,  
 Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth displays  
 And varying her clear form a thousand sun-dry ways,  
 Streaks through the verdant meads; but far she hath not  
 gone,

When Ivel a clear nymph from Shefford fallying on,  
 Comes deftly dancing in through many a dainty slade,  
 Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bicklestade,  
 Encouraged the more her mistress to pursue,  
 In whose clear face the sun delights himself to view:  
 To mix her self with Ouse, as on she thus doth make,  
 And lovingly at last hath hapt to overtake;  
 She in her chrystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth cling,  
 Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,  
 Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into those nether grounds,  
 Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bedfordian  
 bounds.

Scarce is she entred yet upon this second shire,  
 Of which she sovereign is, but that two fountains clear,  
 At Harlweston near hand, th'one salt, the other sweet,  
 At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently greet.

‘Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortunately prov'd,  
 ‘The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd  
 ‘Of two such Sylvan gods, by hap that found us here;  
 ‘For then their Sylvan kind most highly honoured were,  
 ‘When this whole country's face was foresty, and we  
 ‘Liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus peopled be.  
 ‘Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we sent,  
 ‘Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did we vent  
 ‘Amongst

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1059

' Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did play,  
 ' And in our sports our joys, and sorrows did bewray.  
 ' Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then imbrac'd;  
 ' Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.  
 ' And quoth the saltish spring, as one day mine and I,  
 ' Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye  
 ' The brinish tears drop'd down, on mine impierced breast;  
 ' And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,  
 ' That brackish I became: he finding me depriv'd  
 ' Of former freshness quite, the cause from him deriv'd,  
 ' On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to requite,  
 ' That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.  
 ' And, quoth the fresher spring, the wood-god me that  
 woo'd,

' As one day by my brim, surpriz'd with love he stood;  
 ' On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I  
 ' Should cure the painful itch, and lothsome leprosy.

Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath run;  
 But that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;  
 Where she no sooner views her darling and delight,  
 Proud Portholme, but became so ravish'd with the sight,  
 That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw  
 About the islet's waste, who being imbraced so,  
 Her flowry bosom shews to the inamour'd brook;  
 On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look  
 On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many a flow'r  
 (That grace this godly mead) as though the spring did pour  
 Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so thick,  
 Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,  
 That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they show  
 Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow.  
 But now t'advance this flood, the fates had brought to pass,  
 As she of all the rest the only river was:  
 That but a little while before that fatal war,  
 ' I wixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,  
 Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,  
 By keeping back her stream, for near three furlongs space,

Z z z

Laying

• A little island made by this river, lying near Huntingdon.



Laying her bosom bare unto the publick view;  
 Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,  
 In her prophetick self, those troubles to foresee:  
 Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,  
 She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,  
 When swelling in her banks, from her abundant spring,  
 Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,  
 In language fitting war, and thus to purpose speaks.

‘ With that most fatal field, I will not here begin,  
 ‘ Where Norman William first the Conqueror, did win  
 ‘ The day at <sup>b</sup> Hastings, where the valiant Harold slain,  
 ‘ Resign’d his crown, whose soil the colour doth retain,  
 ‘ Of th’ English blood there shed, as th’ earth still kept the  
 scar :

‘ Which since not our’s begot, but an invasive war,  
 ‘ Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no description here.

‘ In Normandy nor that, that same day forty year,  
 ‘ That bastard William brought a conquest on this isle,  
 ‘ ‘Twixt Robert his eld’st son, and Henry, who the while  
 ‘ His brother’s warlike tents in Palestine were pight,  
 ‘ In England here usurp’d his eld’st-born brother’s right;  
 ‘ Which since it foreign was, not struck within this land,  
 ‘ Amongst our civil fights here number’d shall not stand.

‘ But Lincoln battle now we as our first will lay,  
 ‘ Where Maud the empress stood to try the doubtful day,  
 ‘ With Stephen, when he here had well-near three years  
 reign’d,

‘ Where both of them their right courageously maintain’d,  
 ‘ And marshalling their troops, the king his person put,  
 ‘ Into his well-arm’d main, of strong and valiant foot:  
 ‘ The wings that were his horse, in th’ one of them he plac’d  
 ‘ Young Alan that brave duke of Britain whom he grac’d  
 ‘ With th’ earls of Norfolk, and Northampton, and with  
 those,

‘ He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dispose.  
 ‘ The other no whit less, that this great day might sted;  
 ‘ The earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.

‘ The

<sup>b</sup> In Sussex, near the sea.

## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1061

- ' The empress' powers again, but in two squadrons were:
- ' The vaward Chester had, and Gloucester the rear;
- ' Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate men of our's,
- ' That when supplies should want, might reinforce their powers.
- ' The battles join, as when two adverse seas are dash'd
- ' Against each other's waves, that all the plains were wash'd
- ' With showers of sweltering blood, that down the furrows ran,
- ' Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or won.
- ' Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse those valiant knights, were seen
- ' To charge the empress' horse, as though dread Mars had been
- ' There in two sundry shapes; the day that beauteous was,
- ' Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a glass,
- ' That nimbly being stir'd, flings up the trembling flame
- ' At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
- ' With their resplendent swords, that glister'd 'gainst the sun;
- ' The honour of the day, at length the empress won.
- ' King Stephen prisoner was, and with him many a lord,
- ' The common soldiers put together to the sword.
- ' The next, the battle near St. Edmundsbury fought,
- ' By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hither brought
- ' By th' earl of Le'ster, bent to move intestine strife,
- ' For young king Henry's cause, crown'd in his father's life;
- ' Which to his kingly fire much care and sorrow bred,
- ' In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns spread,
- ' Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the earl of Norfolk then,
- ' By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
- ' 'Gainst Bohun, England's great high constable that sway'd
- ' The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid
- ' Chief justice, and with them the German powers, t' expel
- ' The earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ster, and Arundell,
- ' From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's banner bring,
- ' Their battles in array: both wisely ordering
- ' The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy ground,
- ' Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Fornham (fitly found)

Z z z 2

Henry the second,

' The

- ' The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the charge;
- ' The trumpets rend the air, the ensigns let at large,
- ' Like waving flames far off, to either host appear :
- ' The bristling pikes do shake, to threat their coming near ;
- ' All clouded in a mist they hardly could them view,
- ' So shadow'd with the shafts from either side that flew.
- ' The wings came wheeling in, at joining of whose forces,
- ' The either part were seen to tumble from their horses,
- ' Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves and  
piles,
- ' Left else by running loose, they might disfrank their files.
- ' The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel thwacks,
- ' The ground lay strew'd with male, and shreds of tatter'd  
jacks :
- ' The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to behold,
- ' Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to be sold ;
- ' Stern discontented war did never yet appear
- ' With a more threatening brow, than it that time did there.
- ' O Leicester (alas) in ill time wast thou won
- ' To aid this graceless youth, the most ingrateful son
- ' Against his natural fire, who crown'd him in his days,
- ' Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow raise,
- ' At Le'ster by this war against king Henry show'd,
- ' Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd ;
- ' Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thy self was skill'd
- ' In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had fill'd
- ' This isle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field :
- ' But Bigot and this lord, inforc'd at length to yield
- ' Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
- ' Of th'English and the Dutch, ten thousand men lay slain.
- ' As for the second fight at Lincoln, betwixt those
- ' Who sided with the French, by seeking to depose
- ' Henry the son of John, then young, and to advance
- ' The Dauphin Lewis, son to Philip king of France,
- ' Which Lincoln castle, then most straightly did besiege ;
- ' And William Marshal earl of Pembroke for his liege,
- ' (Who led the faithful lords) although so many there,
- ' Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were ;

' Yet



## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND, 1063

' Yet but for a surprize, no field appointed fight,  
 ' 'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim a right.  
 ' The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry fought,  
 ' Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict brought ;  
 ' With Richard then the king of Almain, and his son  
 ' Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he won,  
 ' With him their sovereign liege, their lives that durst en-  
 gage.

' And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,  
 ' By Simon Mountford earl of Le'ster their chief head,  
 ' And th'earl of Glo'ster, Clare, against king Henry led;  
 ' For th'ancient freedoms here that bound their lives to stand,  
 ' The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,  
 ' Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs were meant;  
 ' From Edward the young prince, defiance were sent  
 ' To Mountford's valiant sons, lord Henry, Sim, and Guy,  
 ' And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly  
 ' To th'earl of Le'ster's tents, and publickly proclaim  
 ' Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's name,  
 ' And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from me;  
 ' That if they be the same, that they would seem to be,  
 ' Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls known,  
 ' Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be shown :  
 ' Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their pride,  
 ' There will we vent our spleens, where swords shall it de-  
 cide.

' To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave man of hope,  
 ' He shall the Mountfords find in th'head of all their troop,  
 ' To answer his proud braves ; our billbows be as good  
 ' As his, our arms as strong ; and he shall find our blood  
 ' Sold at as dear a rate as his ; and if we fall,  
 ' Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go withal.  
 ' The king into three fights his forces doth divide,  
 ' Of which his princely <sup>e</sup> son the vaward had to guide :  
 ' The second to the king of Almain, and his son,  
 ' Young Henry he betook, in the third legion

Z z z 3

' Of

<sup>e</sup> Prince Edward, after called Edward the first.

' Of knights, and men of arms, in person he appears.  
 ' Into four several fights, the desperate barons theirs.  
 ' P'rh' first those valiant youths, the sons of Le'ster came,  
 ' Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the name:  
 ' The earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle on,  
 ' And with him the lords Mountchency, and Fitz-John:  
 ' The third wherein alone the Londoners were plac'd,  
 ' The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and the last,  
 ' Brave Leicester himself, with courage undertook.  
 ' The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,  
 ' To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter gave,  
 ' As though it with the roar, the thunder would out-brave,  
 ' Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:  
 ' The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches were seen,  
 ' To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death they go;  
 ' The crouds like to a sea seem'd waving to and fro.  
 ' Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:  
 ' He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded, doth  
     retire.  
 ' The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all the day,  
 ' Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he, or they,  
 ' To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he throws,  
 ' They waft him with their swords, as long with equal shows:  
 ' Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest Guy,  
 ' Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth reply,  
 " What tho' I be but young, let death me overwhelm,  
 " But I will break my sword upon his plumed helm."  
 ' The younger Bohun there, to high atchievements bent,  
 ' With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings went,  
 ' Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded were,  
 ' Whom living from the field, the barons strove to bear,  
 ' Being on their party fix'd; whilst still prince Edward spurs,  
 ' To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,  
 ' T'whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their force,  
 ' Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern horse,  
 ' He putting them to flight, four miles in chase them slew:  
 ' But ere he could return, the conquest wholly drew

' To

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1065

' To the stout Barons side : his father fled the field,  
 ' Into the abbey there, constrained thence to yield.  
 ' The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton that was then  
 ' Chief Justice (as some say) with them five thousand men ;  
 ' And Bohun that great earl of Her'ford overthrown,  
 ' With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Pereie known.  
 ' By their coat-armours they, for barons, prisoners ta'en ;  
 ' Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster yet did  
 reign.

' Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that chanc'd  
 ' 'Gainst Robert that proud earl of Derby, who advanc'd  
 ' His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his oath)  
 ' Upon the barons part, with the lord Deuell, both  
 ' Surpriz'd by Henry prince of Almain with his power,  
 ' By coming at so strange an unexpected hour :  
 ' And taking them unarm'd ; since meerly a defeat,  
 ' With our well-ordered fights, we will not here repeat.

' The fatal battle then at fertile Eusham struck,  
 ' Though with the self-same hands, not with the self-same  
 luck ;  
 ' For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners taken,  
 ' By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken ;  
 ' But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and doth gather  
 ' His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his father ;  
 ' And th' earl of Glo'ster won, who through the Mount-  
 fords' pride

' Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial side.  
 ' When now those lords, which late at Lewes won the day,  
 ' The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to lay,  
 ' Until the king should yield th'old charter to maintain.  
 ' King Henry and his son prince Edward swore again,  
 ' They would repeal those laws that were at Oxford made,  
 ' Or through this bloody war to their destruction wade.  
 ' But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's power,  
 ' The remnant of his friends, whom death did not devour  
 ' At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake.  
 ' The prince excites again, an army up to make,



' Whom Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, doth assist,  
 ' England's high marshal then, and that great martialist,  
 ' Old Henry Bohun, earl of Her'ford, in this war,  
 ' Gray, Basset, and Saint-John, Lisle, Percie, Latimer,  
 ' All barons, which to him their utmost strengths do lay,  
 ' With many a knight for power their equal every way;  
 ' And William Valence, earl of Pembroke, who had fled  
 ' From Lewes' field, to France, then with fresh succour sped.  
 ' Young Humphry Bohun still, doth with great Le'ter go,  
 ' Who for his country's cause becomes his father's foe.  
 ' Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrave, Vef-  
   sey, Gifford,  
 ' Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Hastings,  
   Clifford.

' In that black night before this sad and dismal day,  
 ' Were apparitions strange, as dread heaven would bewray  
 ' The horrors to ensue, O most amazing sight!  
 ' Two armies in the air, discerned were to fight,  
 ' Which came so near to earth, that in the morn they found  
 ' The prints of horses feet remaining on the ground,  
 ' Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,  
 ' 'Till th'angry armies join'd, to act the bloody scene.  
 ' Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the air do fill,  
 ' And not a word was heard from either side, but kill:  
 ' The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst the brother,  
 ' With gleaves, swords, bills, and pikes, were murd'ring  
   one another.  
 ' The full luxurious earth, seems surfeited with blood,  
 ' Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew stood;  
 ' Whilst with their charged staves, the desperate horsemen  
   meet,  
 ' They hear their kinsmen groan under their horses feet.  
 ' Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth abound;  
 ' The drums bedash'd with brains, do give a dismal sound.  
 ' Great Le'ter there expir'd, with Henry his brave son,  
 ' When many a high exploit they in that day had done.

Scarce

SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1067

' Scarce was there noble house, of which those times could  
 tell,  
 ' But that some one thereof, on this, or that side fell;  
 ' Amongst the slaughter'd men, that there lay heap'd on piles:  
 ' Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Bafets, and Mandeviles:  
 ' Segraves, and Saint-Johns seek, upon the end of all,  
 ' To give those of their names their christian burial.  
 ' Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain that day:  
 ' Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm away.  
 ' All Edward Longshank's time, her civil wars did cease,  
 ' Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to increase.  
 ' But in th' ensuing reign of his most riotous son,  
 ' As in his father's days, a second war begun;  
 ' When as the stubborn heirs of the stout barons dead,  
 ' Who for their country's cause, their blood at Eufham shed,  
 ' Not able to endure the Spencers hateful pride,  
 ' The father and the son, whose counsels then did guide  
 ' Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all his graces,  
 ' On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all places,  
 ' Them raising to debase the baronage the more  
 ' For Gaveston, whom they had put to death before.  
 ' Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they brake,  
 ' And for a speedy war they up their powers do make.  
 ' Upon king Edward's part, for this great action bent,  
 ' His brother Edmund came, the valiant earl of Kent,  
 ' With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who engage,  
 ' Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the baronage.  
 ' And on the barons side, great master of the war,  
 ' Was Thomas (of the blood) the earl of Lancaster,  
 ' With Henry Bohun, earl of Hereford, his peer,  
 ' With whom (of great command and martialists) there were  
 ' Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne, Bernvile,  
 ' Knovile,  
 ' With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-william, Leyburne,  
 ' Lovell,  
 ' Tuchet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,  
 ' Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford that com-  
 mand

‡ Their

' Their tenants to take arms, that with their landlords run ;  
 ' With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willington ;  
 ' Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge, Wither,  
 ' Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all together,  
 ' At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,  
 ' Tow' rds them with all his power the king in person sped ;  
 ' Who at his near approach (upon his march) descry'd,  
 ' That they against his power the bridge had fortify'd :  
 ' Which he by strong assault, assays from them to win,  
 ' Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,  
 ' When he to beat them off, assays them first by shot ;  
 ' And they to make that good, which they before had got,  
 ' Defend them with the like, like hailstones from the sky,  
 ' From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd arrows fly :  
 ' But friended with the flood, the barons hold their strength,  
 ' Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood at length,  
 ' T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.  
 ' The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,  
 ' Withstand them in the stream, when as the troubled flood,  
 ' (Within a little time) was turned all to blood ;  
 ' And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies fell'd,  
 ' The poor affrighted fish, their war'ry walks expell'd.  
 ' While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth abide,  
 ' The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful guide,  
 ' He by a ford not far might pass his power of horse,  
 ' Which quickly he performs, which drave the barons force  
 ' From the defended bridge, t' affront th' approaching foe,  
 ' Imbattelling themselves, when to the shock they go,  
 ' (On both sides so assail'd) till th' water, and the shore  
 ' Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal gore.  
 ' Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from their  
     ground,  
 ' That when by their much loss, too weak themselves they  
     found,  
 ' Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.  
 ' The king his good success, not suff'ring so to sleep,  
     Pursues



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1069

' Pursues them with his power, which northward still do  
 bear;  
 ' And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge their rear:  
 ' 'Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too soon  
 were staid  
 ' By Andrew Herckley, earl of Carlisle, with fresh aid;  
 ' Being lately thither come, King Edward's part to take.  
 ' The barons range their fights, still good their ground to  
 make;  
 ' But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath they  
 draw,  
 ' After the desp'rat'ft fight the sun yet ever saw,  
 ' Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster forsaken  
 ' Of Fortune, is surpriz'd; the barons prisoners taken  
 ' For these rebellions, stirs, commotions, uproars, here  
 ' In Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long so usual were;  
 ' As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their rout  
 ' Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and stout,  
 ' By ent'ring London, thought the island to subdue:  
 ' The first of which the mayor of London bravely slew;  
 ' Walworth, which won his name much honour by the deed:  
 ' As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that succeed,  
 ' By ' Litster led about, their captain who enstil'd  
 ' Himself the commons' king, in hope to have exil'd  
 ' The gentry from those parts, by those that were his own;  
 ' By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich overthrown  
 ' By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd  
 ' By Thomas that stout duke of Glo'ster strongly ceas'd,  
 ' As that at Radcot bridge, where the last named peer,  
 ' With four brave earls his friends, encounter'd Robert  
 Vere  
 ' Then duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so created,  
 ' And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they most  
 deadly hated;  
 ' Since they but garboyles were, in a deformed mass,  
 ' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.

' Richard 2d, born at Bourdeaux. | ' Warwick, Derby, Arundel  
 ' John Litster, a dyer of Norwich. | and Nottingham.

' I chuse the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,  
 ' Betwixt Henry the fourth, the son of John of Gaunt,  
 ' And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his Eame  
 ' The earl of Wor'ster, who the rightful diadem  
 ' Had from king Richard reft, and heav'd up to his seat  
 ' This Henry, whom (too soon) they found to be too great,  
 ' Him seeking to depose, and 'to the rule prefer  
 ' Richard's proclaimed heir, their cousin Mortimer,  
 ' Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a prisoner staid,  
 ' Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot they laid,  
 ' That Glendour should have Wales, along as Severn went,  
 ' The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the Trent;  
 ' And Mortimer from thence the south to be his share;  
 ' Which Henry having heard, doth for the war prepare,  
 ' And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering powers  
 ' they were)  
 ' At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them there:  
 ' With him his peerless son, the princely Henry came,  
 ' With th' earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of name,  
 ' Blunt, Shyreley, Clifton, men that very powerful were,  
 ' With Cockayne, Calverly, Maffy, and Mortimer,  
 ' Gausell, and Wendesley, all in friends and tenants strong,  
 ' Resorting to the king still as he past along;  
 ' Which in the open field before the ranged fights,  
 ' He with his warlike son, there dub'd his maiden knights.  
 ' Th' earl Douglas for this day doth with the Percies stand,  
 ' To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northumberland  
 ' Some feignories and holds, if they the battle got,  
 ' Who brought with him to field full many an angry Scot,  
 ' At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,  
 ' Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain their own;  
 ' With almost all the power of Cheshire got together,  
 ' By Venables, (there great) and Vernon muster'd thither.  
 ' The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to guide.  
 ' The vaward of the lords upon the other side,  
 ' Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made such spoil,  
 ' As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,

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## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1071

‘ And almost broke their ranks, which when king Henry  
found,

‘ Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,

‘ The Percies bring up their’s, again to make it good.

‘ Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,

‘ Brave <sup>b</sup> Douglass with his spurs, his furious courser strake,

‘ His lance set in his rest, when desperately he brake

‘ In, where his eye beheld th’ imperial ensign pight,

‘ Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to light,

‘ Which in his full carreer he from his courser threw ;

‘ The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other slew,

‘ All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted ;

‘ But after when he saw the king himself remounted :

“ This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day hath  
slain,”

‘ And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again,

‘ Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim’d.

‘ When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds inflam’d,

‘ Dóth second him again, and through such dangers press;

‘ That Douglass’ valiant deeds he made to seem the less,

‘ As still the people cried, A Percy Espirance.

‘ The king which saw then time, or never to advance

‘ His battle in the field, which near from him was won,

‘ Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous son,

‘ Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chase,

‘ It chanc’d he with a shaft was wounded in the face ;

‘ Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would bear  
away,

‘ He strongly it refus’d, and thus was heard to say :

“ Time never shall report, prince Henry left the field,

“ When Harry Percy staid, his trait’rous sword to wield.”

‘ Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their bloods,

‘ And the main battles join, as do two adverse floods

‘ Met in some narrow arm, should’ring as they would shove

‘ Each other from their path, or would their banks remove.

‘ The

<sup>a</sup> The high courage of Douglass | Douglass, which after grew to a  
won him that addition of Doughty | proverb.



- ' The king his trait'rous foes, before him down doth hew,  
 ' And with his hands that day, near forty persons flew:  
 ' When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side,  
 ' His power surrounding all, like to a furious tide;  
 ' That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth lies,  
 ' Stout Worcester taken was, and doughty Douglass flies.  
 ' Five thousand from both parts left dead upon the ground,  
 ' 'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Stafford's  
     corse was found;  
 ' And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,  
 ' The evening's sun beheld there swelter'd in their gore.  
     ' Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should bring,  
 ' Of which earl Percie had the greatest managing,  
 ' With the lord Bardolfe there, against the county's power,  
 ' Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost hour:  
 ' In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having been abroad  
 ' To raise them present powers, intending for a road  
 ' On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;  
 ' His son and brother's blood augmenting it the more,  
 ' Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did remain,  
 ' By his too much default, whom he imputed slain  
 ' At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought  
 ' Supplies, (that bloody field, when they so bravely fought)  
 ' They surely it had won; for which to make amends,  
 ' Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign friends,  
 ' By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand  
 ' Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland  
 ' His earldom, which the king, (who much his truth did  
     doubt,  
 ' Had taken to himself, and put his people out)  
 ' Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon repaid his  
     own)  
 ' At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully overthrown:  
 ' Which though it were indeed, a long and mortal fight,  
 ' Where many men were maim'd, and many slain outright:  
 ' Where that courageous earl, all hopes there seeing past,  
 ' Amongst his murther'd troops (even) fought it to the last:

Yet

## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1073

' Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,  
 ' Which with Ralph Roksbey rose, the sh'rif of Yorkshire then,  
 ' No well proportion'd fight, we of description quit,  
 ' Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here admit  
 ' That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious crew,  
 ' In Kent and Suffex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that flew  
 ' The Staffords with their power, that thither him pursu'd,  
 ' Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the commons  
     rude,

' Incamp'd against the king: then goodly London took,  
 ' There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons broke,  
 ' His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,  
 ' Beheaded the lord Say, then England's treasurer,  
 ' And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,  
 ' The muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.

' But brings that battle on of that long dreadful war,  
 ' Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lancaster,  
 ' In fair faint Albans fought, most fatally betwixt  
 ' Richard then duke of York, and Henry call'd the sixth;  
 ' For that ill gotten crown, which him his <sup>1</sup>grandfire left,  
 ' That likewise with his life, he from king Richard rest,  
 ' When underhand the duke doth but promote his claim,  
 ' Who from the elder son, the duke of Clarence came,  
 ' For which he rais'd arms, yet seem'd but to abet  
 ' The people, to pluck down the earl of Somerser,  
 ' By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had lost,  
 ' And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.

' With Richard duke of York, (into his faction won)  
 ' Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and the son;  
 ' The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd so far.  
 ' So likewise with the king in this great action are,  
 ' The dukes of Somerser, and Buckingham, with these  
 ' Were thrice so many earls, their stout accomplices,  
 ' As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with them stand,  
 ' With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce Northumber-  
     land,

' Henry the fourth.

' With

1074. POLYOLBION:

- ‘ With Sidley, Berns, and Ross, three barons with the rest,
- ‘ When Richard duke of York, then marching from the west ;
- ‘ Towards whom, whilst with his power king Henry forward set,
- ‘ Unluckily as’t hapt, they at saint Albans met ;
- ‘ Where taking up the street, the buildings them enclose,
- ‘ Where front doth answer front, and strength doth strength oppose ;
- ‘ Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to other stand,
- ‘ And as one sinketh down under his enemy’s hand,
- ‘ Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
- ‘ Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bodies lie :
- ‘ The stalls are overthrown with the unwieldy thrust,
- ‘ The windows with the shot, are shiver’d all to dust.
- ‘ The winter’s sleet or hail was never seen so thick,
- ‘ As on the houses sides the bearded arrows stick,
- ‘ Where Warwick’s courage first most comet-like appear’d,
- ‘ Who with words full of spirit, his fighting soldiers cheer’d ;
- ‘ And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
- ‘ He with fresh forces fill’d the places up again.
- ‘ The valiant \* Marchmen thus the battle still maintain,
- ‘ That when king Henry found on heaps his soldiers slain,
- ‘ His great commanders calls, who when they sadly saw,
- ‘ The honour of the day would to the Yorkists draw,
- ‘ Their persons they put in, as for the last to stand ;
- ‘ The duke of Somerset, Henry Northumberland,
- ‘ Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that name,
- ‘ The earl of Stafford, son to th’ duke of Buckingham,
- ‘ And John lord Clifford then, which shed their noble gore
- ‘ Under the castle’s sign, (of which not long before,
- ‘ A prophet bad the duke of Somerset beware)
- ‘ With many a valiant knight, in death that had his share
- ‘ So much great English blood, for others’ lawless guilt,
- ‘ Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
- ‘ Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all forsaken,
- ‘ Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.

\* Men brought out of the marches of Wales.



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1075

' The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next supply,  
 ' 'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great earl of Salisbury,  
 ' Who with the duke of York, had at saint Albans late,  
 ' That glorious battle got with uncontroled fate :  
 ' And James lord Audley stir'd by that revengeful queen,  
 ' To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen  
 ' She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists held,  
 ' Who coming from the north, (by sundry wrongs com-  
     pel'd  
 ' To parley with the king) the queen that time who lay  
 ' In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on his way,  
 ' That valiant Tucket stir'd, in Cheshire powerful then,  
 ' T'affront him in the field, where Cheshire gentlemen  
 ' Divided were, th'one part made valiant Tucket strong,  
 ' The other with the earl rose as he came along,  
 ' Incamping both their powers, divided by a brook,  
 ' Whereby the prudent earl, this strong advantage took :  
 ' For putting in the field his army in array,  
 ' Then making as (with speed) he meant to march away,  
 ' He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.  
 ' The enemy who thought that he had done his worst,  
 ' And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,  
 ' Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon) about,  
 ' Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed over ;  
 ' Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover  
 ' The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.  
 ' The earl who found the plot take right that he had laid,  
 ' On those that forward prest, as those that did recoil,  
 ' As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous spoil :  
 ' There Dutton Dutton kills ; a Done doth kill a Done ;  
 ' A Booth, a Booth ; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown ;  
 ' A Venables, against a Venables doth stand ;  
 ' A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to hand ;  
 ' There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,  
 ' And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.  
 ' O Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native gore  
 ' So much until this day thou never shed'st before !

A a a a

' Above

' Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,  
 ' Of which the greatest part were naturally thine own.  
 ' The stout lord Audley slain, with many a captain there;  
 ' To Salisbury it ferts the palm away to bear.

'Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place shall  
take,

'Which of th'imperial war, the third fought field doth  
make,

'Twixt Henry call'd our sixth, upon whose party came

‘His near and dear allies, the dukes of Buckingham,

‘ And Somerset, the earl of Shrewsbury of account,

‘Stout viscount Beaumont, and the young lord Egremount,

'Gainst Edward earl of March, son to the duke of York,

With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at work,

‘ And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike the other ;

'A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother,

Who to the Yorkists claim, had evermore been true.

‘ And valiant Bourcher, earl of Essex, and of Eau.

‘ The king from out the town, who drew his foot and  
horse,

‘As willingly to give full field-room to his force,

' Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down doth run

'From his first fountain's head, is near to Harfington,

‘ Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,

' Doth there encamp his power : the earl of March who  
fought

‘To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain the day,

'From Towcester train'd on his powers in good array.

'The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt could fear;)

'The middle March himself, and Falconbridge the rear.

'Now July enter'd was, and ere the restless fun

‘Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight begun

'By Warwick, who a straight from viscount Beaumont took,

‘Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke

'In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious charge,

'He forc'd upon the field, it self more to enlarge.

'Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes walk,

‘Death up and down the field in gasty fort doth stalk.

• March

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1077

' March in the flower of youth, like Mars himself doth bear ;  
 ' But Warwick as the man, whom fortune seem'd to fear,  
 ' Did for him what he would, that wherefoe'er he goes,  
 ' Down like a furious storm, before him all he throws :  
 ' So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,  
 ' (That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth maintain  
 ' The party of the king, so princely Somerset,  
 ' Whom th'other's knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,  
 ' Bears up with them again : by Somerset oppos'd  
 ' At last king Henry's host being on three parts enclos'd,  
 ' And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists side,  
 ' The summer being then at height of all her pride,  
 ' The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was :  
 ' But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-shorn grass,  
 ' Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bodies there,  
 ' When nothing could be seen, but horror every where :  
 ' So that upon the banks, and in the stream of <sup>1</sup> Nen,  
 ' Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native Englishmen  
 ' Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham is slain,  
 ' And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did much com-  
     plain,  
 ' Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead upon the  
     field,  
 ' The miserable king, inforc'd again to yield.  
     ' Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bedroul bring,  
 ' Fought by prince Edward, son to that oft-conquer'd king,  
 ' And Richard duke of York, still struggling for the crown,  
 ' Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose renown  
 ' The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having with them  
     then  
 ' Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentlemen :  
 ' A handful to those powers, with which prince Edward  
     came ;  
 ' Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest name,  
 ' Were those two great-born dukes, which still his right  
     prefer  
 ' His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,

A a a a 2

' The

! The river running by Northampton.



- ' The earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck close;  
 ' With those two valiant peers, lord Clifford, and lord  
   Rofs,  
 ' Who made their march from York to Wakefield, on  
   their way  
 ' To meet the duke, who then at Sandal castle lay,  
 ' Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they dar'd,  
 ' Whose long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,  
 ' That March his valiant son, should to his succours bring.  
 ' Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy mustering  
 ' His tenants and such friends, as he that time could get,  
 ' Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set  
 ' 'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could the duke  
   be stay'd,  
 ' Till he might from the south be seconded with aid;  
 ' As in his martial pride, disdainng his poor foes,  
 ' So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.  
   ' The prince, which still provok'd th'incens'd duke to  
   fight,  
 ' His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty fight,  
 ' In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all their pride:  
 ' And as York's powers should pass, he had on either side  
 ' Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place assign'd  
 ' His rearward should inclose, which as a thing divin'd,  
 ' Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army comes  
 ' From the descending banks, and that his rattling drums  
 ' Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with his force,  
 ' Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Rofs with his light  
   horse,  
 ' Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain thrown,  
 ' In number to the duke's, by being four to one.  
 ' Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance have caught  
 ' A beast out of the herd, which long time they have fought;  
 ' Upon him all at once courageously do set,  
 ' Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do get:  
 ' Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their hold,  
 ' Till falling on the ground, they have him as they would,  
   ' With

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1079

' With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to wend,  
 ' What with their horns and hoofs, could then themselves  
     ' defend.  
 ' Thus on their foes they fell, and down the Yorkists fall;  
 ' Red slaughter in her arms encompaffeth them all.  
 ' The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,  
 ' In which blind fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.  
     ' Here Richard duke of York, down beaten, breath'd  
     ' his last,  
 ' And Salisbury so long with conquest still that past,  
 ' Inforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son  
 ' To the deceased duke, as he away would run,  
 ' (A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford there surpriz'd,  
 ' Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to have suffic'd,  
 ' By him was answer'd thus, thy father hath slain mine,  
 ' And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of thine,  
 ' And stab'd him to the heart: thus the Lancastrians reign,  
 ' The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.  
     ' The battle at that cross, which to this day doth bear  
 ' The great and ancient name of th'English Mortimer,  
 ' The next shall here have place, betwixt that Edward fought,  
 ' Entitled earl of March, (revengefully that fought  
 ' To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately shed,  
 ' But then he duke of York, his father being dead)  
 ' And Jasper Tudor earl of Pembroke, in this war,  
 ' That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,  
 ' Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his crown,  
 ' With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely beaten  
     ' down  
 ' The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful war  
 ' At Wakefield, whose great'st power of Welsh and Irish are.  
 ' The duke's were Marchers most, which still stuck to him  
     close,  
 ' And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed cross;  
 ' As either general there for his advantage found,  
 ' (For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)  
 ' They into one main fight their either forces make,  
 ' When to the duke of York (his spirits as to awake)

' Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that shone,  
 ' Which in a little space were joined all in one,  
 ' Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,  
 ' Who with the weaker power, (of which he seem'd to doubt)  
 ' The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to chase,  
 ' Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the place,  
 ' The very name of March should greatly favour there,  
 ' A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer :  
 ' To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had the soil.  
 ' The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian spoil,  
 ' Are masters of the day ; four thousand being slain,  
 ' The most of which were those, there standing to maintain  
 ' The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot  
 ' Was to be taken then ; who this young earl begot  
 ' On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth king Henry's bride,  
 ' Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.  
 ' But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond fled,  
 ' At Hereford was made the shorter by the head ;  
 ' When this most warlike duke, in honour of that sign,  
 ' Which of his good success so rightly did divine,  
 ' And thankful to high heaven, which of his cause had care,  
 ' Three suns for his devise still in his ensign bare.  
 ' Thy second battle now, St. Albans, I record,  
 ' Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ransom back  
     her lord,  
 ' Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those factions  
     fought,  
 ' Whom now the part of York had thither with them  
     brought,  
 ' Whose force consisted most of southern men, being led  
 ' By Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, and the head  
 ' Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still that sway'd,  
 ' In every bloody field (the Yorkists only aid)  
 ' When either's power approach'd, and they themselves  
     had fix'd,  
 ' Upon the south and north, the town them both betwixt,  
 ' Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had forecast,  
 ' Putting their vaward on, and their best archers plac'd  
     ' The



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1081

- ' The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,
- ' That when the foe came up, they with such terror play'd
- ' Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
- ' The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,
- ' Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
- ' Which when great Warwick heard, he sent his vaward forth,
- ' T'oppose them in what place soe'er they made their stand,
- ' Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at hand,
- ' Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
- ' Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.
- ' But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four thousand were,
- ' To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stoutly there,
- ' Tho' still with fresh supplies from her main battle fed ;
- ' When they their courage saw so little them to stead,
- ' Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
- ' By passages too straight, and close ambushments staid :
- ' Their succours that forflow'd, to flight themselves betake,
- ' When after them again, such speed the northern make,
- ' Being follow'd with the force of their main battle strong,
- ' That this disorder'd rout, these breathless men among,
- ' They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such horror struck
- ' The southern, that each man began about to look
- ' A way how to escape, that when great Norfolk cry'd,
- ' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.
- ' And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have stood
- ' Yet neither of them both, should they have spent their blood,
- ' Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe :
- ' Where fortune it should seem, to Warwick meant to show,
- ' That she this tide of his could turn when e'er she would.
- ' Thus when they saw the day was for so little sold ;
- ' The king, which (for their ends) they to the field had brought,
- ' Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of nought,

Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen and son

There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being done,  
With many a joyful tear, each other they embrace;  
And whilst blind fortune look'd with so well pleas'd a face:  
Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists so embru'd  
Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.

Now followeth that black scene, born up so wondrous high,

That but a poor dumb shew before a tragedy,  
The former battles fought have seem'd to this to be;  
O Towton, let the blood palm-sunday spent on thee,  
Affright the future times, when they the muse shall hear,  
Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there  
Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,  
Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,  
To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought  
In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes fought)  
'Twixt Edward duke of York, then late proclaimed king,  
Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,  
The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the stream)  
Great Warwick, and with him his most courageous Eame,  
Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like the other,  
Of Salisbury furnam'd, that Warwick's bastard brother.  
Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists power assists,  
Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved martialists,  
And Henry the late king, to whom they still durst stand,  
His true as powerful friend, the great Northumberland,  
With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did prefer  
His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,  
Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that were,  
And little less than those, the earl of Devonshire,  
Th' lord Dacres, and lord Wells, both wise and warlike wights,  
With him of great command, Nevil and Trolop, knights.  
Both armies then on foot, and on their way set forth,  
King Edward from the south, king Henry from the north.

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## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1683

' The latter crowned king doth preparation make,  
 ' From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to take  
 ' O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service sends  
 ' A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,  
 ' To make that passage good, when instantly began  
 ' The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that fore-ran.  
 ' For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,  
 ' That coming to the bridge (ere they could strengthen it)  
 ' From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop of horse,  
 ' And early in the morn defeating of their force,  
 ' The lord Fitzwalter slew, and that brave bastard son  
 ' Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run:  
 ' For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;  
 ' But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to fall  
 ' 'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rushing out  
 ' By Clifford's soldiers soon compassed about,  
 ' Were miserably slain : which when great Warwick hears,  
 ' As he had felt his heart transperfed through his ears,  
 ' To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,  
 ' And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner shows  
 ' The slaughter of those lords; This day alone, quoth he,  
 ' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.  
 ' When soon before the host, his glittering sword he drew,  
 ' And with relentless hands his sprightly courser flew.  
 ' Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not to fly;  
 ' This day shall Edward win, or here shall Warwick die.  
 ' Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply seem'd to  
     sting  
 ' The much distemper'd breast of that courageous king,  
 ' That straight he made proclaim'd, that every fainting  
     heart,  
 ' From his resolved host had licence to depart:  
 ' And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,  
 ' Rewards and titles due to their deserved right:  
 ' And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should take;  
 ' For this the upshot was, that all must mar or make.  
 ' A hundred thousand men in both the armies stood,  
 ' That native English were; O worthy of your blood

What



' What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly at large,  
 ' And trumpets every way found to the dreadful charge.  
 ' Upon the Yorkists part, there flew the ireful bear :  
 ' On the Lancastrian side, the cressant waving there.  
 ' The southern on this side, for York a Warwick cry,  
 ' A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.  
 ' The two main battles join, the four large wings do meet ;  
 ' What with the shouts of men, and noise of horses feet,  
 ' Hell through the troubled earth, her horror seem'd to  
     breath ;  
 ' A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath :  
 ' As when the evening is with darkness overspread,  
 ' Her star-befreckled face with clouds invelliped,  
 ' You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fly,  
 ' Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,  
 ' Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,  
 ' That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either side  
 ' So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and fallows  
     rais'd,  
 ' And breath of horse and men, that both together ceas'd  
 ' The air on every part, sent by the glimmering sun,  
 ' The splendor of their arms doth by reflection run :  
 ' Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,  
 ' Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted them that fled.  
 ' Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far extends,  
 ' That fullen night begins, before their fury ends.  
 ' Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with murdering  
     hands,  
 ' Expecting the next morn, the weak'st unconquer'd stands ;  
 ' Which was no sooner come, but both begin again  
 ' To wreck their friends dear blood the former evening slain.  
 ' New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,  
 ' Till the Lancastrian part, by their much less'ning found  
 ' Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,  
 ' When lastly to the foe their recreant backs they turn.  
 ' Thy channel then, O' Cock, was fill'd up with the dead  
 ' Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists fled,

‘ That

’ A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe.

SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1085

' That those of Edward's part, that had the rear in chase,  
 ' As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies pass.  
 ' That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contribut'st thy  
   store,  
 ' Had her more christal face discolour'd with the gore  
 ' Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,  
 ' Northumberland the great, and Westmoreland there laid  
 ' Their bodies : valiant Wells, and Dacres there do leave  
 ' Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them deceive.)  
 ' Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,  
 ' The earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to yield.  
 ' King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mischance  
 ' To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into France,  
 ' The duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,  
 ' The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.  
 ' Muse turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam struck,  
 ' Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosp'rous luck  
 ' Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd  
 ' Most safety, yet their powers least damage there sustain'd,  
 ' Twixt John lord Mountacute, that Nevil, who to stand  
 ' For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumberland  
 ' A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,  
 ' Which were again supply'd with a most puissant force,  
 ' Sent thither from the south, and by king Edward brought  
 ' In person down to York, to aid if that in ought  
 ' His general should have need, for that he durst not trust  
 ' The northern, which so oft to him had been unjust :  
 ' Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth hold,  
 ' To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrians would.  
 ' And Henry with his queen, who to their powers had got,  
 ' The lively daring French, and the light hardy Scot,  
 ' To enter with them here, and to their part do get,  
 ' Their faithful lov'd ally, the duke of Somerset,  
 ' And Sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in those parts,  
 ' Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their hearts  
 ' Still with king Henry staid, to him and ever true,  
 ' To whom by this revolt, they many northern drew :

' Sir

' Sir William Taylboys, (call'd of most) the earl of Kime;  
 ' With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of that time  
 ' Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall, Gray,  
 ' Hussy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty sway.  
 ' As forward with his force, brave Mountacute was set,  
 ' It hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met  
 ' With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Sir Ralph Percie, where  
 ' In sign of good success (as certainly it were)  
 ' They and their utmost force were quickly put to flight;  
 ' Yet Percie as he was a most courageous knight,  
 ' Ne'er budg'd till his last breath, but in the field was slain.  
 ' Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth again,  
 ' Towards Livells, a large waste, which other plains out-  
     braves,  
 ' Whose verge fresh <sup>m</sup> Dowell still is wat'ring with her waves,  
 ' Whereas his posting scouts, King Henry's power descry'd,  
 ' Tow'rs whom with speedy march, this valiant general  
     hy'd,  
 ' Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous event,  
 ' That luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his tent,  
 ' His captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd  
 ' Their squadrons on the field, but this great Nevil charg'd:  
 ' Long was this doubtful fight on either side maintain'd,  
 ' That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst that gain'd:  
 ' The ground which this part got, and there as conquerors  
     stood,  
 ' The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,  
 ' To either as blind chance her favours will dispose;  
 ' So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.  
 ' At last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid fight,  
 ' At Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits affright,  
 ' With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the aid  
 ' That Mountacute receiv'd; King Henry's power dismay'd  
 ' And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,  
 ' Whom with so violent speed the Yorkists followed,  
 ' That had not Henry spur'd, and had a courser swift,  
 ' Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills to shift,  
     ' He

• A little river near Hexam.



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1087

' He sure had been surpriz'd, as they his hench-men took,  
 ' With whom they found his helm; with most disastrous  
 luck,  
 ' To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any strive,  
 ' And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive.  
 ' Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,  
 ' And show th' efficient cause, as in what wond'rous sort  
 ' Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancastrian part,  
 ' When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty heart:  
 ' Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he bestow'd,  
 ' (As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)  
 ' A marriage to intreat with Bona bright and sheen,  
 ' Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen,  
 ' Which whilst this noble earl negotiated there,  
 ' The widow lady Gray, the king espoused here.  
 ' By which the noble earl in France who was disgrac'd,  
 ' (In England his revenge doth but too quickly haste)  
 ' T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,  
 ' (With whom he powerful was) to rise, that coming in,  
 ' He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)  
 ' Which rising before York, were likely to have fir'd  
 ' The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that led  
 ' Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the head.  
 ' Yet would not they desist, but to their captains drew  
 ' Henry the valiant son of John the lord Fitz-Hugh,  
 ' With Coniers that brave knight, whose valour they prefer,  
 ' With Henry Nevil, son to the lord Latimer,  
 ' By whose allies and friends, they every day grew strong,  
 ' And so in proud array tow' rds London march along.  
 ' Which when king Edward saw the world began to side  
 ' With Warwick, till himself he might of power provide,  
 ' To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to withstand.  
 ' Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must' ring out of hand,  
 ' By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them bring,  
 ' And for their greater strength (appointed by the king)  
 ' Th' lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick named then,  
 ' Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected men  
 ' The

- ' The Marches could make out: these having Severn cross'd  
 ' And up to Cotswold come, they heard the northern host,  
 ' Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rd's Warwick wayd  
 ' When with a speedy march, the Herberts that forlay'd  
 ' Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two thousand  
     horse,  
 ' That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force  
 ' Had followed them again, their army bring about,  
 ' Both with such speed and skill, that ere the Welsh got out,  
 ' By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward lost,  
 ' Beat to their army back; thus as these legions coast,  
 ' On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this war,  
 ' Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,  
 ' Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the west  
 ' The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern them possess  
 ' Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange event)  
 ' Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in their tent,  
 ' Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)  
 ' Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,  
 ' Of whose untimely death, his friends the next day took  
 ' A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook  
 ' The army of the Welsh, and with his archers bad  
 ' Them fight that would for him; for that proud Pem-  
     broke had  
 ' Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he  
 ' His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might not be,  
 ' He backward shapes his course, and leaves the Herberts  
     there,  
 ' T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every where  
 ' The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough charge do  
     sound,  
 ' Together horse and man come tumbling to the ground:  
 ' Then limbs like boughs were lop'd, from shoulders arms  
     do fly;  
 ' They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as none could  
     die,  
 ' The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welshmen try'd it;  
 ' Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must fore abide it.

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# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1089

' The northern men St. George for Lancaster do cry :  
 ' A Pembroke for the king, the lusty Welsh reply ;  
 ' When many a gallant youth doth desperately assay,  
 ' To do something that might be worthy of the day :  
 ' Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern press,  
 ' And with his pole-ax makes his way with such success,  
 ' That breaking thro' the ranks, he their main battle past,  
 ' And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,  
 ' That from the higher ground beheld him wade the crowd,  
 ' As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,  
 ' O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or little crea,  
 ' Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working sea,  
 ' Seems now as swallow'd up, then floating light and free  
 ' O'th' top of some high wave ; then think that you it see  
 ' Quite sunk beneath that waste of waters, yet doth clear  
 ' The main, and safely gets some creek or harbour near :  
 ' So Herbert clear'd their host ; but see th' event of war,  
 ' Some spials on the hill discern'd had from far  
 ' Another army come to aid the northern side,  
 ' When they which Clapham's craft, so quickly not espy'd,  
 ' Who with five hundred men about Northampton rais'd,  
 ' All discontented spirits, with Edward's rule displeas'd,  
 ' Displaying in the field great Warwick's dreaded bear :  
 ' The Welsh who thought the earl in person had been there,  
 ' Leading a greater power (dishearten'd) turn the back  
 ' Before the northern host, that quickly go to wreck.  
 ' Five thousand valiant Welsh are in the chase o'erthrown,  
 ' Which but an hour before had thought the day their own.  
 ' Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Herberts ta'en,  
 ' At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil slain.  
 ' Now Stamford in due course, the muse doth come to tell,  
 ' Of thine own named field, what in the fight besel,  
 ' Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnshire that led  
 ' Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd London making head,  
 ' Against the Yorkists' power, great Warwick to abet,  
 ' Who with a puissant force prepared forth to set,  
 ' To join with him in arms, and jointly take their chance.  
 ' And Edward with his friends, who likewise do advance



- His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring foe ;
- Who for he durst himself in open arms to show,
- Nor at his dread command them down again would lay,
- His father the lord Wells, who he suppos'd might sway
- His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made brother,
- Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule the other,
- He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleen
- Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his teene
- Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
- Him to an equal field, that come where they might smite
- The battle ; on this plain it chanc'd their armies met :
- They rang'd their several fights, which once in order set,
- The loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to have fear'd
- The trembling air at first, soon after were not heard,
- For out-cries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth noise
- confound.
- No accents touch the ear, but such as death do sound :
- In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth guide :
- As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
- The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
- And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong,
- Which to the battle stick, and if they make retreat,
- Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat,
- And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful crown ;
- The other call a York to beat the rebels down :
- The worst that war could do, on either side she shows,
- Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of bows ;
- But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power increase :
- And Wells, who sees his troops so over-born with press,
- By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
- Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
- With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath expir'd :
- Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes desir'd,
- Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
- No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
- Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed away,
- (Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even) to this
- day.

• Since

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1091

' Since need'fly I must stick upon my former text,  
 ' The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth next,  
 ' 'Twixt Edward, who before he settled was to reign,  
 ' By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd again,  
 ' From Burgundy brought in munition, men and pay,  
 ' And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.  
 ' Whose brother ' George came in, with Warwick that  
     had stood,  
 ' Whom nature wrought at length t'adhere to his own blood:  
 ' His brother Richard duke of Glo'ster, and his friend  
 ' Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers extend;  
     ' And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal hatred bore  
 ' To Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore,  
 ' Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had raz'd  
 ' That proud king from his seat, that so had him disgrac'd:  
 ' And marquis Mountacute, his brother, that brave stem  
 ' Of Nevil's noble stock, who joined had to them  
 ' The dukes of Somerset, and Exeter, and take  
 ' The earl of Oxford in; the armies forward make,  
 ' And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,  
 ' That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.  
     ' Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's vaward bring;  
 ' And in the middle came that most courageous king,  
 ' With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then most dear;  
 ' His friend lord Hastings had the guiding of the rear,  
 ' (A man of whom the king most highly did repute.)  
     ' On puissant Warwick's part, the marquis Mountacute  
 ' His brother and his friend the earl of Oxford led  
 ' The right wing; and the left which most that day might  
     sted,  
 ' The duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide  
 ' The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)  
 ' Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could get,  
 ' Directed by his friend the duke of Somerset.  
     ' O sabbath ill bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,  
 ' In which (as some suppose) the sun doth use to play,

B b b b

' In

‡ George duke of Clarence.

- ' In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,  
 ' And rose on that third day, that sun which now doth hide  
 ' His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning seen,  
 ' So that the space of ground those angry hosts between,  
 ' Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which so cast  
 ' The armies on both sides, that they each other past,  
 ' Before they could perceive advantage where to fight;  
 ' Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their sight,  
 ' That where eight hundred men, which valiant Oxford  
     brought,  
 ' Wore comets on their coats: great Warwick's force  
     which thought  
 ' They had king Edward's been, which so with suns were  
     drest,  
 ' First made their shot at them, who by their friends distress,  
 ' Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and there.  
 ' But when this direful day at last began to clear,  
 ' King Edward then beholds that height of his first hopes,  
 ' Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting troops,  
 ' Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to defy  
 ' His mercy, to the host proclaiming publicly  
 ' His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,  
 ' And what might make him vile; so Warwick heard that  
     name  
 ' Of York, which in the field he had so oft advanc'd,  
 ' And to that glorious height, and greatness had inhauc'd,  
 ' Then cry'd against his power, by those which oft had fled,  
 ' Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led,  
 ' Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in the gore  
 ' Of those from whom they ran, like heartless men before,  
 ' Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,  
 ' Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.  
     ' Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main battle, when  
     Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men  
 ' Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a flight  
 ' Of shafts, as well-near seem'd t' eclipse the welcom'd light,  
 ' Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat again,  
 ' That great battalion next approacheth the fair plain,  
     ' Wherein



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1093

' Wherein the king himself in person was to try,  
 ' Proud Warwick's utmost strength : when Warwick by  
     and by  
 ' With his left wing came up, and charg'd so home and  
     round,  
 ' That had not his light horse by disadvantageous ground  
 ' Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Edward's host:  
 ' But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,  
 ' He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant brother,  
 ' And Oxford, in command being equal to the other,  
 ' To charge with the right wing, who bravely up do bear ;  
 ' But Hastings that before raught thither with his rear,  
 ' And with king Edward join'd, the host too strongly arm'd.  
 ' When every part with spoil, with rape, with fury charm'd,  
 ' Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to swill  
 ' Itself in human gore, and every one cries kill.  
 ' So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,  
 ' That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and London ride,  
 ' That Warwick wins the day for certain news do bring,  
 ' Those following them again, said certainly the king,  
 ' Until great Warwick found his army had the worse,  
 ' And fore began to faint, alighting from his horse,  
 ' In with the foremost puts, and wades into the throng ;  
 ' And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd troops  
     among,  
 ' He ventures ; as the sun in a tempestuous day,  
 ' With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes doth display  
 ' His chearful beams, which scarce appear to the clear eye,  
 ' But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds do fly,  
 ' Do muffle him again within them, till at length  
 ' The storm (prevailing still with an unusual strength)  
 ' His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up in night :  
 ' So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.  
 ' The cruel lions thus inclose the dreaded bear,  
 ' Whilst Mountacute, who strives (if any help there were)  
 ' To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother, fell :  
 ' The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall not tell ;

' The duke of Somerfet, and th' earl of Oxford fled,  
 ' And Exeter being left for one amongst the dead,  
 ' At length recovering life, by night escap'd away ;  
 ' York never safely fat, 'till this victorious day.

' Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick brings,  
 ' This puissant setter-up, and plucker-down of kings.  
 ' He who those battles won, which so much blood had cost,  
 ' At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune lost.

' Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story to relate,  
 ' Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most direful fate  
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, which happen'd on that day  
 ' Fourth of that fatal month, that still-remember'd May :  
 ' 'Twixt Edmund that brave duke of Somerfet who fled  
 ' From Barnet's bloody field, (again there gathering head)  
 ' And marquis Dorset bound in blood to aid him there,  
 ' With Thomas Courtney earl of powerful Devonshire :  
 ' With whom king Henry's son, young Edward there  
     was seen,

' To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunted queen  
 ' His mother, who from France with succours came on land  
 ' That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which now stand,  
 ' Their fortune yet to try upon a second fight.  
 ' And Edward who employ'd the utmost of his might,  
 ' The poor Lancastrian part (which he doth eas'ly feel,  
 ' By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)  
 ' By battle to subvert, and to extirp the line ;  
 ' And for the present act, his army doth assign  
 ' To those at Barnet field so luckily that sped ;  
 ' As Richard late did there, he here the vaward led,  
 ' The main the king himself, and Clarence took to guide ;  
 ' The rearward as before by Hastings was supply'd.

' The army of the queen, into three battles cast,  
 ' The first of which the duke of Somerfet, and (fast  
 ' To him) his brother John do happily dispose ;  
 ' The second, which the prince for his own safety chose  
 ' The barons of St. John, and Wenlock ; and the third,  
 ' To Courtney that brave earl of Devonshire refer'd.

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SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1095

' Where in a spacious field they set their armies down ;  
 ' Behind, hard at their backs, the abbey and the town,  
 ' To whom their foe must come, by often banks and steep,  
 ' Thro' quickset narrow lanes, cut out with ditches deep,  
 ' Repulsing Edward's power, constraining him to prove  
 ' By thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to remove  
 ' Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to assail ;  
 ' And with the shot came shafts, like stormy showers of hail:  
 ' The like they sent again, which beat the other fore,  
 ' Who with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to out-roar,  
 ' And still make good their ground, that whilst the pieces  
     play,  
 ' The Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do assay  
 ' In strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the cumb'rous  
     dikes ;  
 ' But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and pikes,  
 ' Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that led  
 ' The vaward, saw their strength so little them to sted,  
 ' As he a captain was, both politick and good,  
 ' The stratagems of war, that rightly understood,  
 ' Doth seem as from the field his forces to withdraw.  
 ' His sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that saw,  
 ' (A man of haughty spirit, in honour most precise;  
 ' In action yet far more adventurous than wise)  
 ' Supposing from the field for safety he had fled,  
 ' Straight giveth him the chace; when Richard turninghead,  
 ' By his encounter let the desperate duke to know,  
 ' 'Twas done to train him out, when soon began the show  
 ' Of slaughter every where; for scarce their equal forces  
 ' Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred horses,  
 ' That out of sight this while on Edward's part had staid,  
 ' To see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,  
 ' Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite their ranks,  
 ' Whilst this most warlike king had won the climbing banks,  
 ' Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in  
 ' Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth begin  
 ' A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian side,  
 ' The first and furious shock not able to abide



' The utmost of their strength, were forced to bestow,  
 ' To hold what they had got; that Somerset below,  
 ' Who from the second force had still expected aid,  
 ' But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,  
 ' Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle overthrown;  
 ' But faring as a man that frantick had been grown,  
 ' With Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his flight)  
 ' Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and despight,  
 ' That cowardly he had fail'd to succour him with men:  
 ' Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him again,  
 ' The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the reins)  
 ' With his too pond'rous ax dash'd out the baron's brains.  
 ' The party of the queen in every place are kill'd,  
 ' The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,  
 ' And many in the flight, i'th neighbouring rivers drown'd,  
 ' Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering Yorkists  
     crown'd.  
 ' Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part that stood,  
 ' For their presumption paid the forfeit of their blood,  
 ' John marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire that day  
 ' Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody fray,  
 ' Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who  
     had there,  
 ' Their several brave commands, all valiant men that were,  
 ' Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Edward's own,  
 ' And through his enemies tents he march'd into the town,  
 ' Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth could  
     bring  
 ' Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,  
 ' His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who thought  
 ' His prisoner to disclose, before the king then brought  
 ' That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud York  
     demands,  
 ' Why thus he had presum'd by help of trait'rous hands  
 ' His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd,  
 ' His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dismay'd  
 ' With confidence replies, To claim his ancient right,  
 ' Him from his grandsires left; by tyranny and might,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1097

' By him his foe usurp'd : with whose so bold reply,  
 ' Whilst Edward throughly vex'd, doth seem to thrust him by ;  
 ' His second brother George, and Richard near that stood,  
 ' With many a cruel stab let out his princely blood ;  
 ' In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,  
 ' And Somerset himself surprized in the press ;  
 ' With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners led,  
 ' There forfeited their lives : queen Margaret being fled  
 ' To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)  
 ' Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy cheer,  
 ' A prisoner was convey'd to London, woful queen,  
 ' The last of all her hopes, that buried now had seen.

' But of that outrage here, by that bold bastard son  
 ' Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd lord Falconbridge, which won  
 ' A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,  
 ' Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark having seiz'd,  
 ' Set fire upon the bridge : but when he not prevail'd,  
 ' The suburbs on the east he furiously assail'd ;  
 ' But by the city's power was lastly put to flight :  
 ' Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd fight,  
 ' Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd be.

' Then, Bosworth, here the muse now lastly bids for thee,  
 ' Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,  
 ' Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster ;  
 ' Twixt Henry Tudor earl of Richmond only left  
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists rest  
 ' Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,  
 ' In Britany had liv'd ; but late at Milford road,  
 ' Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two thousand  
 strong,

' Made out his way through Wales, where as he came along,  
 ' First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next doth meet  
 ' Him, with their several powers, as offering at his feet  
 ' To lay their lands, and lives ; sir Rice ap Thomas then,  
 ' With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and expert  
 men,

' Comes lastly to his aid ; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,  
 ' (His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)

' He on for England makes, and near to Newport town,  
 ' The next ensuing night setting his army down,  
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,  
 ' (To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)  
 ' From th' earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under age)  
 ' Came with two thousand men, in warlike equipage,  
 ' Which much his power increas'd; when easily setting on,  
 ' From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to Atherston,  
 ' Brave Boucher and his friend stout Hungerford, whose  
   hopes  
 ' On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's troops,  
 ' (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do appear,  
 ' Which with a high resolve, most strangely seem'd to chear  
 ' His oft-appall'd heart, but yet the man which most  
 ' Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his host,  
 ' The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had affy'd  
 ' The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:  
 ' The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to have com-  
   pell'd)  
 ' The young lord Strange his son, in hostage strongly held,  
 ' Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could find,  
 ' His son-in-law to meet; yet he with him combin'd  
 ' Sir William Stanley, know to be a valiant knight,  
 ' T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow' rds his height,  
 ' A most select'd band of Cheshire bow-men came,  
 ' By sir John Savage led, besides two men of name:  
 ' Sir Brian Sanford, and sir Simon Digby, who  
 ' Leaving the tyrant king, themselves expressly show  
 ' Fast friends to Henry's part, which still his power increas'd:  
 ' Both armies well prepar'd, towards Bosworth strongly  
   prest,  
 ' And on a spacious moor, lying southward from the town,  
 ' Indifferent to them both, they set their armies down  
 ' Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight:  
 ' Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running night,  
 ' Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,  
 ' Of his own brother George, and his two nephews done  
   Most



# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1099

' Most cruelly to death ; and of his wife and friend,  
 ' Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they would  
 rend  
 ' Him piece-meal ; at which oft he roareth in his sleep.  
 ' No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the east to peep,  
 ' But drums and trumpets chide the soldiers to their arms,  
 ' And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with the swarms  
 ' Of those that came to fight, as those that came to see,  
 ' (Contending for a crown) whose that great day should be.  
 ' First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford and  
 bestows  
 ' The leading, with a band of strong and sinewy bows  
 ' Out of the army pick'd ; the front of all the field,  
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to weild,  
 ' The right wing, with his strengths, most northern men  
 that were ;  
 ' And sir John Savage, with the power of Lancashire,  
 ' And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left wing plac'd :  
 ' The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd ;  
 ' With him the noble earl of Pembroke, who commands  
 ' Their country-men the Welsh, (of whom it mainly stands,  
 ' For their great numbers found to be of greatest force)  
 ' Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of horse.  
 ' Into two severall fights the king contriv'd his strength,  
 ' And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,  
 ' In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set  
 ' His archery, thereof and to the guidance let  
 ' Of John the noble duke of Norfolk, and his son  
 ' Brave Surrey : he himself the second bringing on,  
 ' Which was a perfect square ; and on the other side,  
 ' His horsemen had for wings, which by extending wide,  
 ' The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal power.  
 ' The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,  
 ' He to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid ;  
 ' And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd  
 ' His eldest son young Strange immediately should die,  
 ' To whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly reply :  
 ' Tell

' Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time shall see;  
 ' I love the boy, but yet I have more sons then he.  
 ' The angry armies meet, when the thin air was rent,  
 ' With such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers sent,  
 ' That flying o'er the field the birds down trembling dropt.  
 ' As some old building long that hath been underpropt,  
 ' When as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,  
 ' Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,  
 ' And with confused clouds of smouldring dust doth choak  
 ' The streets and places near; so through the misty smoak,  
 ' By shot and ordnance made, a thundring noise was heard.  
 ' When Stanley that this while his succours had defer'd,  
 ' Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,  
 ' When once he doth perceive the battle was begun,  
 ' Brings on his valiant troops, three thousand fully strong,  
 ' Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threaten'd long,  
 ' Falls on the tyrant's host, which him with terror struck,  
 ' As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look  
 ' For succours from the great Northumberland, this while,  
 ' That from the battle scarce three quarters of a mile,  
 ' Stood with his power of horse, nor once was seen to stir:  
 ' When Richard (that th'event no longer would defer)  
 ' The two main battles mix'd, and that with weary'd breath,  
 ' Some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to their death,  
 ' (There for the better fought) even with a spirit elate,  
 ' As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that fate  
 ' Could possibly impose, his launce set in his rest,  
 ' Into the thick'ft of death, through threat'ning peril prest,  
 ' To where he had perceiv'd the earl in person drew,  
 ' Whose standard-bearer he, sir William Brandon, slew,  
 ' The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;  
 ' When at a second shock, down sir John Cheney went,  
 ' Which scarce a launce's length before the earl was plac'd,  
 ' Until by Richmond's guard, invironed at last,  
 ' With many a cruel wound, was through the body gride.  
 ' Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk dy'd;  
 ' The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that had long  
 ' Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field an'ong

# SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1101

' A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were slain,  
 ' O Red-more, it then seem'd, thy name was not in vain,  
 ' When with a thousand's blood the earth was colour'd red.  
 ' Whereas th'imperial crown was set on Henry's head,  
 ' Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there did win ;  
 ' The cruel tyrant strip'd to the bare naked skin,  
 ' Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Le'ster sent,  
 ' From whence the day before he to the battle went.

' The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately struck,  
 ' (Upon king Henry's part, with so successful luck,  
 ' As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave  
 ' Unto his temples close, when Mars began to leave  
 ' His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)  
 ' I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry fought ;  
 ' With whom, to this brave field the duke of Bedford came,  
 ' With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did him inflame  
 ' To all achievements great, that fortunate had been  
 ' In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming in,  
 ' With th'earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great command,  
 ' And his brave son lord George, for him that firmly stand.

' And on the other side, John duke of Suffolk's son,  
 ' (John earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war begun,  
 ' Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who  
 ' By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do ;  
 ' Upon him took the name of th'earl of Warwick, heir  
 ' To George the murther'd duke of Clarence, who (for fear  
 ' Left some that favour'd York, might under-hand maintain)  
 ' King Henry in the tower, did at time detain.  
 ' Which practise set on foot, this earl of Lincoln fail'd  
 ' To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,  
 ' Wife to that warlike Charles, and his most loved aunt,  
 ' Who vexed that a proud Lancastrian should supplant  
 ' The lawful line of York, whence she her blood deriv'd ;  
 ' Wherefore for Lincoln's sake she speedily contriv'd,  
 ' And <sup>h</sup> Lovel, that brave lord, before him sent to land  
 ' Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band

' Of

\* The dutches of Burgundy was | so was this earl's mother.  
 sister to Edward the fourth, and | <sup>h</sup> The lord Francis Lovel.



' Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain gave  
 ' The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought scarce to have  
 ' His match for martial feats, and sent them with a fleet  
 ' For Ireland, where she had appointed them to meet,  
 ' With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert, whom they  
     there  
 ' The earl of Warwick call'd, and publish'd every where  
 ' His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim  
 ' Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Edward's name :  
 ' Then joining with the lord <sup>1</sup> Fitz-Gerald, to their aid  
 ' Who many Irish brought, they up their anchors weigh'd,  
 ' And at the rocky pile of <sup>k</sup> Fowdray put to shore  
 ' In Lancashire ; their power increasing more and more,  
 ' By soldiers sent them in from <sup>1</sup> Broughton (for supply)  
 ' A knight that long had been of their confederacy ;  
 ' Who making thence, direct their marches to the south.  
     ' When Henry saw himself so far in danger's mouth,  
 ' From Coventry he came, still gathering up his host,  
 ' Made greater on his way, and doth the country coast,  
 ' Which way he understood his enemies must pass :  
 ' When after some few days (as it their fortune was)  
 ' At Stoke, a village near to Newark upon Trent,  
 ' Each in the other's sight pitch'd down their warlike tent.  
 ' Into one battle soon, the Almains had dispos'd  
 ' Their army in a place upon two parts inclos'd  
 ' With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were expert men.)  
 ' And from the open fields king Henry's host again,  
 ' In three fair several fights came equally divided ;  
 ' The first of which, and fit'st, was given to be guided  
 ' By Shrewsbury, which most of soldiers choice consisted :  
 ' The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they list'd,  
 ' Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they found  
 ' Just cause for their retire ; when soon the troubled ground,  
 ' On her black bosom felt the thunder, which awoke  
 ' Her genius, with the shock that violently shook

' Her

<sup>1</sup> The lord Thomas Geraldine.

<sup>k</sup> On the coast of Lancashire.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Tho. Broughton.

## SONG THE TWENTY-SECOND. 1103

‘ Her entrails ; this sad day when there ye might have seen  
 ‘ Two thousand Almaines stand, of which each might have  
   been  
 ‘ A leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,  
 ‘ That they could hardly see the very fun for shot,  
 ‘ Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers should ;  
 ‘ That most courageous Swart there might they well behold,  
 ‘ With most unusual skill that desperate fight maintain,  
 ‘ And valiant De-la-Poole, most like his princely strain,  
 ‘ Did all that courage could, or nobles might besit ;  
 ‘ And Lovell that brave lord, behind him not a whit,  
 ‘ For martial deeds that day : stout Broughton that had stood  
 ‘ With York (even) from the first, there lastly gave his blood  
 ‘ To that well-foughten field : the poor trowz’d Irish there,  
 ‘ Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for corselets  
   were,  
 ‘ And for their weapons had but Irish skains and darts,  
 ‘ Like men that scorned death, with most resolved hearts,  
 ‘ Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,  
 ‘ Where first they fought, they fell ; with them was over-  
   thrown  
 ‘ The leader Gerald’s hope, amidst his men that fought,  
 ‘ And took such part as they, whom he had thither brought.  
 ‘ This of that field be told, There was not one that fled,  
 ‘ But where he first was plac’d, there found alive or dead.  
 ‘ If in a foughten field a man his life should lose,  
 ‘ To die as these men did, who would not gladly chuse,  
 ‘ Which full four thousand were.’ But in this tedious song,  
 The too laborious muse hath tarried all too long.

As for the Balck-smith’s rout, who did together rise,  
 Encamping on Black-heath, t’ annul the subsidies  
 By parliament then given, or that of<sup>m</sup> Cornwall call’d,  
 Inclosures to cast down, which over-much intral’d  
 The subject : or proud Ket’s, who with the same pretence  
 In Norfolk rais’d such stirs, as but with great expence  
 Of blood was not appeas’d ; or that begun in Lent  
 By<sup>n</sup> Wyat and his friends, the marriage to prevent,

That

<sup>n</sup> Michael Joseph with the Cornish rebels.

<sup>n</sup> Sir Tho. Wyat,

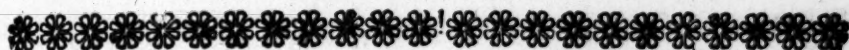
That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain :  
 Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's strain,  
 She here her battles ends : and as she did before,  
 So travelling along upon her silent shore,  
 Waybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant left  
 Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft  
 Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound,  
 And former times had seen the goodliest forest ground,  
 This island ever had : but she so left alone,  
 The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.  
 The deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,  
 Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake :  
 ' O flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'st,  
 ' As still along in state to Neptune's court thou strain'st ;  
 ' Revive thee with the thought of those forepassed hours,  
 ' When the rough wood-gods kept, in their delightful  
     bowers  
 ' On thy embroider'd banks, when now this country fill'd  
 ' With villages, and by the labouring plowman till'd,  
 ' Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar grew.  
 ' O let me yet the thought of those past times renew,  
 ' When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,  
 ' Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,  
 ' In this their world of waste, the sovereign empire sway'd.  
 ' O who would e'er have thought, that time could have  
     decay'd  
 ' Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so massy weight,  
 ' To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous height  
 ' To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to shoot,  
 ' As they in measuring were of acres, and their root,  
 ' With long and mighty spurs to grapple with the land,  
 ' As nature would have said, that they shall ever stand :  
 ' So that this place where now this Huntingdon is set,  
 ' Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,  
 ' From that first took the name.' By this the muse arrives  
 At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,  
 Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,  
 And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth song,

In



SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. 1105

In which she quite hath spent her vigor, and must now,  
As workmen often use, a while sit down and blow;  
And after this short pause, tho' less'ning of her height,  
Come in another key, yet not without delight,



P O L Y - O L B I O N :

SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

*From furious fights invention comes,  
Deafned with noise of rattling drums,  
And in the Northamptonian bounds,  
Shows Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,  
Then to mount Helidon doth go,  
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)  
The surface which of England sings,  
And Nen down to the Wasbes brings;  
Then whereas Welland makes her way,  
Shews Rockingham her rich array:  
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,  
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.*

**O**N tow'rds the mid-lands now, th' industrious muse  
doth make,

The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth take  
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which  
The husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,  
This boasting of herself; that walk her verge about,  
And view her well within, her breadth and length throughout:  
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best,  
With most abundant store, that highliest think them blest.

When

When Whittlewood betime th' unweari'd muse doth win  
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,  
The forest thus that greets: 'With more successful fate,  
Thrive then thy fellow nymphs, whose sad and ruinous  
state

We every day behold, if any thing there be,  
That from this general fall, thee happily may free,  
'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce  
More under-wood and brake, than oak for greater use:  
But when this ravenous age, of those hath us bereft,  
Time wanting this our store, shall seize what thee is left.  
For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,  
Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;  
Which each divining spirit most clearly doth foresee.'

Whilst at this speech perplex'd, the forest seem'd to be,  
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's side,  
(As tow' rds her sovereign Ouse, she softly down doth slide)  
Tea, her delightful stream by Towcester doth lead;  
And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty mead,  
She hath not sallied far, but Sacy soon again  
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the sylvan train:  
One whom the queen of shades, the bright Diana oft  
Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and soft,  
On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,  
And call'd her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and only chaste:  
Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,  
Till in the banks of Ouse the brook herself bestow.

Where in those fertile fields, the muse doth hap to meet  
Upon that side which sits the west of Watling-street,  
With <sup>a</sup> Helidon a hill, which though it be but small,  
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our mountains call;  
Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do flow,  
That to three several seas, by their assistants go;  
Of which the noblest, Nen, to fair Northampton hies,  
By Cundle sallying on, then Peterborough plies

Old

<sup>a</sup> A hill not far from Daventry.

SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. 1107

Old <sup>b</sup> Medhamsted : where her the sea-maids entertain,  
To lead her through the fen into the German main,  
The second, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting Thames,  
Is by his king convey'd into the <sup>c</sup> Celtick streams.  
Then Leame as least, the last, to mid-land Avon hastes,  
Which flood again itself, into proud Severn casts :  
As on <sup>d</sup> th' Iberian sea, herself great Severn spends ;  
So Leame the dower she hath, to that wide ocean lends.

But Helidon wax'd proud, the happy fire to be  
To so renowned floods, as these fore-named three,  
Besides the hill of note, near England's midst that stands,  
Whence from his face, his back, or on his either hands,  
The land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length.  
Wherefore, this hill to shew his state and natural strength,  
The surface of this part determineth to show,  
Which we now England name, and through her tracts to go.  
But being plain and poor, professeth not that height,  
As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight.  
But as the fundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,  
As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,  
Upon their several scites, as naturally to strain,  
And wisheth that these floods, his tunes to entertain,  
The air with Halcion calms, may wholly have possess,  
As though the rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid to rest.  
Then on the worth'est tract up tow'ards the mid-day's sun,  
His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun :

' From where the kingly Thames his stomach doth discharge,

To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth enlarge;  
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,  
Along the Celtick sea, call'd oftentimes the sleeve :  
Although upon the coast the Downs appear but bare,  
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.

Then Cornwall creepeth out into the western main,  
As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain :

C c c c

Or

<sup>b</sup> The ancient name of Peterborough. | <sup>d</sup> The Spanish sea.

<sup>c</sup> The French sea.



Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,  
Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous breast.

With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of land that fills,  
What landskip lies in vales, and often rising hills,  
So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrinian seas,  
As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous bays,  
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of tin,  
From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.

From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn oft fur-  
rounds,

The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds  
With sundry sort of fruits, as well-grown grafs and corn,  
That Somerset may say, her batning moors do scorn  
Our England's richest earth, for burden should them stain;  
And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream again,  
The vale of Eufham lays her length so largely forth,  
As tho' she meant to stretch herself into the north,  
Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and low,  
Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.

Hence somewhat south by east, let us our course incline,  
And from these setting shores so meerly maritime,  
The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,  
To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;  
Whose prospects to the muse their sundry scites shall show,  
Where she from place to place, as free as air shall flow,  
Their superficies so exactly to descry,  
Through Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Salisbury  
Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a train  
So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to contain  
Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cotswould  
vaunts,

And casts so stern a look about him, that he daunts  
The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.

In Berkshire, and from thence into the Orient lies  
That most renowned Vale of White-horse, and by her,  
So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,  
With any English earth, along upon whose pale,  
That mounting country then, which maketh her a vale;

The

# SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. 1109

The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd about,  
Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front he shoot,  
Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow  
Much fenny, and surrounds with every little flow.

So on into the east, upon the inland ground,  
From where that chrystal Colne most properly doth bound,  
Rough Chilterne, from the soil, where in rich London fits,  
As being fair and flat it naturally befits  
Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along  
To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,  
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,  
Altho' the several shires, by sundry soils do make  
It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands  
Her soil compos'd hath; so are th' Essexian lands,  
Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,  
Which London over-looks: but as she waxeth wide,  
So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes drowns,  
And to inclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,  
Which lately woodywere, whilst men those woods did prize;  
Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant rise,  
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse roughly  
dashes

Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy washes)  
Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,  
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,  
To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,  
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and green,  
Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within them lie,  
As nature in them strove to shew variety.

From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,  
Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length do lay,  
Which for her fat'ning fens, her fish, and fowl may have  
Preheminence, as she that seemeth to out-brave  
All other southern shires, whose head the washes feels,  
Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her heels.

Up tow'rs the navel then, of England from her flank,  
Which Lincolnshire we call so levelled and lank.

Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon, which three  
 Do shew by their full soils, all of one piece to be,  
 Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,  
 From Bever's bat'ning vale, along the banks of Trent.  
 So on the other side, into the sea again,  
 Where Severn tow'rds the sea from Shrewsbury doth strain,  
 'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where Arden when of old  
 Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,  
 In state and glory stood) now of three several shires,  
 The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth appears  
 That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'stershire a part,  
 Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was the heart  
 Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and there,  
 Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel bear  
 A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth partake  
 In quality with those, as nature strove to make  
 Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they lie,  
 Which likewise in this tract, we here together tie.

From these recited parts to th' north, more high and  
 bleak,

Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,  
 From either's several scite, in either's mighty waste,  
 A sterner luring eye, that every way do cast  
 On their beholding hills, and countries round about;  
 Whose soils as of one shape, appearing clean throughout.  
 For Moreland which with heath most naturally doth bear,  
 Her winter livery still, in summer seems to wear;  
 As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns fount,  
 And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,  
 Her superficies makes more terrible to show:  
 So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth flow,  
 The high Salopian hills lift up their rising sails:  
 Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,  
 In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.

Now tow'rds the Irish seas a little let us strike,  
 Where Cheshire, (as her choice) with Lancashire doth lie  
 Along th' unlevel'd shores; this former to the eye,

In



## SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. IIII

In her complexion shows black earth with gravel mix'd,  
 A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,  
 A good fast-feeding grafs, most strongly that doth breed :  
 As Lancashire no less excelling for her seed,  
 Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts abound ;  
 As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,  
 With mosses, fleets, and fells, she shows most wild and  
     rough,

Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good enough.  
 So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,  
 Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold doth shove,  
 Light forest land is found, to where the floating Don,  
 In making tow'rs the main, her Doncaster hath won,  
 Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile extent,  
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,  
 A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth : so  
 It incidently most variety doth show.

Here stony steril grounds, there wond'rous fruitful fields,  
 Here chainpain, and there wood, it in abundance yields :  
 Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous and high,  
 But tow'rs the German sea the East more low doth lie.  
 This isle hath not that earth, of any kind elsewhere,  
 But on this part or that, epitomized here.

Tow'rs those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea again,  
 The rough Virgivan call'd, that tract which doth contain  
 Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland excels,  
 For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness Fells,  
 Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make  
 Her wild superfluous waste, as nature sport did take  
 In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threatening fronts  
     do dare

Each other with their looks, as though they would out-stare  
 The starry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they stand.

From these into the east, upon the other hand,  
 The Bishoprick, and fair Northumberland do bear  
 To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north else-  
     where,

Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face  
 Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace  
 Those countries all along, upon the rising side,  
 Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,  
 With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,  
 By which this tract remains renown'd above the rest:  
 For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road receives.'

Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd description leaves,  
 Though now his darling springs desir'd him to desist;  
 But say all what they can, he'll do but what he list.  
 As he the surface thus, so likewise will he show,  
 The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,  
 Which those unletter'd times, with blind devotion lent,  
 Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent,  
 To shew the muse can shift her habit, and she now  
 Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plow;  
 And let the curious tax his clownry, with their skill  
 He reckes not, but goes on, and say they what they will.

' Kent first in our account, doth to it self apply,  
 (Quoth he) this blazon first, *Long tails and liberty.*  
 Suffex with Surrey say, *Then let us lead home logs.*  
 As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term of *Hogs.*  
 So Dorsetshire of long, they *Dorsers* us'd to call.  
 Cornwall and Devonshire cry, *We'll wrestle for a fall.*  
 Then Somerset says, *Set the bandog on the bull.*  
 And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, *Weigh thy wool.*  
 As Berkshire hath for hers, *Lets to't and to's the ball.*  
 And Wiltshire will for her, *Get home and pay for all.*  
 Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of *Bread and beef,*  
*Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a thief.*  
 So Hertford blazon'd is, *The club, and clouted shoon,*  
 Thereto, *I'll rise betime, and sleep again at noon.*  
 When Middlesex bids, *Up to London let us go,*  
*And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or two.*  
 As Essex hath of old been named, *Calves and stiles,*  
 Fair Suffolk, *Maids and milk,* and Norfolk, *Many wiles.*  
 So Cambridge hath been call'd, *Hold nets, and let us win;*  
 And

' The blazons of the shires.

# SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. 1113

And Huntingdon, *With stilts we'll stalk through thick and thin.*

Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon, *Love, Below the girdle all, but little else above.*

An outcry Oxford makes, *The scholars have been here, And little though they paid, yet have they had good cheer,*

Quoth warlike Warwickshire, *I'll bind the sturdy bear.*

Quoth Wor'tershire again, *And I will squirt the pear.*

Then Staffordshire bids *Stay, and I will beet the fire,*

*And nothing will I ask, but good will for my hire.*

Bean belly Le'tershire, her attribute doth bear.

And Bells and bag-pipes next, belong to Lincolnshire.

Of *Malt-horse*, Bedfordshire long since the blazon wan.

And little Rutlandshire is termed *Raddleman.*

To Derby is assign'd the name of *Wool and lead.*

As Nottingham's, of old (is common) *Ale and bread.*

So Hereford for her says, *Give me woof and warp.*

And Shropshire faith in her, *That shines be ever sharp,*

*Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,*

*And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.*

Old Cheshire is well known to be the *Chief of men.*

*Fair women* doth belong to Lancashire again.

The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,

Have for their blazon had the *Snaffle, spur, and spear.*

Now Nen extreemly griev'd those barbarous things to hear,

By Helidon her fire, that thus deliver'd were :

For as his eld'ft, she was to passed ages known,

Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.

A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long

The Britains call'd her by, expressing in their tongue

The full and general name of waters ; wherefore she

Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,

Left things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,

Should happily impair her dignity and state.

Wherefore from him her fire immediately she hastes ;

And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts,



She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis said,  
 Saint Werburg princely born, a most religious maid,  
 From those peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geese drove,  
 Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth rove  
 Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon  
 call'd,

Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd  
 Upon her <sup>s</sup> northern side, where taking in a rill,  
 Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,  
 She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields ;  
 Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,  
 To <sup>a</sup> Wellingborough comes, whose fountains in she takes,  
 Which quickening her again, immediately she makes  
 To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound  
 From Avondale, t'express that river's lowest ground :  
 To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,  
 Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to sea ;  
 When Rockingham, the muse to her fair forest brings,  
 Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she sings.

'O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously array'd,  
 Of all the Driades known, the most delicious maid,  
 With all delights adorn'd, that any way bescem  
 A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem  
 A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers  
 The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,  
 And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat,  
 Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to await)  
 Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,  
 Which bears a grafs as soft, as is the dainty sleave,  
 And thrum'd so thick and deep, that the proud palmed  
 deer,

Forfake the closer woods, and make their quiet leir  
 In beds of platted fog, so eas'y there they sit.  
 A forest and a chase in every thing so fit  
 This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,  
 Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee.'

Whilst

\* Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.

<sup>a</sup> So called of his many wells or fountains.

# SONG THE TWENTY-THIRD. 1115

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,  
The muse by making on tow'ards Welland's ominous  
spring,

With <sup>1</sup> Kelmarsh there is caught, for coursing of the hare,  
Which scorns that any place should with her plains com-  
pare :

Which in the proper terms the muse doth thus report ;

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,  
The <sup>k</sup> finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,  
Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,  
Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,  
Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,  
The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in  
case,

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace ;  
The finder puts her up, and gives her coursers law.  
And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw,  
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,  
Forc'd by some yelping <sup>1</sup> cute to give the greyhounds view,  
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,  
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were flow,  
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes  
Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other  
<sup>m</sup> coats,

They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will take,  
What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth make ;  
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,  
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility :  
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win,  
Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth spin,  
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her,  
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch her  
To him that comes behind, which seems the hare to bear ;  
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear :

Till

<sup>1</sup> A place in the north part of  
Northamptonshire, excellent for  
coursing with greyhounds.

<sup>k</sup> The hare-finder.

<sup>1</sup> A curr.

<sup>m</sup> When one greyhound outstrips  
the other in the course.

Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,  
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to take  
her.

Here leave I whilst the muse more serious things attends,  
And with my course at hare, my Canto likewise ends.



## POLYOLBION:

### SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The fatal Welland from her springs,  
This song to th'isle of Ely brings:  
Our ancient English saints revives,  
Then in an oblique course contrives,  
The rarities that Rutland shows,  
Which with this Canto she doth close.*

**T**HIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us led,  
At<sup>a</sup> Nafby to the north, where from a second head  
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her course,  
But pliant muse proceed, with our new-handled source,  
Of whom from ages past, a prophecy there ran,  
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and reverence wan)  
That she alone should drown all Holland, and should see  
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to be;  
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,  
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;  
Whereby she in her self a holiness suppos'd,  
That in her scantled banks, though wandring long inclos'd,  
Yet

<sup>a</sup> The fountain of Welland.



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1117

Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept  
Of our religious saints, which though they long had slept,  
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had won such  
fame

Both to the British first, then to the English name,  
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,  
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,  
It much her genius griev'd, to have them now neglected,  
Whose piety so much those zealous times respected.  
Wherefore she with her self resolved, when that she  
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd to be,  
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that town,  
Which he the great'st of saints doth by his name renown,  
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring,  
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologe would sing:  
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,  
Whence Le'tershire she leaves upon the northward side,  
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her sustains,  
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,  
Upon her bank by north, against this greater throng,  
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,  
And now approaching near to this appointed place,  
Where she and Nen make shew as though they would embrace ;

But only they salute, and each holds on her way,  
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say.

' I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be fraught  
' With miracles by them, but feigned to be wrought,  
' That they which did their lives so palpably bely,  
' To times have much impeach'd their holiness thereby :  
' Though fools ( I say ) on them, such poor impostures lay,  
' Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than they,  
' Which think they have by this so great advantage got  
' Their venerable names from memory to blot,  
' Which truth can ne'er permit ; and thou that art so  
pure,

' The name of such a saint that no way canst endure ;

' Know

‘ Know in respect of them to recompense that hate,  
 ‘ The wretched’st thing, and thou have both one death and  
 date :

‘ From all vain worship too ; - and yet am I as free

‘ As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.

‘ Antiquity I love, nor by the world’s despight,

‘ I cannot be remov’d from that my dear delight.’

This spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,

When she of all her saints, now with that man begins.

‘ The first that ever told Christ crucify’d to us,

‘ (By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,

‘ Renown’d in holy writ, a labourer in the word,

‘ For that most certain truth, opposing fire and sword,

‘ By th’Britains murdered here, so unbelieving then.

‘ Next holy Joseph came, the merciful’st of men,

‘ The saviour of mankind, in sepulchre that laid,

‘ That to the Britains was th’apostle ; in his aid

‘ Saint Duvian, and with him saint Fagan, both which were

‘ His scholars, likewise left their sacred reliques here :

‘ All denizens of ours, t’advance the christian state,

‘ At Glaffenbury long that were commemorate.

‘ When Amphibal again our martyrdom began

‘ In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian :

‘ This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led

‘ (Our Proto-martyr call’d) who strongly discipled

‘ In christian patience, learnt his tortures to appease :

‘ His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,

‘ At holy Alban’s town, their festival should hold ;

‘ So of that martyr nam’d, (which Ver’lam was of old.)

‘ A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had taught,

‘ Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,

‘ Were slain where Litchfield is, whose name doth rightly  
 sound,

‘ (There of those christians slain) Dead field, or burying  
 ground.

‘ Then for the christian faith, two other here that stood,

‘ And teaching, bravely seal’d their doctrine with their blood:

‘ Saint

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1119

' Saint Julius, and with him saint Aron, have their room;  
 ' At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;  
 ' Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,  
 ' 'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that ingag'd,  
 ' Saint Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,  
 ' At London, of that see, the godly bishop then  
 ' In that our infant church, so resolute was he.  
 ' A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,  
 ' Though it were after long, good Voadine who reprov'd  
 ' Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd  
 ' Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial bed;  
 ' For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,  
 ' As he a martyr dy'd, is fainted with the rest.  
 ' The third saint of that see (tho' only he confess)  
 ' Was Guithelme, unto whom those times that reverence  
     gave,  
 ' As he a place with them eternally shall have.  
 ' So Melior may they bring, the duke of Cornwal's son,  
 ' By his false brother's hands, to death who being done  
 ' In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal lest time should taint,  
 ' As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.  
 ' Those godly Romans then (who as mine author faith)  
 ' Wan good king Lucius first t' embrace the Christian faith,  
 ' Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were  
 ' Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance here:  
 ' As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that confess,  
 ' And that most lively faith by their good works exprest)  
 ' St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win  
 ' The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd they had  
     been)  
 ' Converted to the faith their thousands, whose dear grave,  
 ' That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial have.  
 ' As they their sacred bones in Britain here bestow'd,  
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad;  
 ' Marcellus that just man, who having gathered in  
 ' The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had been  
 ' By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan  
 ' This justly named saint, this never-wearied man,

“ Next



- ‘ Next to the Germans preach’d, till (void of earthly fear)
- ‘ By his courageous death, he much renown’d Trevere.
- ‘ Then of our native saints, the first that dy’d abroad ;
- Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow’d,
- ‘ In Switzerland who preach’d, whom there those paynims  
    flew,
- ‘ When greater in their place, though not in faith, ensue
- ‘ St. Lucius (call’d of us) the primer christen’d king,
- ‘ Of th’ ancient Britons then, who led the glorious ring
- ‘ To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
- ‘ Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
- ‘ His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy’d,
- ‘ Where he a bishop liv’d, a martyr lastly dy’d.
- ‘ As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
- ‘ Here first the Christian church that did to peace restore,
- ‘ Whose ever blessed birth, (as by the power divine)
- ‘ The Roman empire brought into the British line,
- ‘ Constantinople’s crown, and th’ ancient Britons glory.
- ‘ So other here we have to furnish up our story,
- ‘ St. Melon well-near when the British church began,
- ‘ (Even early in the reign of Rome’s Valerian)
- ‘ Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan was  
    call’d,
- ‘ To preach unto the French, where soon he was install’d
- ‘ Her bishop : Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
- ‘ Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is held at  
    Gaunt.
- ‘ So others forth she brought to little Britain vow’d,
- ‘ St. Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both allow’d
- ‘ Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
- ‘ Of Tawrac, and the last sate on the see of Dole :
- ‘ Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop made,
- ‘ Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade
- ‘ To keep the Christian faith : so Goluin gave we thither,
- ‘ Who sainted being there, we set them here together.
- ‘ As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin’d
- ‘ Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin’d:

‘ The

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1121

' The finder of the cross queen Helena doth lead,  
 ' Who tho' Rome set a crown on her imperial head,  
 ' Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely here.  
 ' Emerita the next, king Lucius' sister dear,  
 ' Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd ;  
 ' Bright Urfula the third, who undertook to guide  
 ' Th' eleven thousand maids to little Britain sent,  
 ' By seas and bloody men devoured as they went :  
 ' Of which we find these four have been for saints prefer'd,  
 ' (And with their leader still do live incalender'd)  
 ' St. Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which  
 ' With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did enrich  
 ' At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are exprest,  
 ' And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the rest.

' But when it came to pass the Saxon powers had put  
 ' The Britains from these parts, and them o'er Severn shut,  
 ' The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had alone,  
 ' With those that it receiv'd (from this now England) gone,  
 ' Whose Cambrobritons so their saints as duly brought,  
 ' T'advance the Christian faith, effectually that wrought,  
 ' Their David, (one deriv'd of th' royal British blood)  
 ' Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions stood,  
 ' And turn'd Menenia's name to David's sacred see,  
 ' The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be :  
 ' With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both which  
     were  
 ' Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the name to Brecknock-  
     shire;

' The first a martyr made, a confessor the other.  
 ' So Clintanck, Brecknock's prince, as from one self-same  
     mother,

' A saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,  
 ' Whom for the Christian faith a pagan soldier slew.

' So bishops can she bring, of which her saints shall be,  
 ' As Afaph, who first gave that name unto that see ;  
 ' Of Bangor, and may boast St. David which her wan  
 ' Much reverence, and with these Owdock and Telean,

{ Both

' Both bishops of Landaff, and saints in their succession;  
 ' Two other following these, both in the same profession,  
 ' Saint Dubric whose report old Carleon yet doth carry,  
 ' And Elery in Northwales, who built a monastery,  
 ' In which himself became the abbot, to his praise,  
 ' And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of his days.

' But leaving these divin'd, to Decuman we come,  
 ' In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious martyrdom.  
 ' Justinian, as that man a sainted place deserv'd,  
 ' Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body starv'd:  
 ' And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,  
 ' There by his fellow monks, most cruelly was slain.  
 ' So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth grace  
 ' Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd writings we embrace  
 ' The knowledge of those times; the fruits of whose just pen,  
 ' Shall live for ever fresh, with all truth-searching men.

' Then other, which for her's old Cambria doth aver,  
 ' St. Senan, and with him we set St. Deiferre,  
 ' Then Tather will we take, and Chyned to the rest,  
 ' With Baruk, who so much the isle of Bardsey blest  
 ' By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd,  
 ' And of all worldly care his zealous soul depriv'd.  
 ' Of these, some liv'd not long, some wond'rous aged were,  
 ' But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and there.  
 ' O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest prayers,  
 ' Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty stairs  
 ' By which you went to heaven, and God so clearly saw,  
 ' As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to draw  
 ' Your elevated souls, but once to look so low,  
 ' As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings go.  
 ' What mind doth not admire the knowledge of these men?  
 ' But zealous muse return unto thy task again.

' These holy men at home, as here they were bestow'd,  
 ' So Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.  
 ' Sophy, king Gulick's son of Northwales, who had seen  
 ' The sepulchre threetimes, and more, seven times had been  
 ' On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there  
 ' The painful bishop made; by him so place we here,

St.



SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1123

' St. Macklove, from Northwales to little Britain sent,  
 ' That people to convert, who resolutely bent,  
 ' Of Athelney in time the bishop there became  
 ' Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper name.  
 ' So she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the best :  
 ' St. Keyne, prince Brechan's child, (a man so highly blest,  
 ' That thirty born to him all saints accounted were.)  
 ' St. Inthwar so apart shall with these other bear,  
 ' Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain  
 ' Then Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth remain,  
 ' Whose fountain in Northwales intitled by her name,  
 ' For moss, and for the stones that be about the same,  
 ' Is founded through this isle, and to this latter age,  
 ' Is of our Romists held their latest pilgrimage.  
 ' But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,  
 ' And surely seated once, as owners to abide;  
 ' When nothing in the world to their desire was wanting,  
 ' Except the Christian faith, for whose substantial planting,  
 ' St. Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;  
 ' And coming through large France, arriving first in Kent,  
 ' Converted to the faith king Ethelbert, till then  
 ' Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish men,  
 ' And of their chiefeft town, now Canterbury call'd,  
 ' The bishop first was made, and on that see install'd.  
 ' Four other, and with him for knowledge great in name,  
 ' That in this mighty work of our conversion came,  
 ' Lawrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Honorius,  
 ' In this great Christian work, all which had been laborious,  
 ' To venerable age each coming in degree,  
 ' Succeeded him again in Canterbury see,  
 ' As Peter born in France, with these and made our own,  
 ' And Pauline whose great zeal was by his preaching shown.  
 ' The first to abbot's state, wife Austen did prefer,  
 ' And to the latter gave the see of Rochester;  
 ' All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they were,  
 ' For 'stablishing the faith, which was received here.  
 ' Few countries where our Christ had e'er been preached then,  
 ' But sent into this isle some of their godly men.

D d d d

' From

' From Persia led by zeal, so I've this island fought,  
 ' And near our eastern fens a fit place finding, taught  
 ' The faith : which place from him alone the name derives,  
 ' And of that fainted man since call'd is St. Ives ;  
 ' Such reverence to herself that time devotion wari.

' So sun-burnt Africk sent us holy Adrian,  
 ' Who preach'd the Christian faith herenine and thirty year,  
 ' An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,  
 ' That in our country two provincial synods call'd,  
 ' T' reform the church that time with heresies enthrall'd.  
 ' So Denmark Henry sent t' increase our holy store,  
 ' Who falling in from thence upon our northern shore  
 ' In th' isle of <sup>b</sup> Cochet liv'd, near to the mouth of Tyne,  
 ' In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,  
 ' That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,  
 ' And three times in the week himself he silenced,  
 ' That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,  
 ' Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,  
 ' By him to name their babes, which it so frequent brings,  
 ' Which name hath honour'd been by many English kings.

' So Burgundy to us three men most reverend bare,  
 ' Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their share,  
 ' Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon reign,  
 ' Converted to the faith king Sigbert : him again  
 ' Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,  
 ' And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many win,  
 ' By <sup>c</sup> Henry th' empress' son help hither, and to have  
 ' Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.

' So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfranck lent,  
 ' For whom into this land king William conqueror sent,  
 ' And Canterbury's see to his wife charge assign'd.

' Nor France to these for her's was any whit behind,  
 ' For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,  
 ' Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this shore)  
 ' By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,  
 ' Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade

' The

<sup>b</sup> An islet upon the coast of Scotland, in the German sea. <sup>c</sup> Henry II.

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1125

' The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning word:  
 ' So after long again she likewise did afford,  
 ' St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,  
 ' A bishop once of her's, and in our conquest known,  
 ' When hither to that end their Norman William came,  
 ' Remigius then, whose mind; that work of ours of fame,  
 ' Rich Lincoln minster shews; where he a bishop sat,  
 ' Which (it should seem) he built for men to wonder at.  
 ' So potent were the powers of churchmen in those days.  
     ' Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who cross'd  
         the seas,  
 ' With Stephen earl of Blois his brother, after king,  
 ' In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,  
 ' He in those troublous times in preaching took such pain,  
 ' As he by them was not canonized in vain.  
     ' As other countries here their holy men bestow'd ;  
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad,  
 ' And into neighbouring France our most religious went,  
 ' St. Clare that native was of Rochester in Kent,  
 ' At Volcasyne came vow'd the French instructing there,  
 ' So early ere the truth amongst them did appear,  
 ' That more than half a God they thought that reverend  
         man.  
 ' Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation wan,  
 ' For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led  
 ' At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that being dead,  
 ' And after threescore years (their latest period dated)  
 ' His body taken up, was solemnly translated.  
 ' As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot was,  
 ' In his return from Rome, as he through France did pass  
 ' At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,  
 ' Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.  
 ' St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,  
 ' The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,  
 ' That holy man, whose heart was so with goodness fill'd,  
 ' As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build  
 ' That academy now at Paris, whose foundation  
 ' Thro' all the Christian world hath so renown'd that nation,



- ' As well declares his wealth, that had the power to do it,  
 ' As his most lively zeal, perswading him unto it.  
 ' As Simon call'd the faint of Bourdeaux, which so wrought,  
 ' By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought  
 ' The people of those parts from paganism, wherein  
 ' Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzled been.  
 ' So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,  
 ' Amongst ours that in France disperfed here and there,  
 ' Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who born our  
     own,  
 ' In our first Henry's rule fat on the fee of Rohan,  
 ' Where reverenc'd he was long. St. Edmund so again,  
 ' Who banished from hence in our third Henry's reign,  
 ' There led an hermit's life near Pontoife, (where before  
 ' St. Judock did the like) whose honour to reftore,  
 ' Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous cost,  
 ' Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may boast.  
 ' Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of ours,  
 ' To little Britain sent, employing all his powers  
 ' To bring them to the faith, which he so well effected,  
 ' That since he as a faint hath ever been respected.  
 ' As these of ours in France, so had we those did show  
 ' In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,  
 ' Their faith: in Frieseland first St. Boniface our best,  
 ' Who of the fee of Mentz, while there he fat poffest,  
 ' At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians slain,  
 ' Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.  
 ' So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom went  
 ' Unto the self same place, as with the same intent;  
 ' With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;  
 ' As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,  
 ' Both by Radbodius slain, who rul'd in Frisia then:  
 ' So in the sacred roll of our religious men,  
 ' In Frife that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus read,  
 ' Who in the fee of Mentz did Boniface fucceed;  
 ' And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred feat supply'd,  
 ' So holy that him there, they halfly deify'd;

With

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1127

' With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme, holy men,  
 ' That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,  
 ' In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,  
 ' Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,  
 ' Were at old-Seell enshrin'd, their obiits yearly kept:  
 ' Such as on them have had as many praises heap'd,  
 ' That in their lives the truth as constantly confest,  
 ' As th'other that their faith by martyrdom exprest.

' In Frise, as these of ours, their names did famous leave,  
 ' Again so had we those as much renown'd in Cleve;  
 ' St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which from hence,  
 ' To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's defence  
 ' Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went together,  
 ' So one and self same place allotted was to either:  
 ' For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated were,  
 ' St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.

' So Guelderland again shall our most holy bring,  
 ' As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king  
 ' Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught  
 ' The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period brought,  
 ' Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour gave;  
 ' So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,  
 ' Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that coun-  
 try tells.

' What nation names a saint for virtue that excels  
 ' St. German who for Christ his bishoprick forlook,  
 ' And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,  
 ' From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,  
 ' Of our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal  
 ' His doctrine with his blood: In Belgia so abroad,  
 ' St. Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,  
 ' Whose relicks Wormshault (yet) in Flanders hath reserv'd.

' Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them heaven) that  
 starv'd.

' St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been  
 ' A soldier, and the French and German wars had seen,  
 ' A hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,  
 ' To whom good Arnulph, that most godly emperor gave

' Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage to set,  
 ' Whose floor when with his tears he many a day had wet,  
 ' He for the Christian faith upon the same was slain :  
 ' So did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain  
 ' Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first appoy'd,  
 ' But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd,  
 ' They to Westphalia went, and as they brothers were,  
 ' So they, the Christian faith together preaching there,  
 ' Th' old pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred deep  
 ' To the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen still doth  
 keep.

' So Adler one of ours, by England set apart  
 ' For Germany, and sent that people to convert,  
 ' Of Erford bishop made, there also had his end.  
 ' St. Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall lend,  
 ' Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to see  
 ' The relicks of the saints, supposed there to be,  
 ' Returning by the way of Germany, at last,  
 ' Preaching the Christian faith, as he through Cambray past,  
 ' The pagan people slew, whose relicks Huncourt hath :  
 ' These others so we had, which trod the self same path  
 ' In Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.  
 ' St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was plac'd ;  
 ' St. Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,  
 ' And Burchard English born, the man most great of name,  
 ' Of Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that rear'd  
 ' The monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd.

' So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,  
 ' And seated him upon her see episcopal,  
 ' As two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are brought ;  
 ' Th' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons taught :  
 ' At Over-Isell rests, the other did apply,  
 ' The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.  
 ' St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd  
 ' The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd  
 ' In their conversion there, which long time him withstood.  
 ' St. Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal blood,

' And



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1129

' And son to him whom we the elder Edward stile,  
 ' Both court and country left, which he esteemed vile,  
 ' Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayniard led  
 ' A strict monastick life, a saint alive and dead.  
 ' So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,  
 ' As well as these before, sent out into the east.  
 ' King Inas having done so great and wondrous things,  
 ' As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry kings,  
 ' Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments so fair,  
 ' As monarchs have not since been able to repair,  
 ' Of many that he built, the least, in time when they  
 ' Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into decay :  
 ' This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profess'd,  
 ' In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he deceas'd.  
 ' As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,  
 ' When he his happy days religiously had spent ;  
 ' And feeling the approach of his declining age,  
 ' Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,  
 ' Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,  
 ' Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife.  
 ' The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,  
 ' At fair Mount-flascon still the memory shall be  
 ' Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,  
 ' Who sometime to the see of Hereford prefer'd ;  
 ' Thence travelling to Rome, in his return bereft  
 ' His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.  
 ' Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them  
 ' That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,  
 ' Some coming back thro' thee, and yielding up their spirits,  
 ' On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved merits.  
 ' O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,  
 ' Tho' to our country's praise, yet to thy greater glory,  
 ' Even to this day the shrines religiously dost keep,  
 ' Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth sleep :  
 ' As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,  
 ' Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room  
 ' To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,  
 ' Canonized her saint ; so hast thou glorify'd

- ' St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former grac'd)  
 ' In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd ;  
 ' At Sancto Padre so, St. Fulke hath ever fame,  
 ' Which from that reverend man 't should seem deriv'd  
     the name,  
 ' His relicks there reserv'd ; so holy Ardwin's shrine  
 ' Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,  
 ' For miracles, that thereby his strong faith were wrought.  
 ' 'Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that fought,  
 ' And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls resign'd :  
 ' Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,  
 ' Until this present time, her patronizing saint.  
     ' So countries more remote, with ours we did acquaint,  
 ' As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,  
 ' And for the wondrous things that thro' his prayers were  
     done,  
 ' From this his native home into Calabria call'd,  
 ' And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd,  
 ' For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land :  
 ' St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,  
 ' Thro' all the Christian world accounted so divine,  
 ' That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,  
 ' Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,  
 ' (In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to be)  
 ' Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,  
 ' To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was dedicated ;  
 ' To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,  
 ' And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that place ;  
 ' That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness fill'd,  
 ' A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.  
     ' Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those times  
 ' Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,  
 ' They wander'd thro' the world, their countries that for-  
     look.  
 ' So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook  
 ' Those pagans wild and rude, of Gothia to convert,  
 ' Who having labour'd long, with danger oft ingirt,

Was

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1131

' Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,  
 ' By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's fee.  
 ' To Norway, and to those great north-east countries far;  
 ' So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian war  
 ' With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites that  
   knew.  
 ' As Suethia to herself these men most reverend drew,  
 ' St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,  
 ' Nor scarcely find we one converting there so many.  
 ' And Henry in those days of Oxsto bishop made,  
 ' The first that Swethen king, which ever did persuade,  
 ' On Finland to make war, to force them by the sword,  
 ' When nothing else could serve to hear the powerful word;  
 ' With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barbarous nation,  
 ' Who on the passion day, there preaching on the passion,  
 ' T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking pain,  
 ' By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit slain,  
 ' Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,  
 ' Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he wan.  
 ' So David drawn from hence into those farther parts,  
 ' By preaching, who to pierce those paynims harden'd hearts,  
 ' Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry  
 ' Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.  
 ' Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,  
 ' So others that were ours courageously pursu'd  
 ' The planting of the truth, in zeal three most profound,  
 ' The relish of whose names by likeness of sound,  
 ' Both in their lives and deaths, a likeness might show,  
 ' As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,  
 ' With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd gladly were  
 ' In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian patience  
   there.  
 ' Nor those from us that went, nor those that hither came  
 ' From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,  
 ' Than those residing here on many a goodly see,  
 ' (Great bishops in account, now greater saints that be)  
 ' Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,  
 ' As to the wretched world, more clearly could reveal,  
   ' How



- ' How much there might of God in mortal man be found
- ' In charitable works, or such as did abound,
- ' Which by their good success in after times were blest,
- ' Were then related saints, as worthier than the rest.
- ' Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
- ' That first archbishop's see, on which there long had been
- ' So many men devout, as rais'd that church so high,
- ' Much reverence, and have won their holy hierarchy :
- ' Of which he first that did with goodness so inflame
- ' The hearts of the devout (that from his proper name)
- ' As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men to save
- ' The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
- ' The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we take,
- ' Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did make
- ' Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
- ' Here by the muse are plac'd, who spent both night and  
day
- ' By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good,
- ' In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening them that  
stood.
- ' Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn
- ' That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents born,
- ' Whose country Denmark was, but in East-England  
dwelt)
- ' He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
- ' The most undoubted truths and yet unbaptiz'd long ;
- ' But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing strong :
- ' And as the Christian faith this holy man had taught,
- ' He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
- ' So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,
- ' To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
- ' There by his power confirm'd, and strongly credit won,
- ' To many wond'rous things which he before had done.
- ' To whom when (as they say) the Devil once appear'd,
- ' This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
- ' Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most great.
- ' As Egelnath again much grac'd that sacred seat,
- ' Who

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1133

- ‘ Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the Good,
- ‘ Not boasting of his birth, tho’ come of royal blood :
- ‘ For that, nor at the first, a monk’s mean cowl despis’d,
- ‘ With winning men to God, who never was suffic’d.
- ‘ These men before express’d ; so Eadsine next ensues,
- ‘ To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse ;
- ‘ In Harold’s time who liv’d, when William conqueror  
came,
- ‘ For holiness of life, attain’d unto that fame,
- ‘ That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew,
- ‘ Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his view.
- ‘ This man with those before, most worthily related
- ‘ Arch-saints, as in their sees arch-bishops consecrated.
- ‘ St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so much hery,
- ‘ As to his christen’d name they added Canterbury ;
- ‘ There to whose sumptuous shrine the near succeeding ages,
- ‘ So mighty off’rings sent, and made such pilgrimages,
- ‘ Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much  
breath,
- ‘ And many questions made both of his life and death ;
- ‘ If he were truly just, he hath his right ; if no,
- ‘ Those times were much to blame, that have him reckon’d  
so.
- ‘ Then these from York ensue, whose lives have as much  
grac’d
- ‘ That see, as these before in Canterbury plac’d :
- ‘ St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will bring,
- ‘ Who twice by Egfrid’s ire, the stern Northumbrian king,
- ‘ Expuls’d his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
- ‘ The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
- ‘ Then Bosa next to him as meek and humble hearted,
- ‘ As th’ other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
- ‘ His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
- ‘ And next him followeth John, who likewise bare the name
- ‘ Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
- ‘ Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
- ‘ Whose vigils had by those devouter times bequests
- ‘ The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.

‘ So

- ' So Oswald of that feat, and Cedwall fainted were,  
 ' Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, living there  
 ' The former to that see, from Worcester transfer'd,  
 ' Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:  
 ' The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,  
 ' And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dispose,  
 ' As William by descent come of the conqueror's strain,  
 ' Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time ordain  
 ' Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth fall,  
 ' Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepiscopal.  
 ' Next these arch-sees of ours, now London place doth  
     take,  
 ' Which had those, of whom time saints worthily did  
     make.  
 ' As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,  
 ' At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that had)  
 ' Is fainted for that see amongst our reverend men,  
 ' From London tho' at length remov'd to Lestingen,  
 ' A monastery, which then he richly had begun.  
 ' Him Erkenwald ensues th' East-English Offa's son,  
 ' His father's kingly court, who for a crossier fled,  
 ' Whose works such fame him won for holiness, that dead,  
 ' Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of that see)  
 ' Which with revenues large, and privileges he  
 ' Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so affected,  
 ' That he those abbies great, from his own power erected  
 ' At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking famous long.  
 ' So Roger hath a room in these our fainted throng,  
 ' Who by his words and works so taught the way to heaven,  
 ' As that great name to him sure was not vainly given.  
 ' With Winchester again proceed we, which shall store  
 ' Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)  
 ' Of whom we yet have sung, (as Heads there we have)  
 ' Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,  
 ' As teaching that the way to make men to live well,  
 ' Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel.  
 ' Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I say,  
 ' Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,

' As



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1135

' As it in harvest haps, so plowmen note thereby,  
 ' Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,  
 ' As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we  
 ' Believe those former times, he well might fainted be.  
 ' So Frithstan for a faint incalendar'd we find,  
 ' With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man behind,  
 ' Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect  
 ' Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect  
 ' To sit upon his see, who likewise dying there,  
 ' To Ethelbald again succeeding did appear,  
 ' The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.  
 ' These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth ensue ;  
 ' Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath been told,  
 ' That in a time of dearth his church's plate he sold,  
 ' T' relieve the needy poor ; the church's wealth (quoth he)  
 ' May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.  
 ' With these before express'd, so Britwald forth she brought,  
 ' By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that wrought,  
 ' That such against the faith, that were most stony-hearted,  
 ' By his religious life, have lastly been converted.  
 ' This man, when as our kings so much decayed were,  
 ' As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extinguish'd here,  
 ' Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing heaven,  
 ' The scepter of this land in after-times had given ;  
 ' Which in prophetick sort by him deliver'd was,  
 ' And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.  
 ' So other southern sees, here either less or more,  
 ' Have likewise had their saints, tho' not alike in store.  
 ' Of Rochester we have St. Ithamar, being then  
 ' In those first times, first of our native Englishmen  
 ' Residing on that seat ; so as an aid to her,  
 ' But singly fainted thus, we have of Chickester,  
 ' St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do stand  
 ' Inroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band,  
 ' Of whom such wond'rous things, for truths delivered are,  
 ' As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too far.  
 ' And

- ‘ And Cimberty, of a saint had the deserved right,  
 ‘ His yearly obiits long, done in the isle of Wight,  
 ‘ A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see  
 ‘ It scarcely can be prov’d, nor is it known to me.  
 ‘ Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory shone,  
 ‘ And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own;  
 ‘ Whose diocese that time contained Cornwall; these  
 ‘ Had as the rest their saints, derived from their sees:  
 ‘ The first, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and the last  
 ‘ Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other past;  
 ‘ That were it fit for us but to examine now  
 ‘ Those former times, these men for saints that did allow,  
 ‘ And from our reading urge, that others might as well  
 ‘ Related be for saints, as worthy every deal.  
 ‘ This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world thereby,  
 ‘ And shew it to be void of partiality,  
 ‘ That each man holy call’d, was not canoniz’d here,  
 ‘ But such whose lives by death had trial many a year.  
 ‘ That see at Norwich now establish’d (long not stir’d)  
 ‘ At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then transfer’d  
 ‘ Into our bed-roll here, her Humbert in doth bring,  
 ‘ (A counsellor that was to that most martyr’d king  
 ‘ St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then slain,  
 ‘ The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.  
 ‘ So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,  
 ‘ Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,  
 ‘ Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town which did  
 subdue,  
 ‘ (O most unhallow’d deed) unmercifully slew,  
 ‘ So Wor’ster, (as those sees here sung by us before)  
 ‘ Hath likewise with her saints renown’d our native shore:  
 ‘ Saint Egwin as her eld’st, with Woolstan as the other,  
 ‘ Of whom she may be proud to say she was the mother,  
 ‘ The church’s champions both, for her that stoutly stood.  
 ‘ Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor less good.  
 ‘ The first of whom is that most reverend bishop Chad,  
 ‘ In those religious times for holiness that had

‘ The

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1137

The name above the best that lived in those days,  
 ' That stories have been stuf't with his abundant praise ;  
 ' Who on the see of York being formerly install'd,  
 ' Yet when back to that place saint Wilfrid was recall'd,  
 ' The feat to that good man he willingly resign'd,  
 ' And to the quiet clofs of Litchfield him confin'd.  
 ' So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did fupply,  
 ' Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.  
 ' As Lincoln to the saints, our Robert Grosted lent,  
 ' A perfect godly man, moft learn'd and eloquent,  
 ' Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more upright ways,  
 ' Who durft reprove proud Rome in her moft prosperous  
     days,  
 ' Whose life, of that next age the juftice well did fhew,  
 ' Which we may boldly fay, for this we clearly know,  
 ' Had Innocent the fourth the church's fuffrage led,  
 ' This man could not at Rome have been canonized.  
 ' Her fainted bishop John, fo Ely adds to thefe,  
 ' Yet never any one of all our feveral fees  
 ' Northumberland, like thine, have to thefe times been bleft,  
 ' Which fent into this ifle fo many men profest,  
 ' Whilst Haguftald had then a mother-church's ftyle,  
 ' And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy-ifle,  
 ' Was then a fee before that Durham was fo great,  
 ' And long ere Carliffe came to be a bishop's feat.  
 ' Aidan, and Finan both, moft happily were found  
 ' Northumberland in thee, even whilst thou didft abound  
 ' With paganifm, which them thy Oswin that good king,  
 ' His people to convert, did in from Scotland bring:  
 ' As Etta likewise her's, from Malrorfe that arofe,  
 ' Being abbot of that place, whom the Northumbers chofe  
 ' The bishopricks of Ferne, and Haguftald to hold.  
 ' And Cuthbert of whose life fuch miracles are told,  
 ' As ftory fcarcely can the truth thereof maintain,  
 ' Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings defcended from the ftain,  
 ' To whom fince they belong, I from them here muft  
     swerve,  
 ' And till I thither come, their holinefs refcrve,

Pro



- ' Proceeding with the rest that on those sees have shown,  
 ' As Edbert after these born naturally our own.  
 ' The next which in that see faint Cuthbert did succeed,  
 ' His church then built of wood, and thatch'd with homely  
   reed,  
 ' He builded up of stone, and cover'd fair with lead,  
 ' Who in faint Cuthbert's grave they buried being dead,  
 ' As his sad people he at his departing will'd.  
 ' So Higbald after him a faint is likewise held,  
 ' Who when his proper see, as all the northern shore,  
 ' Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd the more,  
 ' But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,  
 ' His clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er he came.  
   ' And Alwyn who the church at Durham now, begun,  
 ' Which place before that time was strangely over-run  
 ' With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately ear'd,  
 ' Where he that goodly phane, to after ages rear'd,  
 ' And thither his late seat from<sup>a</sup> Lindisferne translated,  
 ' Which his cathedral church by him was consecrated.  
   ' So Acca we account 'mongst those which have been  
   call'd  
 ' The faints of this our see, which sat at Hagenstald,  
 ' Of which he bishop was, in that good age respected,  
 ' In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,  
 ' Which since would seem to shew the bishops as they came:  
 ' Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolph do name,  
 ' At Durham by some men supposed to reside  
 ' More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,  
 ' The first which rul'd that see, which<sup>e</sup> Beauclerk did pre-  
   fer,  
 ' Much<sup>e</sup> gracing him, who was his only confessor.  
 ' Nor were they bishops thus related faints alone;  
 ' Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many a one,  
 ' Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,  
 ' Canoniz'd as well as thy great mitred men:

' Two

a An isle near to Scotland, lying | called Holy-island.  
 into the German ocean, since that | e Henry I.

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1139

' Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these,  
 ' Whose abbeyes touch'd the walls of thy two ancient seas.  
 ' Thy Royfil (in his time the tutelage that had  
 ' Of Cuthbert that great faint, whose hopes then but a lad,  
 ' Express'd in riper years how greatly he might merit)  
 ' The man who had from God a prophesying spirit,  
 ' Foretelling many things ; and growing to be old,  
 ' His very hour of death, was by an angel told.  
 ' At Malroys this good man his fainting well did earn,  
 ' Saint Oswald his again at holy Lindisferne,  
 ' With Ive a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere  
 ' Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert likewise there  
 ' His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)  
 ' So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,  
 ' That at one time and place, he with that holy man,  
 ' Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he wan.  
 ' Our venerable Bede so forth that country brought,  
 ' And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages fought  
 ' The truth to understand, impartially which he  
 ' Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we  
 ' Things left so far behind before us still may read,  
 ' 'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is saint Bede.  
 ' A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are brought,  
 ' Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world respecting  
     nought.  
 ' Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern (now holy isle)  
 ' Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English mile,  
 ' Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canst show,  
 ' His head and beard as white as swan or driven snow,  
 ' At Finchall threescore years, a hermit's life to lead ;  
 ' Their solitary way in thee did Alrick tread,  
 ' Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,  
 ' Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.  
 ' Of Wilgusse, so in thee Northumberland we tell,  
 ' Whose most religious life hath merited so well,  
 ' (Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal strain)  
 ' That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemaign,

' In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,  
 ' He him the subject chose for his most learned pen.  
 ' So Oswyn, one of thy dear country thou canst show,  
 ' To whom as for the rest for him we likewise owe  
 ' Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave,  
 ' Whose reliques that great house of Lesting long did save,  
 ' To cinders till it sunk : so Benedict by thee,  
 ' We have amongst the rest, for saints that reckon'd be,  
 ' Of Wyremouth worship'd long, her patron buried there,  
 ' In that most goodly church, which he himself did rear.  
 ' Saint Thomas so to us Northumberland thou lent'st,  
 ' Whom up into the south, thou from his country sent'st;  
 ' For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,  
 ' Who since that of his name so many saints there are,  
 ' This man from others more, that times might understand,  
 ' They to his christen'd name added Northumberland.

' Nor in one country thus our saints confined were,  
 ' But through this famous isle dispersed here and there :  
 ' As Yorkshire sent us in saint Robert to our store,  
 ' At Knarlsborough most known, whereas he long before  
 ' His blessed time bestow'd ; then one as just as he,  
 ' (If credit to those times attributed may be)  
 ' Saint Richard with the rest deserving well a room,  
 ' Which in that country once, at Hampool had a tomb.  
 ' Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,  
 ' The abbot, who to all posterity did leave  
 ' The fruits of his staid faith, delivered by his pen.  
 ' Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,  
 ' One Eufac then we had, but where his life he led,  
 ' That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,  
 ' And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.

' Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster so nam'd,  
 ' And by that title known, in power and goodness great ;  
 ' And meriting as well his fainting, as his feat.  
 ' So have we found three Johns, of sundry places here,  
 ' Of which (three reverend men) two famous abbots were.  
 ' The first Saint Albans shew'd, the second Lewes had  
 ' Another godly John we to these former add,

' To



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1141

'To make them up a trine, (the name of saints that won)

'Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Burlington.

'So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest

'With the title of a faint, whose ashes long did rest

'At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a day ;

'But of the place he held, books diversly dare say,

'As they of Gilbert do, who founded those divines,

'Monasticks all that were, of him nam'd Gilbertines :

'To which his order here, he thirteen houses built,

'When that most thankful time, to shew he had not spilt

'His wealth on it in vain, a faint hath made him here,

'At Sempringham enshrin'd, a town of Lincolnshire.

'Of sainted hermits then, a company we have,

'To whom devouter times this veneration gave :

'As Gwir in Cornwall kept his solitary cage,

'And Neoth by Hunstock there, his holy hermitage,

'As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier long,

'Detesting the rude spoils, done by the armed throng,

'The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook,

'And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,

'Free from all publick crowds, in that low fenny ground.

'As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found :

'Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,

'Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.

'An hermith Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,

'A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,

'Time after built a town, where this good man did live,

'And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.

'These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,

'But true professors were of poverty and prayer.

'Amongst these men which times have honour'd with  
the stile

'Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,

'Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their blood,

'That faith which th'other preach'd, 'gainst them that it  
withstood ;

'As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his seat,

'Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his near,

' And leaving that his charge, he left the world withal,  
 ' An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd wall,  
 ' Inclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his breath,  
 ' But was too soon (alas) by pagans put to death.  
 ' Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman slain  
 ' At Eufham, for that he did zealously maintain  
 ' The verity of Christ. As Thomas, whom we call  
 ' Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr there withal;  
 ' For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did withstand,  
 ' From ransacking the church, when here they put on land,  
 ' By them was done to death, which rather he did chuse,  
 ' Than see their heathen hands those holy things abuse.

' Two boys of tender age, those elder saints ensue,  
 ' Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,  
 ' Whom th'unbelieving Jews (rebellious that abide)  
 ' In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd,  
 ' Those times would every one should their due honour  
 have,

' His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave.

' So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulfrick hath  
 ' Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,  
 ' That sundry ages since, his cell have sought to find,  
 ' At Hasselburg, who had his obiits him assign'd.

' So had we many kings most holy here at home,  
 ' As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that room:  
 ' Northumberland, thy feat with saints did us supply  
 ' Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy  
 ' Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands intrall'd,  
 ' Whom Penda which to him the welsh Cadwallyn call'd,  
 ' Without all mercy slew: but he alone not dy'd  
 ' By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet beside,  
 ' Just Oswald likewise slew, at Oswaldstree, who gave  
 ' That name unto that place, as though time meant to save  
 ' His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,  
 ' As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.  
 ' So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian kings,  
 ' With those that martyrs were, so forth that country  
 brings

' Th'

# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1143

'Th'anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,  
 'Whom Ofsay that brute king of wild Bernitia slew:  
 'Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northumberland re-  
 main'd  
 'In greatness, were within her larger bounds contain'd ;  
 'This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.  
 'As Alkmond one of hers for sanctity renown'd,  
 'King Alred's christen'd son, a most religious prince,  
 'Whom when the heathenish here by no means could con-  
 vince,  
 '(Their paganism apace declining to the wane)  
 'At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,  
 'Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the christians laid.  
 'What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but rightly weigh'd)  
 'You pious princes then, in godliness so great ;  
 'Why should not full-mouth'd fame your praises oft repeat ?  
 'So Ethelwolph her king, Northumbria notes again,  
 'In martyrdom the next, though not the next in reign,  
 'Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did deface  
 'The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to embrace  
 'The lively quickning faith, which then began to spread.  
 'So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred :  
 'There other holy kings were likewise, who confess'd,  
 'Which those most zealous times have fainted with the rest,  
 'King Alfred that his Christ he might more surely hold,  
 'Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became encoul'd,  
 'At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been king.  
 'So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,  
 'To Oswoolph his next heir, his kingdom that resign'd,  
 'And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,  
 'Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools adore :  
 'So Ceonulph again as this had done before,  
 'In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,  
 'Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with the name.  
 'Nor those Northumbrian kings the only martyrs were,  
 'That in this seven-fold rule the scepters once did bear,  
 'But that the Mercian reign, which pagan princes long,  
 'Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,



' To the true christian faith much reverence which did add  
 ' Our martyrologe to help : so happily she had  
 ' Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire  
 ' They had t'imbrace the faith, by their most cruel fire  
 ' Were without pity slain, long ere to manhood grown,  
 ' Whose tender bodies had their burying rites at ° Stone.  
 ' So Kenelme, that the king of Mercia should have been,  
 ' Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,  
 ' Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing old,  
 ' That he the christian faith undoubtedly would hold.  
 ' So long it was ere truth could paganism expel.

' Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times long did  
 tell,

' Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled  
 ' His father's kingly court, and after meekly led  
 ' An hermit's life in Wales, where long he did remain  
 ' In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain  
 ' By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe  
 ' The christian faith here found : so Etheldred shall go  
 ' With these our martyr'd saints, though only he confess,  
 ' Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly blest,  
 ' Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,  
 ' And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour went.

' Nor our West-saxon reign was any whit behind  
 ' Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal we find  
 ' Amongst those fainted kings, whose fames are safeliest  
 kept ;

' As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times have heap'd,  
 ' That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd,  
 ' Repenting in his heart against the truth t'have spurn'd,  
 ' To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,  
 ' And in the christian faith there humbly was baptiz'd.  
 ' So Ethelwoolph, who sat on Cedwal's ancient seat,  
 ' For charitable deeds, who almost was as great  
 ' As any English king, at Winchester enshrined,  
 ' A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.

' Two

° A town in Staffordshire.

' Two  
 ' Saint  
 ' By A  
 ' That  
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 ' For t  
 ' Both  
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# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1145

' Two other kings as much our martyrologe may sted,  
 ' Saint Edward, and with him comes in saint Ethelred,  
 ' By Alfreda, the first, his stepmother was slain,  
 ' That her most loved son young Ethelbert might reign:  
 ' The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,  
 ' For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly bane;  
 ' Both which with wondrous cost, the English did inter,  
 ' At Wynburn this first saint, the last at Winchester,  
 ' Where that West-saxon prince, good Alfred buried was  
 ' Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to pass.

' Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon strain,  
 ' More studious in those times, or stoutlier did maintain  
 ' The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the east,  
 ' Their near'st and dear'st allies, which strongly did invest  
 ' The <sup>f</sup> island with their name, of whose most holy kings,  
 ' Which justly have deserv'd their high canonizings,  
 ' Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had crown'd,  
 ' And Edmund in his end, so wondrously renown'd,  
 ' For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-drowning

Dane,

' To whom those times first built that <sup>e</sup> city and that phane,  
 ' Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory show,  
 ' When she will have the world of her past greatness know.  
 ' As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report  
 ' Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian court,  
 ' From the East-angles went, whilst mighty Offa reign'd;  
 ' Wherefore he christen'd was, and christian-like abstain'd  
 ' To idolatrize with them, fierce Quenred, Offa's queen  
 ' Most treacherously him slew out of th'inveterate spleen  
 ' She bare unto the faith, whom we a saint adore.  
 ' So Edwald brother to saint Edmund, sung before,  
 ' A confessor we call, whom past times did inter  
 ' At Dorchester by Tame, (now in our calendar.)

' Amongst those kingdoms here, so Kent account shall  
 yield

' Of three of her best blood, who in this christian field

E e e e 4

' Were

<sup>f</sup> A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles-land.

<sup>e</sup> Saint Edmundsbury.

- Were mighty, of the which, king Ethelbert shall stand
- The first; who having brought saint Augustine to land,
- Himself first christen'd was, by whose example then,
- The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentishmen.
- As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
- To Edbald king of Kent, who natural nephews were,
- For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them places high,
- Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at Wye.
- To these two brothers, so two others come again,
- And as of great descent in the Southsexian strain :
- Arwaldi of one name, whom ere king Cedwal knew
- The true and lively faith, he tyrannously flew :
- Who still amongst the saints have their deserved right,
- Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the isle of Wight.
- Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
- As of th'East Saxon line, king Sebba so became
- As most religious monk, at London, where he led
- A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
- Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
- That king, who over eight did soly monarch sit,
- And with our holiest saints for his endowments great,
- Bestow'd upon the church. With him we likewise seat
- That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward, from the  
rest
- Of that renowned name, by confessor exprest'd.
- To these our sainted kings, remember'd in our song,
- Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily belong,
- Incloister'd that became, and had the self-same style,
- For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our isle,
- As those that forth to France, and Germany we gave,
- For holy charges there ; but here first let us have
- Our maid-made-saints at home, as Hilderlie, with her
- We Theorid think most fit, for whom those times aver,
- A virgin strictlier vow'd hath hardly lived here.
- St. Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Barking were,
- And reckon'd for the best, which most that house did  
grace,
- The last of which was long the abbess of that place.

• So



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1147

' So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that had been  
 ' A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,  
 ' At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late,  
 ' A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:  
 ' Of which good Audry was king Ina's daughter bright,  
 ' Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light,  
 ' As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,  
 ' The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reveal  
 ' The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,  
 ' By which those eastern shires their <sup>h</sup> privileges have.  
 ' Of holy Audrie's too, a sister here we have,  
 ' St. Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave,  
 ' At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she kept,  
 ' Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was bewept.  
 ' And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's name,  
 ' At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became  
 ' Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfled is inroll'd,  
 ' The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,  
 ' A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbess long,  
 ' So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among.  
 ' With Milburg, Mildred comes, and Milwid, daughters  
 dear  
 ' To Mervald, who did then the Mercian scepter bear.  
 ' At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious maid)  
 ' Of which great abbey she the first foundation laid :  
 ' And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth hery  
 ' Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.  
 ' Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass  
 ' St. Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter was  
 ' To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd king,  
 ' Who in this place most fit't we with the former bring.  
 ' Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,  
 ' As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.  
 ' King Edgar's sister so, saint Edith, place may have  
 ' With these our maiden-saints, who to her Powlsworth  
 gave

Im.

<sup>h</sup> St. Audrie's liberties.

- ' Immunities most large, and goodly livings laid.
- ' Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
- ' Had founded in that place, with most devout intent.
- ' As Eanfwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings of Kent,
- ' At Folkstone found a place (given by her father there)
- ' In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.
- ' Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several kings,
- ' Four holy virgins more the muse in order brings :
- ' St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find
- ' Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury enshrin'd.
- ' Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
- ' Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times did sway
- ' On the West-Saxon feat, two other sacred maids,
- ' As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their beads.
- ' St. Cuthburg, and with her saint Quinburg, which we  
here
- ' Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,
- ' And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather,
- ' Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their father
- ' Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
- ' Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints was blest,
- ' As after shall be shew'd : another virgin vow'd,
- ' And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd ;
- ' To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburg, who for she
- ' (As five related saints of that blest name that be)
- ' Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton styl'd :
- ' Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
- ' Or sanctimonious known ? But muse, on in our song,
- ' With other princely maids, but first with those that  
sprung
- ' From Penda, that great king of Mercia ; holy Tweed,
- ' And Kinisfred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
- ' And Eadburg, last not least, at Godmanchester all
- ' Incloister'd ; and to these saint Tibba let us call,
- ' In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
- ' In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
- ' Amongst which of that house, for saints that reckon'd be,
- ' Yet never any one more grac'd the same than she.

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# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1149

' Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfred then  
 ' Neice to that mighty king, our English Athelstan,  
 ' At Glaſtenbury ſhrin'd ; and one as great as ſhe,  
 ' Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd to ſee  
 ' The Conqueror enter here, ſaint Chriſtian (to us known)  
 ' Whoſe life by her clear name divinely was foreſhown.  
 ' For holineſs of life, that as renowned were,  
 ' And not leſs nobly born, nor bred, produce we here ;  
 ' St. Hilda, and ſaint Hien, the firſt of noble name,  
 ' At Strenſhalt, took her vow, the other ſiſter came  
 ' To Colcheſter, and grac'd the rich Eſſexian ſhore ;  
 ' Whoſe relicts many a day the world did there adore.  
 ' And of our fainted maids, the number to ſupply,  
 ' Of Eadburg we allow, ſometime at Aileſbury,  
 ' To Redwald then a king of the Eaſt-Angles born,  
 ' A votreſs as ſincere as ſhe thereto was ſworn.  
 ' Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our native iſle,  
 ' As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did inſtyle  
 ' The holieſt Engliſh maid, whoſe vigils long were held  
 ' In Lincolnſhire ; yet not ſaint Frideſwid excell'd,  
 ' The abbeſs of an houſe in Oxford, of her kind  
 ' The wonder ; nor that place could hope the like to find.  
 ' Two ſiſters ſo we have, both to devotion 'pleat,  
 ' And worthily made ſaints ; the elder Margarite,  
 ' Of Kateſby abbeſs was, and Alice, as we read,  
 ' Her ſiſter on that feat, did happily ſucceed  
 ' At Abington, which firſt receiv'd their living breath.  
 ' Then thoſe Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as full of  
 faith,  
 ' That country ſent us in, t' increaſe our virgin-band,  
 ' Fair Elfred, Oſwald's child, king of Northumberland,  
 ' At Strenſhalt that was veil'd. As 'mongſt thoſe many there,  
 ' O Ebba, whoſe clear fame, time never ſhall out-wear,  
 ' At Coldingham, far hence within that country plac'd ;  
 ' The abbeſs, who to keep the veiled virgins chaſte,  
 ' Which elſe thou fear'ſt the Danes would raviſh, which  
 poſſeſs'd  
 ' This iſle ; firſt of thy ſelf and then of all the reſt,

' The



- ' The nose and upper lip from your fair faces carv'd,  
 ' And from pollution so your hallowed house preserv'd.  
 ' Which when the Danes perceiv'd, their hopes so far de-  
 luded,  
 ' Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom concluded.  
 ' As Leofron, whose faith with others rightly weigh'd,  
 ' Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English maid:  
 ' Who likewise when the Dane with persecution storm'd,  
 ' She here a martyr's part most gloriously perform'd.  
 ' Two holy maids again at Whitby were renown'd,  
 ' Both abbeesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;  
 ' St. Ethelfrid, with her saint Congill, as a pair  
 ' Of abbeesses therein, the one of which by prayer  
 ' The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which annoy'd,  
 ' By which their grafs and grain was many times destroy'd,  
 ' Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air can get  
 ' From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.  
 ' As these within this isle in cloisters were inclos'd:  
 ' So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;  
 ' As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our own,  
 ' Were abbeesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France was known:  
 ' And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,  
 ' (Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of Kent)  
 ' A prioress of that place; Burgundosora bare,  
 ' At Eureux the chaste rule, all which renowned are  
 ' In France, which as this isle of them may freely boast,  
 ' So Germany some grac'd, from this their native coast.  
 ' St. Walburg here extract from th' royal English line,  
 ' Was in that country made abbess of Heydentine.  
 ' St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:  
 ' From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire) arose  
 ' Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.  
 ' From thence, two not the least these sacred maids among,  
 ' At Biscopsen, by time encloister'd and became.  
 ' St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name  
 ' For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin wan,  
 ' Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest man.

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# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1151

' Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,  
 ' But widow'd queens as well, that being godly wise,  
 ' Forsaking second beds, the world with them forfook,  
 ' To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook  
 ' To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.  
 ' As when the fates of life king Ethelwold depriv'd,  
 ' That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heriswid his  
     wife,

' Betaking her to lead a strict monastick life,  
 ' Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy veil,  
 ' And lived many a day incloister'd there at Cale.  
 ' Then Keneburg in this our fainted front shall stand,  
 ' To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumberland,  
 ' Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though he  
 ' Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age to see  
 ' Four virgins, and this queen, his children, consecrated  
 ' Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.

' As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth us store,  
 ' Of the Northumbrian line so have we many more;  
 ' Saint Eanfled widowed left, by Osfway reigning there,  
 ' At Strenshalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the pheere  
 ' To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possess'd  
 ' Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest  
 ' At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave her breath.  
 ' So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,  
 ' Which had the self same rule of Wilton abbess was,  
 ' Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall likewise  
     pass,

' Which in the self same house, saint Edeth did succeed,  
 ' St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd weed,  
 ' King Alred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so again  
 ' Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his reign)  
 ' Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,  
 ' Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mother  
 ' To two most holy maids, as we before have show'd  
 ' At Wilton (which we say) their happy time bestow'd,  
 ' Though she of Barking was, a holy nun profess'd,  
 ' Who in her husband's time had reigned in the west:

' Th'

- ‘ Th’ East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
- ‘ As Sexburg sometime queen to Ercombert of Kent,
- ‘ Though Ina’s loved child, and Audrey’s sister known,
- ‘ Which Ely in those days did for her abbess own.
- ‘ Nor to saint Osith we less honour ought to give,
- ‘ King Sethred’s widowed queen, who (when death did de-  
prive
- ‘ Th’ Essexian king of life) became inroll’d at Chich,
- ‘ Whose shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich.
- ‘ Two holy Mercian queens so widowed, saints became,
- ‘ For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
- ‘ King Wulphere’s widowed pheere, queen Ermineld,  
whose life
- ‘ At Ely is renown’d, and Ermenburg, the wife
- ‘ To Meruald reigning there, a saint may safely pass,
- ‘ Who to three virgin-saints the virtuous mother was,
- ‘ The remnant of her days, religiously that bare,
- ‘ Immonaster’d in Kent, where first she breath’d the air.
- ‘ King Edgar’s mother so, is for a saint prefer’d,
- ‘ Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was interr’d.
- ‘ So Edward Outlaw’s wife, saint Agatha, we bring,
- ‘ By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
- ‘ Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar her dear son,
- ‘ By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror done,
- ‘ Depriv’d his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
- ‘ A vestal habit took, and gave the false world over.
- ‘ St. Maud here not the least, tho’ she be set the last,
- ‘ And scarcely over-match’d by any that is past,
- ‘ Our Beauclerk’s queen, and born to Malcolm king of Scots,
- ‘ Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
- ‘ Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster fled,
- ‘ And chastely gave herself to her lov’d husband’s bed,
- ‘ Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages chose,
- ‘ With whom we at this time our catalogue will close.’

Now Rutland all this time, who held her highly wrong’d,  
That she should for the saints thus strangely be prolong’d,  
As that the muse such time upon their praise should spend,  
Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to attend



# SONG THE TWENTY-FOURTH. 1153

At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly overtake,  
Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much to  
make ;

For that she was alone the darling and delight  
Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,  
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be :  
Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st shire should see,  
The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,  
The ever-labouring muse her beauties thus express'd.

' Love not thy self the less, altho' the least thou art,  
' What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth impart  
' In goodness of thy soil ; and more delicious mould,  
' Surveying all this isle, the sun did ne'er behold.  
' Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare,  
' But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall compare :  
' What forest nymph is found, how brave soe'er she be,  
' But Lyfield shews herself as brave a nymph as she ?  
' What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,  
' Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater rill ?  
' Small shire that can produce to thy proportion good,  
' One vale of special name, one forest, and one flood.  
' O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and corn,  
' That Bever ne'er be said thy sister-hood to scorn,  
' And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little grace,  
' That her the pleas'd fates, did in thy bosom place,  
' And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,  
' That every forest nymph may praise the sports in thee.  
' And down to Welland's course, O Wash, run ever clear,  
' To honour, and to be much honoured by this shire.'

And here my canto ends, which kept the muse so long,  
That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

POLY-



P O L Y - O L B I O N :  
SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Tow'rd's Lincolnshire our progress laid,  
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,  
Fowling, and fishing in the fen;  
Then come we next to Kestiven,  
And bringing Wytham to her fall,  
On Lindsey light we last of all,  
Her scite and pleasures to attend,  
And with the isle of Axholme end.*

**N**OW in upon thy earth rich Lincolnshire I strain,  
At Deeping, from whose street, the plenteous ditches  
drain,  
Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall  
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all  
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide  
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern side  
Th'inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcean lands,  
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted  
stands,  
Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her stay,  
Because to that fair part, a challenge she doth lay.  
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the muse of late  
Trode with a steady foot, now with a slower gait,  
Through quicksands, beach, and ouze, the Washes she  
must wade,  
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade

The

SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH. 1155

The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallowing waves,  
From whose impetuous force, that who himself not saves,  
By swift and sudden flight, is swallowed by the deep,  
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep,  
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide heaven before,  
And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,  
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the Low,  
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (tho' almost buried) show  
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more christian zea  
She by the muse's aid, shall happily reveal

Her fundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance she  
Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be  
The mistress, (and indeed) to sit without compare,  
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,  
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,  
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed:

' Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,  
' Both that which lies within the goodly territory  
' Of Naples, as that fen Thesposia's earth upon,  
' Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Acheron  
' Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal fen,  
' Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,  
' In history altho' thou highly seem'st to boast,  
' That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman host.  
' I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria shows,  
' Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,  
' Or Scythia, on whose face the sun doth hardly shine,  
' Should her Meotis think to match with this of mine,  
' That cover'd all with snow continually doth stand.  
' I stinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.  
' Marica<sup>a</sup> that wise nymph, to whom great Neptune gave  
' The charge of all his shores, from drowning them to save,  
' Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,  
' And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the rest:  
' In summer giving earth from which I square my<sup>b</sup> peat,  
' And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and neat.

F f f f

' My

<sup>a</sup> A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.

<sup>b</sup> Fuel cut out of the marsh.



- ' My various fleets for fowl, O who is he can tell,  
 ' The species that in me for multitudes excel!  
 ' The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only sport,  
 ' (Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,  
 ' They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound,  
 ' That you would think they sate upon the very ground,  
 ' Their numbers being so great, the waters covering quite,  
 ' That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with their flight;  
 ' Yet still the dangerous dykes, from shot do them secure,  
 ' Where they from flash to flash, like the full epicure  
 ' Waft, as they lov'd to change their diet every meal;  
 ' And near to them you see the lesser dibbling teale  
 ' In bunches, with the first that fly from mere to mere,  
 ' As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.  
 ' The gossander with them, my goodly fens do show  
 ' His head as ebon black, the rest as white as snow,  
 ' With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye, the smeath,  
 ' And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds beneath;  
 ' The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness it doth  
     bear  
 ' Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth wear  
 ' Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.  
 ' The water-woosell next, all over black as jet,  
 ' With various colours, black, green, blue, red, ruffet,  
     white,  
 ' Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,  
 ' As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes they be.  
 ' The diving dob-chick, here amongst the rest you see,  
 ' Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,  
 ' Whether under water most it liveth, or above:  
 ' With which last little fowl, (that water may not lack;  
 ' More than the dob-chick doth, and more doth love the  
     <sup>d</sup> brack)  
 ' The puffin we compare, which coming to the dish,  
 ' Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.  
     ' But wherefore should I stand upon such toys as these,  
 ' That have so goodly fowls, the wandring eye to please.

' Here

' The word in falconry for a company of teale.

<sup>d</sup> Salt-water.

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SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH. 1157

Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or milk,  
 (In water black as Stix) swims the wild swan, the ilke,  
 Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his breath,  
 (As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)  
 But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,  
 Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arched throat,  
 And tow'nds this wat'ry kind, about the flashees brim,  
 Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.  
 There stalks the stately crane, as tho' he march'd in war,  
 By him that hath the herne, which (by the fishy car)  
 Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and reed,  
 Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often feed:  
 And under them again, (that water never take,  
 But by some ditches side, or little shallow lake  
 Lie dabling night and day) the pallat-pleasing snite,  
 The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that delight  
 Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,  
 In which these little fowls in summer's time were bred.  
 The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hollow bill,  
 A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill  
 The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a bull did  
 roar;

But scarcely have I yet recited half my store:  
 And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese come I then,  
 Which look as though alone they peopled all the fen,  
 Which here in winter time, when all is overflow'd,  
 And want of solid sward inforceth them abroad,  
 Th'abundance then is seen, that my full Fens do yield,  
 That almost through the isle, do pester every field.  
 The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er they breed,  
 On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my Fens for feed  
 Continually they come, and chief abode do make,  
 And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:  
 Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine own,  
 Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly known.  
 For sure unless in me, no one yet ever saw  
 The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they draw:

' From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue.  
 ' Now such as flying feed, next these I must pursue ;  
 ' The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew here do keep,  
 ' As searching every shoal, and watching every deep,  
 ' To find their floating fry, with their sharp-piercing sight,  
 ' Which suddenly they take, by stooping from their height.  
 ' The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring kind)  
 ' Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find  
 ' The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his wings at full,  
 ' As though he shot himself into the thicken'd skull,  
 ' He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,  
 ' Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth chuse  
 ' The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.  
 ' The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,  
 ' Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,  
 ' But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)  
 ' Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw  
 ' They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw.  
 ' The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net :  
 ' The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.  
 ' One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth stalk ;  
 ' Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :  
 ' There other with their spades, the peats are squaring out,  
 ' And others from their cars, are busily about,  
 ' To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover fit,  
 ' That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,  
 ' Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be stor'd,  
 ' Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford :  
 ' And for that part of me, which men high Holland call,  
 ' Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's fall,  
 ' I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field  
 ' Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.  
 ' For that of all the seas invironing this isle,  
 ' Our Irish, Spanish, French, how e'er we them ensile,  
 ' The German is the great'st, and it is only I,  
 ' That do upon the same with most advantage lie.  
 ' What fish can any shore, or British sea-town show,  
 ' That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow

Abundantly



SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH. 1159

' Abundantly thereon? the herring king of sea,  
 ' The faster feeding cod, the mackrel brought by May,  
 ' The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their blood;  
 ' The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest food;  
 ' The whiting known to all, a general wholesome dish;  
 ' The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty fish;  
 ' The haddock, turbet, bert, fish nourishing and strong;  
 ' The thornback, and the scate, provocative among:  
 ' The weaver, which although his prickles venom be,  
 ' By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see:  
 ' Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;  
 ' The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad;  
 ' The sturgeon cut to kegs, (too big to handle whole)  
 ' Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jole.  
 ' Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly chat,  
 ' Think not that all betwixt the wherpool, and the sprat,  
 ' I go about the name, that were to take in hand,  
 ' The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand;  
 ' But on the English coast, those most that usual are,  
 ' Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us for fare;  
 ' Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am in,  
 ' I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale and fin:  
 ' The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that doth  
     ask,  
 ' The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus' task,  
 ' Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,  
 ' And that the same effect which worketh in the blood  
 ' The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster limb'd:  
 ' The oyster hot as they, the mussle often trim'd  
 ' With orient pearl within, as thereby nature show'd,  
 ' That she some secret good had on that shell bestow'd:  
 ' The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and limp,  
 ' The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle, and the shrimp,  
 ' For wanton women's tastes or for weak stomachs bought.  
 When Kestiven this while that certainly had thought,

Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she, 'O how I  
hate,

' Thus of her foggy Fens, to hear rude Holland prate,  
' That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a coil,  
' As her unwholesom air, and more unwholesom soil,  
' For these of which she boasts, the more might suffer'd be;  
' When those her feather'd flocks, she sends not out to me,  
' Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little brook,  
' (In which the sun it self may well be proud to look)  
' Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined food,  
' From that so ramish tast of her most fulsom mud,  
' When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen brings,  
' The cook doth cast them out, as most unfavoury things.  
' Besides, what is she else, but a foul woofy marsh,  
' And that she calls her gras, so blady is, and harsh,  
' As cuts the cattel's mouths, constrain'd thereon to feed,  
' So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush and reed,  
' For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,  
' Doth like the penny gras, or the pure clover show,  
' Compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,  
' Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.  
' Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with store,  
' Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,  
' Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow  
' Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than bestow.  
' From Stamford as along my tract toward Lincoln  
' strains,

' What shire is there can show more valuable veins  
' Of soil than is in me? or where can there be found,  
' So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near so found?  
' Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter breath?  
' What country can produce a delicater heath,  
' Than that which her fair name from ' Ancafter doth hold?  
' Through all the neighbouring shires, whose praise shall  
still be told,  
' Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth adorn,  
' That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,

' Though

' Ancafter heath.

SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH. 1161

‘ Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit high,  
 ‘ Yet doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye  
 ‘ With prospect from each part, but that her pleasant ground  
 ‘ Gives all that may content, the well-breath’d horse and  
 - hound :

‘ And from the Britains yet, to show what then I was,  
 ‘ One of the Roman ways near through my midst did pass :  
 ‘ Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my mould  
 ‘ Their painted pavements found, and arms of perfect gold.  
 ‘ They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract did dwell,  
 ‘ All other of this isle, for that they would excel  
 ‘ For churches every where, so rich and goodly rear’d  
 ‘ In every little dorp, that after-times have fear’d  
 ‘ T’attempt so mighty works ; yet one above the rest,  
 ‘ In which it may be thought, they strove to do their best,  
 ‘ Of pleasant Grantham is, that pyramis so high,  
 ‘ Rear’d (as it might be thought) to over-top the sky,  
 ‘ The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,  
 ‘ As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to gaze.’

When Wytham that this while a list’ning ear had laid,  
 To hearken (for her self) what Kestiven had said,  
 Much pleas’d with this report, for that she was the earth  
 From whom she only had her sweet and season’d birth,  
 From Wytham which that name derived from her springs,  
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv’let sings.

‘ Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe’er you run,  
 ‘ Or tow’rds the pleasant rise, or tow’rds the mid-day sun :  
 ‘ By which (as some suppose by use that have them try’d)  
 ‘ Your waters in their course are neatly purify’d.  
 ‘ Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,  
 ‘ When Neptune shall command the Naiades t’appear,  
 ‘ In river what is found, in me that is not rare :  
 ‘ Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without compare.

‘ From Wytham mine own town, first water’d with my  
 source,

‘ As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,

F f f f 4

‘ Who

‘ A town so called.



' Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,  
 ' Whose swains in shepherds gray, and girls in Lincoln  
     green?  
 ' Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bag-pipes  
     ply,  
 ' Dance many a merry round, and many a hydeggy.  
 ' I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,  
 ' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.  
     ' No land-floods can me force to over-prod a height;  
 ' Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too streight:  
 ' My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad,  
 ' My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are strow'd;  
 ' My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers are dress'd,  
 ' The higher rising heaths, hold distance with my breast.  
 ' Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she bare;  
 ' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.'

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,  
 Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful delight,  
 Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,  
 That her of all the rest especially doth grace,  
 Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,  
 Which seemed to have been directly to the north:  
 She runs her silver front into the muddy Fen,  
 Which lies into the east, in her deep journey, when  
 Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming down,  
 Delicious Wytham leads to holy<sup>b</sup> Botulph's town,  
 Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,  
 That their appearance make in Neptune's watry court.'

Now Lindsey all this while, that duely did attend,  
 Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end  
 Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies;  
 ' Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states defies.  
 ' Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my south,  
 ' As likewise to the north, great Humber's swelling mouth  
 ' Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely lie:  
 ' O who can me the best, before them both deny?

' Nor

<sup>a</sup> Lincoln anciently dyed the best  
green of England.

<sup>b</sup> Botulph's town contractedly  
Boston.

# SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH. 1163

' Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract can show,  
 ' Whose shore like to the back of a well bended bow,  
 ' The ocean beareth out, and every where so thick,  
 ' The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,  
 ' That it is very hard for any to define,  
 ' Whether up-land most I be, or most am maritime.  
 ' What is there that compleat can any country make,  
 ' That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not partake,  
 ' As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and pleasant  
     hills,

' All water'd here and there, with pretty creeping rills,  
 ' Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what can  
 ' Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,  
 ' As Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,  
 ' My Ancum (only mine) whose fame as far doth fly,  
 ' For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her <sup>i</sup> pike,  
 ' Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the  
     like.

' From Razin her clear springs, where first she doth arrive,  
 ' As in an even course, to Humber forth doth drive,  
 ' Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite out-braves  
 ' Rough Humber, when he strives to shew his sternest  
     waves.

' Now for my <sup>a</sup> bounds to speak, few tracts (I think)  
     there be,

' (And search through all this isle) to parallel with me:  
 ' Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said before)  
 ' From whom (even) all along, upon the eastern shore,  
 ' The German ocean lies; and on my southern side,  
 ' Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth divide  
 ' From Holland; and from thence the Fosdyke is my bound,  
 ' Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where he found,  
 ' Commodities by Trent, from Humber to convey:  
 ' So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,  
 ' To ward me on the west, though farther I extend,  
 ' And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend

' Full

' Wytham Eel, and Ancumpike,  
 in all the world there is none fyke.

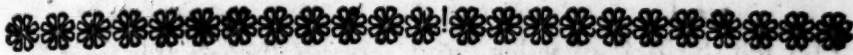
' The bounds of Kestiven.

- \* Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do infitle)  
 \* Which Idle, Don, and Trent, imbracing make an isle.  
 \* But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I boast,  
 \* When that which Holland seems to vaunt her on the most,  
 \* By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth breed:  
 \* She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,  
 \* That physick oft forbids the patient them for food,  
 \* But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits and blood:  
 \* For near this batning isle in me is to be seen,  
 \* More than on any earth, the plover gray, and green,  
 \* The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our bits,  
 \* The raile, which seldom comes, but upon rich mens spits:  
 \* The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,  
 \* The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure:  
 \* The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,  
 \* Of that great king of Danes, his name that still doth hold,  
 \* His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,  
 \* For him (as some have said) from Denmark hither brought  
 \* The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,  
 \* Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more can wish;  
 \* For as you creep, or cower, or lie, or stoop, or go,  
 \* So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth do,  
 \* And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,  
 \* Till he be in the snare, which men for him have set.  
 \* The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears that size,  
 \* That he against the wind must run, e'er he can rise:  
 \* The shouler, which so shakes the air with saily wings  
 \* That ever as he flies, you still would think he sings.  
 \* These fowls, with other soils, although they frequent be,  
 \* Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.

Thus whilst she seems t'extol in her peculiar praise,  
 The muse which seem'd too slack, in these too low-pitcht  
 lays,

or nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and casts  
 a new book to begin, an end of this she hastes.





**P O L Y - O L B I O N :**  
**SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH.**

**THE ARGUMENT.**

*Three shires at once this song assays,  
 By various and unusual ways.  
 At Nottingham first coming in,  
 The vale of Bever doth begin;  
 Tow'rds Le'ster then her course she holds,  
 And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,  
 She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,  
 By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,  
 Then shows the braveries of that flood,  
 Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood;  
 Then rouses up the aged Peak,  
 And of her wonders makes her speak:  
 Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,  
 And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.*

**N**OW scarcely on this tract the muse had entrance made,  
 Inclining to the south, but Bever's bathing slade  
 Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too long  
 Put off her rightful praise, when thus her self she sung.

'Three' shires there are (quoth she) in me their parts  
 that claim,  
 Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th'north's eye Notting-  
 ham.

But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,  
 To that my most-lov'd shire my self I must apply.

**Not**

\* The vale of Bever bordereth upon 3 shires.

Not Eufham that proud nymph, although she still pretend

Her self the first of vales, and though abroad she send  
Her awful dread command, that all should tribute pay  
To her as our great queen; nor White-horse, though her  
clay

Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale  
Of Alsbury, whose grafs seems given out by tale,  
For it so filken is, nor any of our kind,  
Or what, or where they be, or howfoe'er inclin'd,  
Me<sup>b</sup> Bever shall outbrave, that in my state do scorn,  
By any of them all (once) to be overborn,  
With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,  
My Hill, and Oulds will say, they are the island's eye.  
Consider next my scite, and say it doth excel;  
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell  
With every grafs and grain, that Britain forth can bring:  
I challenge any vale, to shew me but that thing  
I cannot shew to her, (that truly is mine own)  
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,  
As any of them all, the south their names doth sound,  
The spacious north doth me, that there is scarcely found,  
A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,  
Which but a little wants of making me divine:  
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain  
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane,  
That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous parent sprung  
From the Leicestrian fields, come on with me along,  
Till both within one bank, they on my north are meint,  
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into Trent.'

Hence wandring as the muse delightfully beholds  
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd Oulds,  
She on the left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,  
Until the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,  
From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,  
Until she come to cease upon the head of Soare,

Where

<sup>b</sup> Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain, than Bever.

# SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1167

Where ° Fosse, and ° Watling cut each other in their course  
At ° Sharnford, where at first her soft and gentle source,  
To her but shallow banks, beginneth to repair,  
Of all this beauteous isle, the delicatest air ;  
Whence softly falling out, as loth the place to leave,  
She Sence a pretty rill doth courteously receive :  
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly she thought  
Down to the banks of Trent would safely her have brought,  
Because their native springs so nearly were ally'd,  
Her sister Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd  
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,  
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.

Thus with her hand-maid Sence, the Soare doth eas'ly  
slide

By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,  
Demolish'd many years, that of the great foundation  
Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the station ;  
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement locks  
The stones, that they remain like perdurable rocks :  
Where whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear embrace,  
Is solacing her self with this delightful place,  
The ° forest, which the name of that brave town doth bear,  
With many a goodly wreath, crowns her dishevel'd hair,  
And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows  
Her self to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,  
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,  
As also how she keeps her fertile purlues free :  
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth feed,  
As having in her self to furnish every need.  
But now since gentle Soare, such leisure seems to take,  
The muse in her behalf this strong defence doth make,  
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax her so,  
And her a channel call, because she is so slow.  
The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,  
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,

The

° The 2 famous ways of England.  
See the 13 song.

° A little village at the r' side of  
Soare.

° Leicester forest.



The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:  
 For had those (with such speed that forward seem to press)  
 So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,  
 They then would wish themselves to be as slow as she,  
 Who well may be compar'd to some young tender maid,  
 Entring some prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,  
 Who led from room to room amazed is to see  
 The furnitures and states, which all imbroideries be,  
 The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester covering plumes,  
 And various as the futes, so various the perfumes,  
 Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem to strive,  
 Of pictures done to life, landskip, and perspective,  
 Thence goodly gardens fees, where antique statues stand  
 In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,  
 Where every thing to gaze, her more and more entices,  
 Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,  
 Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,  
 She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past.  
 So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,  
 As wondring in her self, at many a spacious mead;  
 When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wished  
 sight,

(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and delight,  
 Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to behold  
 Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on the Ould,  
 Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train,  
 Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the plain,  
 Here finding her surpriz'd with proud Mount-forrel's sight,  
 By quickening of her course, more eas'ly doth invite  
 Her to the goodly Trent, where as she goes along  
 By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung.

'O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of thy kind,  
 The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to find?  
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,  
 Can shew a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee:  
 The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,  
 Rough hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to weep,

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'Two mig

# SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1169.

When thy high-palmed harts the sport of bows and hounds,  
By gripple borderers hands, were banished thy grounds.  
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,  
To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove to grove,  
On ' Sharpley that were seen, and ' Cadman's aged rocks,  
Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks ;  
And with the harmelefs Elves, on heathy<sup>s</sup> Bardons height,  
By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by night,  
Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled,  
They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks are dead.  
Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take  
Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make  
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found  
Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crown'd  
With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and sheep,  
(To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,  
To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that grow ;  
Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,  
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down would  
drop,

Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders prop  
The others hoary heads, which still seem to decline,  
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,  
For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,  
As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power ;  
As men may very oft at great assemblies see,  
Where many of most choice, and wondred beauties be :  
For stature one doth seem the best away to bear ;  
Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare ;  
Another for the fine composure of a face :  
Another short of these, yet for a modest grace  
Before them all prefer'd ; amongst the rest yet one,  
Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,  
That all those parts in her together simply dwell,  
For which the other do so severally excel.

My

'Two mighty rocks in the forest. A hill in the forest.

My Charnwood like the last, hath in her self alone,  
What excellent can be in any forest shown.\*

On whom when thus the Soare had these high praises spent,  
She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,  
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave  
Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth receive  
The lesser Tame, and Mefs, the Mefs a dainty rill,  
Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to fill  
Her banks, which all her course on both sides do abound  
With heath and finny olds, and often gleaby ground,  
Till Croxal's fertil earth doth comfort her at last  
When she is entring Trent; but I was like t'have past  
The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far from hers,  
By Ancor, that her self to famous Trent prefers,  
The second of that name, allotted to this<sup>b</sup> shire,  
A name but hardly found in any place but here;  
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.

But muse return at last, attend the princely Trent,  
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious flood,  
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood,  
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood where she shows  
Her self in all her pomp; and as from thence she flows,  
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,  
Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in Derbyshire;  
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,  
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.

Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroul'd she ranges,  
Her often varying form, as variously and changes.  
First Erwasch, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends her in;  
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,  
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,  
So strongly is surpriz'd, and taken with the sight,  
That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain,  
To view in how great state, as she along doth strain,  
That brave exalted feat, beholdeth her in pride,  
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,

\* Two rivers of one name in one shire.



SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1171

All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries dress'd,  
In which she sees herself above her neighbours bless'd.  
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect brings,  
In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings :

' What should I care at all, from what my name I take,  
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make ;  
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,  
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat :  
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,  
To me this name of Trent did from that number give.  
What reck I ? let great Thames, since by his fortune he  
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be ;  
From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive :  
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,  
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain  
sprung,

Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,  
As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear,  
Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted heir.  
Let these imperious floods draw down their long descent  
From these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,  
That Mooreland's barren earth me first to light did bring,  
Which though she be but brown, my clear complexion'd  
spring

Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I first did  
rise,

The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,  
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that doth abound)  
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round :  
And of the British floods, though but the third I be,  
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short of me,  
For that I am the mere of England, that divides  
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,  
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be extent,  
Men bound them on the north, or on the south of Trent ;  
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine,  
Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles shine :

G g g g

I

I throw my chryſtal arms along the flow'ry vallies,  
 Which lying ſleek and ſmooth as any garden-alleys,  
 Do give me leave to play, whiſt they do court my ſtream,  
 And crown my winding banks with many an anadem:  
 My ſilver-ſcaled ſkulls about my ſtreams do ſweep,  
 Now in the ſhallow fords, now in the falling deep:  
 So that of every kind, the new ſpawn'd numerous fry  
 Seem in me as the ſands that on my ſhore do lie.  
 The barbell, than which fiſh a braver doth not ſwim,  
 Nor greater for the ford within my ſpacious brim,  
 Nor (newly taken) more the curious taſte doth pleaſe;  
 The greling, whoſe great ſpawn is big as any peaſe;  
 The perch with pricking fins, againſt the pike prepar'd,  
 As nature had thereon beſtow'd this ſtronger guard,  
 His daintineſs to keep, (each curious palate's proof)  
 From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruſſe,  
 His very near ally, and both for ſcale and fin,  
 In taſte, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,  
 The pretty ſlender dare, of many call'd the dace,  
 Within my liquid glaſs, when Phœbus looks his face,  
 Oft ſwiftly as he ſwims, his ſilver belly ſhows,  
 But with ſuch nimble flight, that ere ye can diſcloſe  
 His ſhape, out of your ſight like lightning he is ſhot.  
 The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimſon ſpot,  
 As though ſhe curious were in him above the reſt,  
 And of freſh-water fiſh, did note him for the beſt;  
 The roche, whoſe common kind to every flood doth fall;  
 The chub, (whoſe neater name) which ſome a chevin call,  
 Food to the tyrant pike, (moſt being in his power)  
 Who for their numerous ſtore he moſt doth them devour;  
 The luſty ſalmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,  
 When as his ſeaſon ſerves, ſtemming my tideful ſtream,  
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleaſure takes,  
 (For whom the fiſher then all other game forſakes)  
 Which bending of himſelf to th' faſhion of a ring,  
 Above the forced weares, himſelf doth nimbly fling,  
 And often when the net hath drag'd him ſafe to land,  
 Is ſeen by natural force to 'ſcape his murderer's hand;

Whoſe

# SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1173

Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,  
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.  
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,  
Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more  
Should have my beauties grac'd with something from him  
sent :

Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent ;  
Tho' the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames than me,  
The lamprey, and his <sup>1</sup> leffe, in Severn general be ;  
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers caught,  
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought :  
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleake,  
Since they but little are, I little need to speak  
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,  
Which every where are found in every little beck ;  
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my stones,  
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones :  
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store among,  
To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,  
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,  
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are here.\*

From Nottingham, near which this river first begun,  
This song, she the mean while, by Newark having run,  
Receiving little Snyte, from Bever's batning grounds,  
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.  
Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show  
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth flow,  
Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mansfield sends  
To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends  
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,  
When she tow' rds Humber comes, do humbly kiss her feet,  
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her fall.  
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward muse doth call;  
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song  
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,

G g g g 2

Amongst

<sup>1</sup> The lamparne.



Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no other  
lays,

But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood, and her  
praise :

Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdain'd,  
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd  
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)

To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd  
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compar'd :  
Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor car'd  
For ought to her might chance, by others love or hate,  
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,

All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing  
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king  
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range  
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,  
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,  
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly report :

' The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,  
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,  
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,  
How he hath couzen'd them, that him would have betray'd ;  
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,  
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.  
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,  
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John ;  
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,  
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,  
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made  
In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade.  
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,  
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,  
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,  
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,  
The warbling ecchos wak'd from every dale and hill :  
Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,  
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,

SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1175

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:  
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;  
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.  
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,  
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,  
At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick, and rove,  
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;  
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:  
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave  
the pin:

Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,  
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;  
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,  
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.  
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,  
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,  
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,  
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.  
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he  
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.  
From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant store,  
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:  
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,  
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:  
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,  
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:  
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,  
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,  
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,  
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:  
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,  
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there  
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew  
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana flew.

Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,  
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the muse again

Wades \* Erwash, (that at hand) on Sherwood's setting side  
 The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,  
 And northward from her springs, haps Scardale forth to find,  
 Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally inclin'd  
 To thrust forth ragged cleaves, with which she scattere d lies  
 As busy nature here could not herself suffice,  
 Of this oft-alt'ring earth the sundry shapes to show,  
 That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,  
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,  
 You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain were  
 From which it takes the name of Scardale, which express'd,  
 Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,  
 By her which is instil'd: where Rother from her rift,  
 Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist  
 Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rds Yorkshire as she  
 wends,

So Scardale tow'rds the same, that lovely Iddle sends,  
 That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to in-ise:  
 But to th' unwearied muse the Peake appears the while,  
 A withered beldam long, with bleared wat'rish eyes,  
 With many a bleak storm dim'd, which often to the skies  
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head,  
 Her meager wrinkled face, being sullied still with lead,  
 Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,  
 Which she out of the ore continually refines:

For she a chymist was, and nature's secrets knew,  
 And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,  
 And chrystal there congeal'd, (by her instilled flowers)  
 And in all medicines knew their most effectual powers.  
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could command and  
 tame,

And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful name:  
 She mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd picks  
 could get,

And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd tools to whet.  
 Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,  
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,

Thinking

\* A river parting the two shires.



# SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1177

Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had told,  
 Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold :  
 ‘ My dreadful daughters born, your mother’s dear delight,  
 Great nature’s chiefest work, wherein she shew’d her might ;  
 Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,  
 Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell ;  
 O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,  
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies  
 Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the troubled air,  
 Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care :  
 O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance nam’d  
 The Devil’s-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham’d,  
 Nor think thy self disgrac’d or hurt thereby at all,  
 Since from thy horror first men us’d thee so to call :  
 For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are deem’d  
 The beautiful’st of them ; so are your kind esteem’d  
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and obscure,  
 (That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)  
 The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,  
 That best may ye express, that best doth ye besit :  
 For he that will attempt thy black and darksome jaws,  
 In midst of summer meets with winter’s stormy flaws,  
 Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof distil,  
 And meeteth under foot with a dead sullen rill,  
 That Acheron itself a man would think he were  
 Immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there ;  
 Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, tho’ very rough it be  
 With often winding turns : then come thou next to me,  
 My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,  
 Which by that noble name was happily instil’d,  
 Of that more generous stock, long honour’d in this shire,  
 Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw’d here,  
 For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,  
 An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :  
 Whose entrance tho’ depress’d below a mountain sleep,  
 Besides so very strait, that who will see’t, must creep  
 Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,  
 A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin

To raise itself aloft, and whoſo doth intend  
 The length thereof to ſee, ſtill going muſt aſcend  
 On mighty ſlippery ſtones; as by a winding ſtair,  
 Which of a kind of baſe dark alabaſter are,  
 Of ſtrange and ſundry forms, both in the roof and floor,  
 As nature ſhow'd in thee, what ne'er was ſeen before.  
 For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer  
 Before the other two, which perpendicular  
 Dive'ſt down into the ground, as if an entrance were  
 Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge it here,  
 Whoſe depth is ſo immenſe, and wondrously profound,  
 As that long line which ſerves the deepeſt ſea to ſound,  
 Her bottom never wrought, as tho' the vaſt deſcent,  
 Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing went  
 Our Antipodes to ſee, and with her gloomy eyes,  
 To glote upon thoſe ſtars, to us that never riſe;  
 That down into this hole if that a ſtone ye throw,  
 An acre's length from thence, (ſome ſay that) ye may go,  
 And coming back thereto, with a ſtill liſt'ning ear,  
 May hear a ſound as tho' that ſtone then falling were,  
 Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not excels,  
 But that I can again produce thoſe wondrous wells  
 Of Buckſton, as I have, that moſt delicious fount,  
 Which men the ſecond Bath of England do account,  
 Which in the primer reigns, when firſt this well began  
 To have her virtues known unto the bleſt ſaint <sup>1</sup> Anne,  
 Was conſecrated then, which the ſame temper hath,  
 As that moſt dainty ſpring, which at the famous Bath  
 Is by the croſs inſtil'd, whoſe fame I much prefer,  
 In that I do compare my daintieſt ſpring to her,  
 Nice ſickneſſes to cure, as alſo to prevent,  
 And ſupple their clear ſkins, which ladies oft frequent;  
 Moſt full, moſt fair, moſt ſweet, and moſt delicious ſource.  
 To this a ſecond <sup>m</sup> fount, that in her natural courſe,  
 As mighty Neptune doth, ſo doth ſhe ebb and flow,  
 If ſome Welſh ſhires report, that they the like can ſhow.

<sup>1</sup> St. Anne of Buckſton.<sup>m</sup> Tidſwell.

# SONG THE TWENTY-SIXTH. 1179

I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,  
 So far from any sea, not any of them all.  
 My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for change.  
 A <sup>a</sup> little hill I have, a wonder yet more strange,  
 Which though it be of light, and almost dusty sand,  
 Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;  
 And running from the top, although it never cease,  
 Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.  
 Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,  
 As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,  
 Should by some secret way within itself ascend,  
 To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not end  
 The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I have,  
 But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave:  
 A forest such have I, (of which when any speak  
 Of me they it instile, The forest of the Peake)  
 Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for shrubs and  
 trees,

To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;  
 Like it in all this isle, for sternness there is none,  
 Where nature may be said to show you groves of stone,  
 As she in little there, had curiously compil'd  
 The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.  
 Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be  
 Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,  
 My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,  
 Her greatness, as therein ordain'd to imitate.'

No sooner had the Peake her seven proud wonders sung,  
 But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills among,  
 Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks,  
 Comes tripping down tow'ards Trent, and sees the goodly  
 flocks

Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn and hair,  
 That hardly are put down by those of Lancashire,)  
 Which on her mountains sides, and in her bottoms graze,  
 On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge stands to gaze,  
 And

<sup>a</sup> Sandy-hill.



And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,  
 He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from the set,  
 Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far away,  
 Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to say:

‘ Fair hill be not so proud of thy so pleasant scite,  
 Who for thou giv’st the eye such wonderful delight,  
 From any mountain near, that glorious name of Heaven,  
 Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness given:  
 Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be above:  
 For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou wouldst love  
 Her more than any thing, that so doth thee allure;  
 When Darwin that by this her travel could endure,  
 Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her great Sire,  
 Which shews to take her name) with many a winding gyre.  
 Then wandering through the wilds, at length the pretty Wye,  
 From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course doth ply  
 Tow’rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with her brings  
 Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whose poor springs  
 But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;  
 When Burbrook with the strength, that nature hath her  
 stor’d,

Although but very small, yet much doth Darwin stead.  
 At Worksworth on her way, when from the mines of lead,  
 Brown Ecclestone comes in, then Amber from the east,  
 Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov’d the best,  
 (A delicater flood from fountain never flow’d)  
 Then coming to the town, on which she first bestow’d  
 Her natural • British name, her Derby, so again,  
 Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly entertain,  
 Where Marten-Brook, although an easy shallow rill,  
 There offereth all she hath, her mistress’ banks to fill,  
 And all too little thinks that was on Darwin spent;  
 From hence as she departs, in travelling to Trent,  
 Back goes the active muse, tow’rds Lancashire amain,  
 Where matter rests enough her vigour to maintain,  
 And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,  
 Which now must wholly be the subject of my song.

POLY-

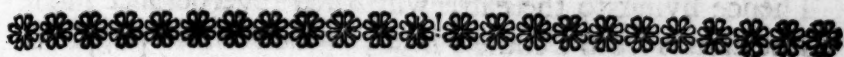
• Darwin, of the British *Deare Guin*, which is white water.

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P

SON

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# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The circuit of this shire express'd,  
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;  
The muse next to the mosses flies,  
And to fair Wyre herself applies,  
The fishy Lun then doth she bring,  
The praise of Lancashire to sing,  
The isle of Man maintains her plea,  
Then falling eastward from that sea,  
On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,  
Of which this Canto lastly tells.*

SCARCE could the labouring muse salute this lively shire,  
But strait such shouts arose from every moss and mere,  
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,  
Upon their pebly sholes, seem'd to express their joys,  
That Mersey (in her course which happily confines  
Brave Cheshire from this tract, two county palatines)  
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole ran,  
That all the shores which lie to the <sup>a</sup> Vergivian,  
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to creek,  
So loud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to shriek  
To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile  
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the out-laid isle

Of

<sup>a</sup> The Irish sea.

Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;  
 Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance shook  
 The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the people say,  
 Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)  
 Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and there by falling fills  
 Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.

But whilst the active muse thus nimbly goes about,  
 Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,  
 The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that excel,  
 That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;  
 Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode,  
 With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver road,  
 In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)  
 Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sovereign due;  
 So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,  
 That likely was to rise about their long descent,  
 Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they mean to  
 plead,

And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:

- Ye lasses, quoth this flood, have long and blindly err'd,
- That Ribble before me, so falsely have prefer'd;
- That am a native born, and my descent do bring
- From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her spring,
- An alien known to be, and from the mountains rude
- Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares intrude
- Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty fall,
- Is not ashamed herself of Lancashire to call:
- Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
- My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that doth tran-
- scend
- My greatness with her grace, which doth me so prefer,
- That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
- For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come trip-
- ing down,
- And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high re-
- nown,
- Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
- With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,



# SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. 1183

I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for note,  
 As from my fountain I tow'rs mightier Mersey float,  
 First Roch a dainty rill, from Roch-dale her dear dame,  
 Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's name,  
 Grows proud : yet glad herself into my banks to get,  
 Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,  
 As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my store,  
 And Medlock to their much, by lending somewhat more,  
 At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,  
 Where brave I show myself ; then with a prouder gait,  
 Tow'rs Mersey making on, great Chatmoss at my fall,  
 Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,  
 And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-augars found)  
 There at the general flood supposed to be drown'd.  
 Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I run,  
 When in her prosperous course she wat'reth Warrington,  
 And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth lay,  
 A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.  
 Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,  
 For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,  
 Your country's horn-pipe, ye so mincingly that tread,  
 As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red ;  
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,  
 That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.'

Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely done,  
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run  
 To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,  
 Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,  
 That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood assumes her  
 spring,

Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring ;  
 And over all the moors with shrill re-echoing sounds,  
 The drooping fogs to drive from those gross wat'ry grounds,  
 Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades do find  
 Fish living in that earth (contrary to their kind)  
 Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise shows,  
 The like in their like earth, that with like moisture flows,  
 And

And that such fish as these, had not been likewise found,  
Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,  
A wonder of this isle, this well might have been thought.

But Ribble that this while for her advantage wrought,  
Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise,  
And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus replies :

' With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to disgrace,

' That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)

' My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,

' To nature for my birth, beholding is the more ;

' That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness doth exceed,

' A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves (indeed)

' And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow

' Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow ;

' To Lancaster yet lends, me Ribble, from her store,

' Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more.

' From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source I slide,

' That mountain my proud fire, in height of all his pride,

' Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born flood :

' And Ingleborow hill of that Olympian brood,

' With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,

' Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,

' These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that  
stand :

' So Long-ridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian land,

' Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,

' So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,

' As Hodder, that from home attends me from my spring ;

' Then Caldor coming down from Blackstonedged doth  
bring

' Me eas'ly on my way, to Preston the great'st town,

' Wherewith my banks are blest ; where at my going down,

' Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,

' And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,

' But Savock to the north, from Longridge making way,

' To this my greatness adds, when in my ample bay,

' Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her aids,

' Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country maids,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. 1185

(In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred  
 Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed ;  
 And cutting in my course, even through the very heart  
 Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,  
 As nature should have said, Lo, thus I meant to do ;  
 This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.  
 Ye maids, the horn-pipe then, so mincingly that tread,  
 As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red ;  
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,  
 That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.'

Here ended she again, when Merton's moss and mere,  
 With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,  
 That all the shores resound the river's good success,  
 And wondrous joy there was all over <sup>b</sup> Andernefs,  
 Which straight convey'd the news into the upper land,  
 Where 'Pendle, 'Penigent, and 'Ingleborow stand  
 Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook ;  
 Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook  
 To under-prop high heaven, or the wide Welkin dar'd,  
 Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches spar'd ;  
 That the loud sounds from them down to the forests fell,  
 To Bowland brave in state, and Wyerfdale, which as well  
 As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may boast,  
 Whose echo's sent the same all round about the coast,  
 That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,  
 Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,  
 But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's song could say,  
 And perfectly the note upon the bag-pipe play.

That Wyre, when once she knew how well these floods  
 had sped,

(When their reports abroad in every place was spread)  
 It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,  
 Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to be,  
 Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,  
 Before his ample state, with humbleness to show

The

<sup>b</sup> A part of Lancashire.

<sup>c</sup> The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the 28th song.



The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters' spight,  
 And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness right;  
 Arising but a rill at first from Wyerfdale's lap,  
 Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's pap,  
 As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth ply,  
 Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.

From Woolscrag's clifffy foot, a hill to her at hand,  
 By that fair forest known, within her verge to stand.  
 So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to attend,  
 As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send  
 Her child, on Wyerfdale's flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,  
 With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once repeat:  
 She in her crooked course to Seaward softly slides,  
 Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on her sides  
 Their boggy breasts out-lay, and Skipton down doth crawl  
 To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:

When whilst each wandring flood seem'd settled to admire,  
 First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this Wyre,  
 That mighty wagers would have willingly been laid.

(But that these matters were with much discretion stay'd)

Some broils about these brooks had surely been begun.

When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to shun  
 All popular applause, who from her chrystal head,  
 In Wyerfdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain fed,  
 That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to twin,  
 Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin,

Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth none,

But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone

Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her fount,

Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,

She leaps against the tides, and cries to chrystal Lon,

The flood that names the town, from whence the shire  
 begun,

Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,

'That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,

'These petty brooks would be before her still prefer'd.'

Which the long wandring Lon, with good advisement heard,

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SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. 1187

As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland, where first  
 Arising from her head, amongst the mountains nurs'd  
 By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting strength,  
 Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,  
 To Lonsdale shows herself, and lovingly doth play  
 With her dear daughter Dale, which her firm cheek doth  
 lay

To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she traces,  
 And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,  
 And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.  
 When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious Dale,  
 And Wemming on the way, present their either's spring:  
 Next them she Henbourne hath, and Robourne, which do  
 bring

Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to prefer,  
 That she with greater state may come to Lancaster,  
 Of her which takes the name, which likewise to the shire,  
 The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where  
 To give to this her town, what rightly doth belong,  
 Of this most famous shire, our Lun thus frames her song.

- ' First, that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
- ' Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
- ' His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this isle
- ' This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace  
 my stile ;
- ' Why should those ancients else, which so much knowing  
 were,
- ' When they the blazons gave to every several shire,
- ' Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me ?
- ' Besides in all this isle, there no such cattle be,
- ' For largeness, horn and hair, as those of Lancashire ;
- ' So that from every part of England far and near,
- ' Men haunt her marts for store, as from her race to breed.
- ' And for the third, wherein she doth all shires exceed,
- ' Be those great race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd of all
- ' The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,

H h h h

' Which

' Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent so roar,  
 ' That you would surely think that the firm earth they tore  
 ' With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the clouds in sunder,  
 ' As tho' by their loud cry they meant to mock the thunder.  
 ' Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem'd,  
 ' For bow-men near our best, and ever have been deem'd  
 ' So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,  
 ' Of them did most consist; but yet' mongst all these things,  
 ' Even almost ever since the English crown was set  
 ' Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,  
 ' In honour, next the first, our dukedom was allow'd,  
 ' And always with the great'st revenues was endow'd:  
 ' And after when it hapt, France-conquering Edward's blood  
 ' Divided in itself, here for the garland stood;  
 ' The right Lancastrian line, it from York's issue bore;  
 ' The red-rose our brave badge, which in their helmets wore  
 ' In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,  
 ' Against the house of York, which bore for theirs the white.

' And for my self there's not the <sup>d</sup> Tivy, nor the Wye,  
 ' Nor any of those nymphs that to the southward lie  
 ' For salmon me excels; and for this name of <sup>e</sup> Lun,  
 ' That I am christen'd by, the Britons it begun,  
 ' Which fulness doth import, of waters still increase:  
 To Neptune lowting low, when christal Lun doth cease,  
 And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,  
 Till lastly she salute the point of <sup>f</sup> Sunderland,  
 And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.

So blyth and bonny now the lads and lasses are,  
 That ever as anon the bag-pipe up doth blow,  
 Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,  
 And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such rule  
 In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;  
 And every village smokes at wakes with lusty cheer,  
 Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lancashire;  
 That one high hill was heard to tell it to his brother,  
 That instantly again to tell it to some other:

From

<sup>d</sup> See song 6th.    <sup>e</sup> Llun, in the British, fulness.    <sup>f</sup> A part of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.

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SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. 1189

From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,  
 The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,  
 The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among,  
 With the report thereof each road and harbour rung;  
 The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coyle do keep,  
 They cease not to resound it over all the deep,  
 And acted it each day before the isle of Man,  
 Who like an empress sits in the Vergivian,  
 By her that hath the \* Calf, long Walney, and the Pyle,  
 As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,  
 To whom, so many though the Hebrides do show,  
 Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe :  
 With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for her's is good,  
 (That we, nor Ireland, need not scorn her neighbourhood)  
 Her midst with mountains set, of which, from <sup>b</sup> Sceafel's  
 height,

A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,  
 (Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)  
 The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th'English may discern;  
 And what an empire can, the same this island brings  
 Her pedigrees to show her right successive kings,  
 Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,  
 And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;  
 Her municipal laws and customs very old,  
 Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth hold.

This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,  
 As she hath special cause before all other, who  
 For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy ground,  
 And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)  
 As for the store of oats, which her black glebe doth bear,  
 In every one of these resembling Lancashire,  
 To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,  
 And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth win.  
 But yet this isle of Man more seems not to rejoice  
 For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder voice  
 To sound it to the shores; than Furnesse whose stern face,  
 With mountains set like warts, which nature as a grace

H h h h 2

Bestow'd

\* The Calf of Man, a little island.    <sup>b</sup> A mountain in the isle of Man.

Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look so stern,  
 That when the nymphs of sea did first her front discern,  
 Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,  
 Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so four,  
 As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune bare,  
 Whose Fells to that grim god, most stern and dreadful are,  
 With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about are  
     bound,

Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black beachy ground,  
 Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally partake,  
 The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,  
 Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their stocky bough,  
 A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-geese grow,  
 Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly first  
 To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,  
 Still great and greater thrive, until you well may see  
 Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping from the tree  
 Into the merey pond, which under them doth lie,  
 Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;  
 Which well our ancients did among our wonders place:  
 Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this grace,  
 Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse well may  
     vaunt)

That when the Saxons here their forces first did plant,  
 And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drave,  
 To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,  
 Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old stock yet  
     stores,

Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian shores.  
 What country let's ye see those soils within her seat,  
 But she in little hath, what it can shew in great?  
 As first without herself at sea to make her strong,  
 (Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)  
 And fence her farthest point, from that rough Neptune's  
     rage,

The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth swage

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SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH. 1191

His fury when his waves on Furnesse seems to war,  
 Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged<sup>i</sup> scarr  
 Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive isle  
 Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,  
 Which to assist her hath the Pyle of Fouldra set,  
 And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,  
 Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse safe to keep:  
 But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,  
 Where those two mighty meres, out-strech'd in length do  
 wander,

The lesser Thurstan nam'd, the famouser Wynander,  
 So bounded with her rocks, as nature would descry,  
 By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.  
 To sea-ward then she hath her sundry sands again,  
 As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,  
 Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the West,  
 That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth invest  
 Those sands with her proud style, when Levin from the Fells,  
 Besides her natural source, with the abundance swells,  
 Which those two mighty meres, upon her either side  
 Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,  
 She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself doth call,  
 Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,  
 On them her ancient stile she liberally bestows.  
 Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty shows,  
 From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to grace,  
 First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,  
 Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,  
 Whereas the muse a while may sit her down to breath,  
 And after walk along tow'rs Yorkshire on her way,  
 On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

<sup>i</sup> A scarr is a rock.





# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Invention hence her compass steers,  
Towards York the most renown'd of shires,  
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,  
Each severally to shew their glories.  
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,  
Doth her duke's title undertake;  
His floods then Humber welcomes in,  
And shows how first he did begin.*

**T**HE muse from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd at all,  
With sight of the large shire, on which she was to fall,  
(Whose forests, hills, and floods, then long for her arrive  
From Lancashire, that look'd her beauties to contrive)  
Doth set her self to sing, of that above the rest  
A kingdom that doth seem, a province at the least,  
To them that think themselves no simple shires to be;  
But that wherein the world her greatness most may see,  
And that which doth this shire before the rest prefer,  
Is of so many floods, and great, that rise from her,  
Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,  
So near to other shires, that it is hard to know,  
If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,  
And those are only found upon her setting side.  
Else be it noted well, remarkable to all,  
That those from her that flow, in her together fall.

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SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1193

Nor can small praise beseem so beauteous brooks as these,  
 For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,  
 In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,  
 To whom the Orkes of sea dare not to be so bold,  
 As rudely once to touch, and wherefoe'er they come,  
 The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them publick room.

Now whiles the muse prepares these floods along to lead,  
 The wide West-riding first, desires that she may plead  
 The right that her belongs, which of the muse she wins,  
 When with the course of Don, thus she her tract begins.

' Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do bound my  
 south,

' And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's mouth,  
 ' Of a yew, and climbing elm, that crown'd with many a spray,  
 ' From thy clear fountain first through many a mead dost  
 play,

' Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first begun,  
 ' At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my Don,  
 ' Which proud of her recourse, tow' rds Doncaster doth  
 drive,

' Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that doth derive  
 ' From Don's near bordering banks, when holding on her  
 race,

' She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,  
 ' Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank :  
 ' When Sherwood sends her in slow Iddle, that made rank  
 ' With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows  
 ' On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such abundance  
 flows,

' As that her batning breast, her fatlings sooner feeds,  
 ' And with more lavish waste, than oft the grasier needs :  
 ' Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers note,  
 ' With th'water under earth undoubtedly doth float :  
 ' For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain  
 ' High whilst the floods are high, and when they fall again,  
 ' It falleth : but at last, when as my lively Don,  
 ' Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath run,

H h h h 4

' The

' Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don

' The little wandring Went, won by the loud report  
 ' Of the magnifick state, and height of Humber's court,  
 ' Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire :  
 ' Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none should  
     dare  
 ' (Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her descent,  
 ' The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,  
 ' Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down doth scud,  
 ' And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,  
 ' Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose force,  
 ' As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her course;  
 ' But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth wax,  
 ' And travelling along <sup>b</sup> by heading-Halifax,  
 ' Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's hair,  
 ' (A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there  
 ' Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree :  
 ' The people that would needs it should a relick be,  
 ' It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern tongue,  
 ' Is holy hair : but thence as Caldor comes along,  
 ' It chanc'd she in her course on <sup>c</sup> Kirkbey cast her eye,  
 ' Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief doth lie,  
 ' Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield flood,  
 ' She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,  
 ' But of his merry man, the pindar of the town  
 ' Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fames so far are  
     blown,  
 ' For their so valiant fight, that every free man's song,  
 ' Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on long,  
 ' For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days ;  
 ' When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her ways,  
 ' Who likewise to her help, brings Hebden, a small rill :  
 ' Thus Aire holds on her course tow' rds Humber, till she fill  
 ' Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her afford.  
 ' Quoth the West-riding thus, with rivers am I stor'd.  
 ' Next guide I on my Wharfe, the great'st in her degree,  
 ' And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,

' Who

<sup>b</sup> Beheading, which we call Hali-  
fax law.

<sup>c</sup> Robin Hood's burying place,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1195

' Who her full fountain takes from my waste western wild,  
 ' (Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are exil'd)  
 ' On Langstrethdale, and lights at th'entrance of her race,  
 ' When keeping on her course, along through Barden Chase,  
 ' She watereth Wharfdale's breast, which proudly bears her  
     name;

' For by that time she's grown a flood of wondrous fame,  
 ' When Washbrook with her wealth her mistress doth supply;  
 ' Thus \* Wharf in her brave course embracing Wetherby,  
 ' Small Cock, a fullen brook comes to her succour then,  
 ' Whose banks receiv'd the blood of many thousand men,  
 ' On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-Field we call,  
 ' Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that there  
     did fall,

' That Wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then was shed,  
 ' The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and the Red,  
 ' Of well near fifteen fought in England first and last:

' But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus tow'rs Hum-  
     ber haste,

' From Wharnside hill not far, outflows the nimble Nyde,  
 ' Through Nyderdale along, as neatly she doth glide  
 ' Tow'rs Knareburgh on her way, a pretty little rill,  
 ' Call'd Kebeck, stows her stream, her mistress' banks to fill,  
 ' To entertain the Wharfe where that brave \* forest stands,  
 ' Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands  
 ' Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown  
 ' The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth down  
 ' To meet her mistress Ouse, her speedy course doth hye;  
 ' Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, so on my set have I,  
 ' Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,  
 ' Yet from my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,  
 ' Because my rising soil doth shut them to the west:  
 ' But for my mountains I will with the isle contest,  
 ' All other of the north in largeness shall exceed,  
 ' That ages long before it finally decreed,

' That

\* See to the 22d song.

\* Knarborough forest.

' That Ingleborow hill, ' Pendle, and Penigent,  
 ' Should named be the high'ft betwixt our Tweed and Trent.  
 ' My hills, brave Whelpston then, thou Wharnside, and  
     thou Cam,  
 ' Since I West-Riding still your only mother am ;  
 ' All that report can give, and justly is my due,  
 ' I as your natural dam share equally with you ;  
 ' And let me see a hill that to the north doth stand,  
 ' The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a hand  
 ' O'er Penigent to peere ; not Skiddo that proud mount,  
 ' Although of him so much, rude Cumberland account,  
 ' Not Cheviot, of whose height Northumberland doth boast  
 ' \* Albania to survey ; nor those from coast to coast  
 ' That well near run in length, that row of mountains tall,  
 ' By th' name of th' English Alps, that our most learned  
     call ;  
 ' As soon shall those, or these remove out of their place,  
 ' As by their lofty looks, my Penigent out-face :  
 ' Ye thus behold my hills, my forests, dales, and chafes  
 ' Upon my spacious breast : note too how nature places  
 ' Far up into my west, first Langstrethdale doth lie,  
 ' And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon by,  
 ' With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in hand :  
 ' Then lower tow' rds the sea brave Knarfborough doth stand,  
 ' As higher to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,  
 ' And Bishops-dale above upon my setting side,  
 ' Marshland, and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part do bound,  
 ' And Barnsdale there doth butt on Don's well-water'd  
     ground :  
 ' And to my great disgrace, if any shall object  
 ' That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect  
 ' In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) survey  
 ' My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let them say ;  
 ' At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,  
 ' That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,  
     ' Who

' Pendle hill is near upon the verge of this tract, but standeth in Lan-  
 cashire.

\* Scotland.

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# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1197

' Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high  
 ' Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps put on the sky,  
 ' Amongst <sup>b</sup> th'Oreads there, and sylvans made abode,  
 ' (It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod)  
 ' Of all the mountain kind and since she was most fair,  
 ' It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair  
 ' Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,  
 ' Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,  
 ' And after her he goes; which when she did espy,  
 ' Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly,  
 ' They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive;  
 ' To take her he doth strain, t'outstrip him she doth strive,  
 ' Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd his rape.  
 ' And to the <sup>i</sup> topick gods by praying to escape,  
 ' They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then did pant,  
 ' When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous  
 scant :

' Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short did blow,  
 ' Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow.  
 ' And near the stream of Nyde, another spring have I,  
 ' As well as that, which may a wonder's place supply,  
 ' Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well do call,  
 ' Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,  
 ' Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,  
 ' Which in as little space converteth wood to stone,  
 ' Chevin, and Kilnsfey Craggs, were they not here in me,  
 ' In any other place, right well might wonders be,  
 ' For their gigantick height, that mountains do transcend?  
 ' But such are frequent here, and thus she makes an end.\*

When <sup>k</sup> Your thus having heard the genius of this tract,  
 Her well-deserved praise so happily to act,  
 This river in her self that was extremely loth,  
 The other to defer, since that she was to both  
 Indifferent, straitly wills West-riding there to cease;  
 And having made a sign to all the watry prease

For

<sup>b</sup> Nymphs of the mountains.

<sup>i</sup> The supposed genius of the place.

<sup>k</sup> Your, the chiefest river of York-

shire, who after her long course,  
 by the confluence of other floods,  
 gets the name of Ouse.



For silence, which at once, when her command had won,

The proud North-Riding thus for her great self begun.

- ‘ My sovereign flood, quoth she, in nature thou art bound
- ‘ T’acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest ground :
- ‘ For note of all those floods, the wild West-Riding sends,
- ‘ There’s scarcely any one thy greatness that attends,
- ‘ Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy fall ;
- ‘ And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
- ‘ Then come they flatt’ring in, and will thy followers be ;
- ‘ So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings see,
- ‘ That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes depend
- ‘ Upon his future age, yet there’s not one will lend
- ‘ A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state,
- ‘ Not knowing what may yet befall him ; but when fate
- ‘ Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
- ‘ Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that flood,
- ‘ And would have let him starve, like spaniels to him crouch,
- ‘ And with their glavering lips, his very feet to touch :
- ‘ So do they by the Your ; whereas the floods in me,
- ‘ That spring and have their course, (even) given thy life to thee :
- ‘ For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
- ‘ Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there to make ;
- ‘ Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known to owe,
- ‘ A term in former times the ancients did bestow
- ‘ On many a full-bank’d flood ; but for my greater grace,
- ‘ These floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
- ‘ From their first springing founts, beginning with the Your
- ‘ From Morvil’s mighty foot which rising, with the power
- ‘ That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
- ‘ Near Bishops-dale at hand, when Cover a clear rill,
- ‘ Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chace
- ‘ For her lov’d Cover’s sake, doth lovingly embrace
- ‘ Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and groves,
- ‘ In Middleham’s amorous eye, as wandringly she roves,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1199

' At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her amain,  
 ' Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish train,  
 ' (Near to the town so fam'd for colts there to be bought,  
 ' For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are sought)  
 ' Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,  
 ' To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister Swale,  
 ' (A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever hath)  
 ' For when the Saxons first receiv'd the christian faith,  
 ' Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,  
 ' In Swale's abundant stream christen'd ten thousand men,  
 ' With women and their babes, a number more beside,  
 ' Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with pride)  
 ' Which springs not far from whence Your hath her silver  
     head ;  
 ' And in her winding banks along my bosom led,  
 ' As she goes swooping by, to Swaledale whence she springs,  
 ' That lovely name she leaves, which forth a forest brings,  
 ' The vallies style that bears, a braver sylvan maid  
 ' Scarce any shire can show ; when to my river's aid,  
 ' Come Barney, Arske, and Marske, their sovereign Swale  
     to guide,  
 ' From Applegarth's wide waste, and from New Forest side.  
 ' Whose fountains by the fawns, and satyrs, many a year,  
 ' With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not stay  
     them there,  
 ' But they will serve the Swale, which in her wandring course,  
 ' A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Risdale, all whose  
     force,  
 ' Small though (God wot) it be, yet from their southern  
     shore,  
 ' With that salute the Swale, as others did before,  
 ' At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace the  
     flood,  
 ' For that her precinct long amongst the shires hath stood :  
 ' But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to resign.  
 ' When passing thence the Swale, this minion flood of mine  
     ' Next

! Rippon fair.

' Next takes into her train, clear Wiske, a wanton girl,  
 ' As though her watery path were pav'd with orient pearl,  
 ' So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding gyre,  
 ' As though she gambolds made, or as she did desire,  
 ' Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd trace,  
 ' With marvel should amaze, and coming doth imbrace  
 ' North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,  
 ' Whose liberties include a county at the least,  
 ' To grace the wandring Wiske, then well upon her way,  
 ' Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the sway;  
 ' When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Codbeck brings,  
 ' And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,  
 ' And Bedall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,  
 ' Who with these rills enrich'd begins her self to rouse.  
 ' When that great forest-nymph fair Gautrefs on her way,  
 ' She sees to stand prepar'd, with garlands fresh and gay  
 ' To deck up Ouse, before her self to York she show,  
 ' So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise flow,  
 ' That meeting thee at York, under the city's side,  
 ' Her glories with thy self doth equally divide,  
 ' The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the west,  
 ' By whose embraces York abundantly is blest.  
 ' So many rivers I continually maintain,  
 ' As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,  
 ' Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming Rye,  
 ' Foss, Rycal, Hodbeck, Dow, with Semen, and them by  
 ' Clear Costwy, which her self from Blackmore in doth bring,  
 ' And playing as she slides through shady Pickering,  
 ' To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that divides  
 ' The East-riding and me, upon her either sides,  
 ' Although that to us both, she most indifferent be,  
 ' And seemeth to affect her equally with me,  
 ' From my division yet her fountain doth derive,  
 ' And from my Blackmore here her course doth first con-  
 ' trive.  
 ' Let my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd,  
 ' And let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1201

' How in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd ;  
 ' For tow' rds the Craven hills, upon my west are plac'd  
 ' New-forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades all,  
 ' And lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods ye fall,  
 ' The goodly Gautrefs keeps chief of my sylvan kind,  
 ' There stony Stanmore view, bleak with the fleet and wind,  
 ' Upon this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,  
 ' Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that elves did  
 keep ;

' Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all adore,  
 ' By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackimore,  
 ' The Cleveland north from these, a state that doth maintain,  
 ' Leaning her lusty side to the great German main,  
 ' Which if she were not here confined thus in me,  
 ' A shire even of her self might well be said to be.

' Nor less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than this  
 ' North-Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is ;  
 ' And Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,  
 ' A county justly call'd, that them accommodate ;  
 ' So I North-Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,  
 ' Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is crown'd  
 ' The queen of all the shires, on this side Trent, for we  
 ' The Ridings several parts of her vast greatness be,  
 ' In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds  
 ' Do measure from their sides so many miles of grounds,  
 ' That they are called shires ; like to some mighty king,  
 ' May Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any thing)  
 ' Who hath kings that attend, and to his state retain,  
 ' And yet so great, that they have under them again  
 ' Great princes, that to them be subject, so have we  
 ' Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be ;  
 ' Although these be enough sufficiently to show,  
 ' That I the other two for bravery quite out-go :  
 ' Yet look ye up along into my setting side,  
 ' Where Teis first from my bounds rich <sup>m</sup> Dunelme doth  
 divide,

' And

<sup>m</sup> The bishoprick of Durham;

' And you shall see those rills, that with their watery prease,  
 ' Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,  
 ' The clear yet lesser Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,  
 ' All out of me do flow ; then turn ye from the set,  
 ' And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the German main,  
 ' Those rarities, and see, that I in me contain ;  
 ' My Scarborough, which looks as though in heaven it  
     stood,  
 ' To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin Hood,  
 ' Even to the fall of Teis ; let me but see the man,  
 ' That in one tract can show the wonders that I can,  
 ' Like Whitby's self I think, there's none can shew but I,  
 ' O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild geese fly,  
 ' But presently they fall from off their wings to ground :  
 ' If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder found,  
 ' And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more behold,  
 ' That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.  
 ' The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to set,  
 ' Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect jet,  
 ' And upon Huntclipnab, you every where may find,  
 ' (As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)  
 ' Stones of a spherick form of sundry mickles fram'd,  
 ' That well they globes of stone, or bullets might be nam'd  
 ' For any ordnance fit : which broke with hammers blows,  
 ' Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds enclose.  
 ' Mark Gisborough's gay scite, where nature seems so nice,  
 ' As in the same she makes a second paradise,  
 ' Whose soil imbroider'd is, with so rare sundry flowers,  
 ' Her large oaks so long green, as summer there her bowers  
 ' Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,  
 ' Her earth with allom veins most richly intermin'd.  
 ' In other places these might rarities be thought,  
 ' So common but in me, that I esteem as nought.  
 ' Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on  
 ' By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent, who's not  
     gone  
 ' Far from her pearly springs, but under ground she goes ;  
 ' As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,  
     ' Amongst

SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1203

‘Amongst the crany’d cleves, that through the cavern creep,  
 ‘And dimbles hid from day, into the earth so deep,  
 ‘That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,  
 ‘Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks call,  
 ‘Which may for ought I see, be with my wonders set,  
 ‘And with much marvel seen: that I am not in debt  
 ‘To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can they me  
 lend.’

When Darwent bad her stay, and there her speech to end,  
 For that East-Riding call’d, her proper cause to plead:  
 For Darwent a true nymph, a most impartial maid,  
 And like to both ally’d, doth will the last should have  
 That privilege, which time to both the former gave,  
 And wills th’ East-Riding then, in her own cause to  
 speak,

Who mildly thus begins; ‘Although I be but weak,  
 ‘To those two former parts, yet what I seem to want  
 ‘In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant,  
 ‘Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;  
 ‘For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,  
 ‘How in the east I reign, (of which my name I take)  
 ‘And my broad side do bear up to the German lake,  
 ‘Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and behold  
 ‘Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious Ould  
 ‘Of York that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,  
 ‘When he beholds the sun out of the seas to rise,  
 ‘With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce gives  
 place  
 ‘To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral grace,  
 ‘Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my south,  
 ‘How all along the shore, to mighty Humber’s mouth,  
 ‘Rich Holdernefs I have, excelling for her grain,  
 ‘By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain  
 ‘Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,  
 ‘Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,  
 ‘To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring towns,  
 ‘Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the Downs,

llll

‘Hull



• Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her bank  
 • Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing rank,  
 • She Beverley salutes, whose beauties so delight  
 • The fair-enamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight,  
 • That she could ever stay, that gorgeous <sup>\*</sup> phane to view,  
 • But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her pursue,  
 • To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly name,  
 • Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard the fame:  
 • And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for mine:  
 • For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine,  
 • By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin,  
 • 'Gainst whom on th'other side, the goodly Trent comes in,  
 • From that especial place, great Humber hath his reign,  
 • Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course maintain,  
 • From Kilnsfey's pyle-like point, along the eastern shore,  
 • And laugh at Neptune's rage, when loud<sup>l</sup>est he doth roar,  
 • Till Flamborough jut forth into the German sea.\*

And as th'East-Riding more yet ready was to say,  
 Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,  
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech,  
 Since she had passed York, and in her wandring race,  
 By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,  
 She might for it declaim, but more to honour York,  
 She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,  
 Still to renown those dukes, who strongly did pretend  
 A title to the crown, as those who did descend  
 From them that had the right, doth this oration make,  
 And to uphold their claim, thus to the floods she spake:

• They very idly err, who think that blood then spilt;  
 • In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the guilt,  
 • Of the proud Yorkists part; for let them understand,  
 • That Richard duke of York, whose brave and martial
   
hand

• The title undertook, by tyranny and might,  
 • Sought not t' attain the crown, but from successful right,  
 • Which still upheld his claim, by which his valiant son,  
 • Great Edward earl of March, the garland after won:

• For

• The church of Beverley,

# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1205

For Richard duke of York, at Wakefield battle slain,  
 ' Who first that title broach'd, in the sixth Henry's reign,  
 ' From Edmond a fifth son of Edward did descend,  
 ' That justly he thereby no title could pretend,  
 ' Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all to be,  
 ' The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree  
 ' Before him to the crown; but that which did prefer  
 ' His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer,  
 ' Of Roger earl of March the daughter, that his claim,  
 ' From Clarence the third son of great king Edward came,  
 ' Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all other,  
 ' Of the delaps'd crown, from Philip her fair mother,  
 ' Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride  
 ' To Edmond earl of March; this Anne her daughter ty'd  
 ' In wedlock to the earl of Cambridge, whence the right  
 ' Of Richard, as I said, which fell at Wakefield fight,  
 ' Descended to his son, brave Edward after king,  
 ' (Henry the sixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkists bring  
 ' Their title from a strain, before the line of Gaunt,  
 ' Whose issue they by arms did worthily supplant.'

By this the Ouse perceiv'd great Humber to look grim;  
 (For evermore she hath a special eye to him)  
 As tho' he much disdain'd each one should thus be heard,  
 And he their only king until the last defer'd,  
 At which he seem'd to frown; wherefore the Ouse off  
 breaks,

And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber speaks:

' Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their several founts,  
 ' For thirty floods of name, to me her king that counts,  
 ' Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,  
 ' Receive those glorious rites that fame can give to thee.  
 ' And thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those that repair  
 ' With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling Aire,  
 ' Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by thy fall  
 ' Dost much augment my Ouse, let me embrace you all,  
 ' My brave West-Riding brooks, your king you need not  
 scorn,

' Proud Naiades neither ye, North-Riders that are born;

• My yellow-fanded Your, and thou my sister Swale,  
 • That dancing come to Ouse, thro' many a dainty dale,  
 • Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down  
 • From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost renown  
 • Th' East-Riding by thy rise, do homage to your king,  
 • And let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber sing;  
 • That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court maintain,  
 • Which either of themselves, or in their greater's train,  
 • Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely name,  
 • From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it came;  
 • So still I stick to him: for from that eastern king  
 • Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:  
 • So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;  
 • For as he was a king, so know ye all that I  
 • Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do flow;  
 • Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,  
 • Nor of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder make,  
 • Though with her bellowing fall, she violently take  
 • The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so much praise,  
 • That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadness lays  
 • His bosom; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke  
 • Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,  
 • Whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,  
 • That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes to the  
 • deep,  
 • Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?  
 • For when my ° Higre comes, I make my either shore  
 • Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send.

No sooner of this speech had Humber made an end,  
 But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a shout,  
 That they were eas'ly heard all Holderneſs about,  
 Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes rude,  
 When the East-Riding her oration to conclude,  
 Goes on: 'My sisters boast that they have little shires

• Their subjects, I can shew the like of mine for theirs;

• My

• The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide.



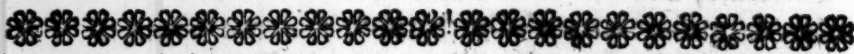
# SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. 1207

‘ My <sup>p</sup> Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,  
 ‘ On Ouse, and Humber’s banks, and as much graceth me,  
 ‘ My latitude compar’d with those that me oppugn:  
 ‘ Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them belong,  
 ‘ Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon my  
   coast;  
 ‘ And for their wondrous things whereof so much they  
   boast,  
 ‘ Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,  
 ‘ Amongst the white-scalp’d cleeves this wonder see they  
   may,  
 ‘ The Mullet, and the Awke my fowlers there do find,  
 ‘ Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest kind,  
 ‘ That building in the rocks, being taken with the hand,  
 ‘ And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,  
 ‘ Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,  
 ‘ But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,  
 ‘ And fly a league or two before they do return,  
 ‘ As only by that air, they on their wings were born.  
 ‘ Then my prophetick spring at Veipsey, I may show,  
 ‘ That some years is dry’d up, some years again doth  
   flow;  
 ‘ But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth  
 ‘ It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.’

Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all made friends,  
 And from my tired hand, my labour’d canto ends.

† A liberty in the East-Riding.





# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Muse the Bishoprick assays,  
And to her fall sings down the Teis;  
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,  
And with all braveries fitted her.  
Tyne tells the victories by us got,  
In foughten fields against the Scot.  
Then through Northumberland she goes,  
The floods and mountains doth dispose;  
And with their glories doth proceed,  
Not staying till she come to Tweed.*

**T**HE muse this largest shire of England having sung,  
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,  
Looks still into the north, the <sup>a</sup> Bishoprick and views,  
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pursues,  
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself divine)  
Confining in her course that County Palatine,  
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin  
To rouze herself: quoth she, ' Doth every rillet win  
' Applause for their small worths, and I that am a queen,  
' With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone be seen  
' Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?  
' When as two countries are contending for my spring:  
' For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the name,  
' Accounts it to be her's, Northumberland the same,

Will

<sup>a</sup> The Bishoprick of Durham,

SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1209

- Will need'sly her's should be, for that my spring doth rise  
 So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wise,  
 ' Could tell which of these two, me for her own may claim.  
 ' But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a flood of fame,  
 ' But she some valley hath, which her brave name doth  
     bear :  
 ' My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise have I here,  
 ' At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly slide;  
 ' Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon my setting side,  
 ' Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the song before  
 ' Th' industrious muse hath shew'd; my Dunelmenian  
     shore,  
 ' Sends Huyd to help my course, with some few other  
     becks,  
 ' Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects,  
 ' That they are nameless yet; then do I bid adieu,  
 ' To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue  
 ' My course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I run,  
 ' The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,  
 ' Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank,  
 ' She chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her bank,  
 ' Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat,  
 ' (That from their loathsome brims do breath a sulphurous  
     sweat)  
 ' Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,  
 ' This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a fright,  
 ' That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,  
 ' And rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.  
 ' In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.'  
 But whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,  
 Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand,  
 Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and land  
 Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, ' What would'st  
     thou say,  
 ' Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear a way  
 ' T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means and  
     might,  
 ' How would'st thou then exult? O then to what a height  
     Iiii 4                      ' Wouldst



' Wouldst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but such a  
 trine  
 ' Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,  
 ' Their springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,  
 ' In their consenting sounds that do so well agree?  
 ' As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her fire,  
 ' A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth require  
 ' With her to walk along, which Burdop with her brings.  
 ' Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs  
 ' My greatness is begot, as nature meant to show  
 ' My future strength and state; then forward do I flow  
 ' Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure rife,  
 ' And Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for her life:  
 ' Comparing of their scites, then casting on my course,  
 ' So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source,  
 ' As petty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to call,  
 ' Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,  
 ' That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive  
 ' At Auckland, where with force me forward still to drive,  
 ' Clear Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to gad,  
 ' And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,  
 ' I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,  
 ' To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:  
 ' Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,  
 ' Now I indent the earth, and then I it engraile  
 ' With many a turn and trace, thus wandring up and down,  
 ' Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated town,  
 ' That Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a desert won,  
 ' Whose first foundation zeal and piety begun,  
 ' By them who thither first saint Cuthbert's body brought  
 ' To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword that sought  
 ' Subversion of those things that good and holy were,  
 ' With which beloved place, I seem so pleased here,  
 ' As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in  
 ' My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win  
 ' Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.  
 ' Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1211

' None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,  
 ' But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,  
 ' To Neptune's court I come; for note along the strand,  
 ' From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunderland,  
 ' As far as <sup>b</sup> Wardenlaws can possibly survey;  
 ' There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea.'

Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly Tyne,  
 (Northumberland that parts from this shire Palatine)  
 Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer  
 Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,  
 For her so tedious talk, ' Good Lord, (quoth she) had I  
 ' No other thing wherein my labour to imploy,  
 ' But to set out myself, how much (well) could I say,  
 ' In mine own proper praise, in this kind every way  
 ' As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,  
 ' Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry ways,  
 ' The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of Tyne;  
 ' As how the prosperous springs of these two floods of  
 mine

' Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne nam'd  
 ' From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of brass that's  
 fam'd,

' How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-fell sprung,  
 ' Amongst these English Alps, which as they run along,  
 ' England and Scotland here impartially divide.

' How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is ply'd  
 ' With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that doth  
 strive,

' By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to drive;  
 ' How th' Allans, th' East, and West, their bounties to her  
 bring,

' Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how also from her spring,  
 ' My other North-nam'd Tyne, thro' Tyndale maketh in,  
 ' Which Shele her hand-maid hath, and as she hastes to  
 twin

' With

<sup>b</sup> A mountain on that part of the shire;

- ' With th' other from the south, her sister, how clear  
     Rhead,  
 ' With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to lead,  
 ' Through Ridfdale on my way, as far as Exham, then  
 ' Dowell me homage doth, with blood of Englishmen,  
 ' Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel war  
 ' Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,  
 ' Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'rously enrich,  
 ' As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle, which  
 ' The honour hath alone to entertain me there,  
 ' As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I hear,  
 ' Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle nam'd,  
 ' For which both far and near, that place no less is fam'd  
 ' Than India for her mines; should I at large declare  
 ' My glories, in which time commands me to be spare,  
 ' And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,  
 ' As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short  
 ' Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things in  
     hand:  
 ' For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we stand,  
 ' Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never note,  
 ' How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,  
 ' With th' honour to them done, take heart, and loudly  
     cry  
 ' Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;  
 ' And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring,  
 ' With sound of things that Forth prepared is to sing:  
 ' When once the muse arrives on the Albanian shore,  
 ' And therefore to make up our forces here before  
 ' The on-set they begin, the battles we have got,  
 ' Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,  
 ' I undertake to tell; then, muses, I intreat  
 ' Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.  
     ' When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent hand,  
 ' (As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,  
 ' In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray then,  
 ' This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of men,

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## SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1213

' For conquest which that king from Scotland hither drew,  
 ' At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew ;  
 ' Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both were  
   found :

' Slain on that bloody field : so on the English ground,  
 ' When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern son,  
 ' Entitled by those times, the earl of Huntingdon,  
 ' Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,  
 ' In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days  
 ' As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,  
 ' Stout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that warlike work,  
 ' Ralph, (both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop then  
 ' Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,  
 ' With th' earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peverell, knights,  
 ' And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,  
 ' Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,  
 ' On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot  
 ' Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they lay to  
   bleed,

' Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister Tweed.  
 ' And when ' Fitz-emprefs next in Normandy, and here,  
 ' And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,  
 ' William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,  
 ' And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,  
 ' As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,  
 ' Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northumbrian  
   powers,

' His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led.  
 ' So Longshanks, Scotland's scourge, him to that country  
   sped,

' Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,  
 ' And on the borders here such spoil and havock made,  
 ' That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed and me.  
 ' This most courageous king, from them his own to free,  
 ' Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,  
 ' And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike town  
   ' As

- ‘ As cautionary long the English after held.
- ‘ But tell me all you floods, when was there such a field
- ‘ By any nation yet, as by the English won,
- ‘ Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon,
- ‘ Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot-soldiers  
more,
- ‘ Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish gore
- ‘ Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania’s sight.
- ‘ By our third Edward’s prowess, that most renowned  
knight,
- ‘ As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
- ‘ As that against the French, which he at Cressy got.
- ‘ And when that conquering king did afterward advance
- ‘ His title, and had past his warlike powers to France,
- ‘ And David king of Scots here entered to invade,
- ‘ To which the king of France did that false lord persuade,
- ‘ Against his given faith, from France to draw his bands,
- ‘ To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
- ‘ With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,
- ‘ To Scotland yet befell, as that at Nevil’s-cross,
- ‘ Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once forsook,
- ‘ Where stout John Copland then king David prisoner took,
- ‘ I’th’ head of all his troops, that bravely there was seen.
- ‘ When English Philip, that brave Amazonian queen,
- ‘ Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride,
- ‘ And where our clergy had their ancient valour try’d :
- ‘ Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.
- ‘ And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,
- ‘ When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all their hire,
- ‘ Which int’ our marches came, and with invasive fire,
- ‘ Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
- ‘ When doughty Douglass came with the Albanian powers.
- ‘ At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur gave
- ‘ To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
- ‘ His army, and with shot of our brave English bows
- ‘ Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were hurt  
with blows,

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# SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1215

' Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and knight,  
' Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain outright,  
' And entring Scotland then, all Tividale o'er-ran.

' Or who a braver field than th' earl of Surrey wan,  
' Where their king James the fourth himself so bravely bore  
' That since that age wherein he liv'd, nor those before,  
' Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,  
' Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath could  
draw,

' He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill was strew'd  
' With bodies of his men, well-near to mammocks hew'd,  
' That on the mountain's side they covered near a mile,  
' Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Argyle,  
' Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and bishops there,  
' Which had put armour on, in hope away to bear  
' The victory with them, before the English fell.

' But now of other fields, it fits the muse to tell,  
' As when the noble duke of Norfolk made a road  
' To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd  
' On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so long,  
' Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,  
' Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,  
' Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,  
' The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,  
' Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,  
' Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before  
' The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,  
' And gathering up his force, before the English fled  
' To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England sped,  
' When that brave bastard son of Dacres, and his friend  
' John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to attend,  
' With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four hundred  
horse,

Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish force,  
' Thence from the field with them, so many prisoners  
brought,

Which in that furious fight were by the English caught,  
' That



‘ That there was scarce a page or lackey but had store,  
 ‘ Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there and  
 more,

‘ Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,  
 ‘ There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughen field,  
 ‘ That James the fifth to think, that but so very few,  
 ‘ His universal power so strangely should subdue,  
 ‘ So took the same to heart, that if abridg’d his life,

‘ Such foils by th’ English given, amongst the Scots were rife.

‘ These on the English earth, the Englishmen did gain;

‘ But when their breach of faith did many times constrain

‘ Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in

‘ To Scotland ; then behold, what our success hath been,

‘ Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry’s days,

‘ Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by seas,

‘ With his full forces then, O Forth, then didst thou bear

‘ That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught with  
 fear,

‘ When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown

‘ With powder’s sulphurous smoak, and twenty towns were  
 thrown

‘ Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod ;

‘ As int’ Albania when we made a second road,

‘ In our sixth Edward’s days, when those two martial men,

‘ Which conquered there before, were thither sent again :

‘ But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac’d,

‘ The first created duke of Somerset, the last

‘ The earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough field,

‘ Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to yield,

‘ Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles space

‘ In length, and four in breadth, the English in the chase,

‘ With carcasses of Scots, strew’d all their natural ground,

‘ The number of the slain were fourteen thousand found,

‘ And fifteen hundred more ta’en prisoners by our men.

‘ So th’ earl of Suffex next to Scotland sent again,

‘ To punish them by war, which on the borders here,

‘ Not only robb’d and spoil’d, but that assistants were

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SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1217

' To those two puissant earls, Northumberland, who rose  
 ' With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes  
 ' To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;  
 ' Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,  
 ' Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast  
 ' Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires defac'd  
 ' Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him worth carry-  
 rying brought

' To England over Tweed. 'When now the floods besought  
 The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently began  
 A rumour which each where thro' all the country ran,  
 Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods among,  
 And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly sung,  
 That it through Tyndale straight, and quite through Ridf-  
 dale ran,

And sounded shriller there, than when it first began,  
 That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,  
 Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand to  
 hand.

The high-rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond hill it told,  
 When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life could hold,  
 To Kembelspeth again, the business but relate,  
 To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state  
 With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;  
 And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave  
 With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,  
 Resounded it again through all Northumberland,  
 That White-Squire lastly caught, and it to Berwick sent,  
 That brave and warlike town, from thence incontinent,  
 The sound from out the South, into Albania came,  
 And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,  
 Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance awoke,  
 And to her native strength her presently betook,  
 Against the muse should come to the Albanian coast.

But Pictswall all this while, as though he had been lost,  
 Not mention'd by the muse, began to fret and fume,  
 That every petty brook thus proudly should presume

To

To talk ; and he whom first the Romans did invent,  
And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monument,  
Should thus be over-trod ; wherefore his wrong to wreak,  
In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall speak.

• Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should not dare  
• To think himself my match, who with such cost and care  
• The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set  
• Their legions, from my spoil the proling Pict to let,  
• That often inroads made, our earth from them to win,  
• By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,  
• To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall  
• Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's fall :  
• Long making me they were, and long did me maintain.  
• Nor yet that trench which tracts the western Wiltshire  
plain,

• Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with me,  
• Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be  
• Mere upstarts, basely born ; for when I was in hand,  
• The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,  
• Till my declining age, and after many a year,  
• Of whose poor petty kings, those the small labours were.  
• That on Newmarket heath<sup>d</sup> made up as though but now,  
• Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,  
• Tradition telling none, who truly it began,  
• Where many a reverend book can tell you of my man,  
• And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,  
• What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of stone ;  
• And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,  
• To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.  
• Towns stood upon my length, where garrisons were laid,  
• Their limits to defend ; and for my greater aid,  
• With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd,  
• To watch upon the Pict ; so me my makers grac'd  
• With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that went,  
• By which they in one fort still to another sent,  
• By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,  
• And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd through :

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<sup>d</sup> See song 21.

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# SONG THE TWENTY-NINTH. 1219

‘Upon my thickness three march’d eas’ly breast to breast;  
 ‘Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess’d.

Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing his plea,  
 Had in his utmost course attain’d the eastern sea,  
 Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a hand ;  
 For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to understand,  
 That Tyne exulting late o’er Scotland in her song,  
 (Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)  
 The Calidonian \* Forth so highly had displeas’d,  
 And many another flood, which could not be appeas’d,  
 That they had vow’d revenge, and proclamation made,  
 That in a learned war the foe they would invade,  
 And like stout floods stand free from this supposed shame,  
 Or conquered give themselves up to the English name :  
 Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt and ter-  
 ror struck,

Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were to look,  
 But what by skill they got, and with much care should  
 keep,

And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,  
 To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,  
 That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage  
 Unto the Holy-Isle, the virtue of which place,  
 They knew could very much avail them in this case :  
 For many a blessed saint in former ages there,  
 Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer,  
 Had given up themselves, which in the German main,  
 And from the shore not far, did in it self contain  
 Sufficient things for food, which from those holy men,  
 That to devotion liv’d, and sanctimony then,  
 It Holy-Isle was call’d, for which they all prepare,  
 As I shall tell you how, and what their number are.  
 With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,  
 As Pont a peerless brook, brings Blyth which putteth in  
 With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the main,  
 Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in her train;

K k k k

Next

\* The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,  
 When Cocket cometh down, and with her such a throng,  
 As that they seem to threat the ocean; for with her  
 Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Ufway, which prefer  
 Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater fame,  
 Hath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,  
 As that great Neptune should take notice of her state;  
 Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud a gait,  
 As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,  
 (In bravery as to show, that she surpass'd them all)  
 The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,  
 And at her coming forth, do kiss her christal hand.

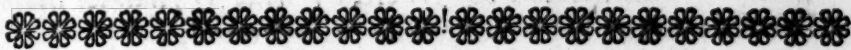
Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage, proceed,  
 Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress Tweed,  
 Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath her birth;  
 And though she keep her course upon the English earth,  
 Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland coming in,  
 To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth win.  
 Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden from his  
 height

Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight  
 Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,  
 Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet sake sustains,  
 This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,  
 Of all the English tracts, to consummate the last.



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# POLY-OLBION:

## SONG THE THIRTIETH.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Of Westmoreland the muse now sings,  
And fetching Eden from her springs,  
Sets her along, and Kendal then  
Surveying, beareth back again;  
And climbing Skidow's lofty bill,  
By many a river, many a rill,  
To Cumberland, where in her way,  
She Copland calls, and doth display  
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,  
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.*

**Y**ET cheerly on my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd,  
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to him whose powerful  
aid

Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sundry foils,  
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that thy toils  
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort sent,  
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement  
Of those rude vulgar fots, whose brains are only slime,  
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,  
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus which (men say)  
By the inticing strains of his melodious lay,  
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would please;  
He might as well have mov'd the universe as these;  
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,  
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,

K k k k 2

First



First ceasing in our song, the south part of the shire,  
Where Westmoreland to <sup>a</sup> West, by wide Wynander mere,  
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,  
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found,  
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town doth  
stand,

For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land.  
Then keeping on her course, though having in her train,  
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,  
Tow'rd the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty falls,  
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ calls)  
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,  
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbouring shore,  
To which she by the sound apparently doth show,  
The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow:  
For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest hear,  
They constantly aver the weather will be clear;  
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,  
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.  
To the Hibernick gulf, when soon the river hastes,  
And to these queachy sands, from whence herself she casts,  
She likewise leaves her name as every place where she  
In her clear course doth come, by her should honour-  
ed be.

But back into the north from hence our course doth lie,  
As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,  
The source of long-liv'd <sup>b</sup> Lun, I long-liv'd do her call;  
For of the British floods, scarce one amongst them all,  
Such state as to herself, the Destinies assign,  
By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine;  
For Luncaſter, ſo nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,  
And Lancaſhire the name from Lancaſter begun:  
Yet though ſhe be a flood, ſuch glory that doth gain,  
In that the Britiſh crown doth to her ſtate pertain,  
Yet Weſtmoreland alone, not only boasts her birth,  
But for her greater good the kind Weſtmerian earth,

Clear

<sup>a</sup> See song 27th.<sup>b</sup> See song 27.

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# SONG THE THIRTIETH. 1223

Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend  
 Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.  
 With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,  
 (Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)  
 By Eden, issuing out of Hufseat-Moruill hill,  
 And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,  
 There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale,  
 Born to the self-same sire, but with a stronger gale,  
 Tow'rd's Humber hies her course, but Eden making on,  
 Through Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone  
 In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,  
 Whom thus the wood-nymph greets : ' What passage  
 shalt thou find,

- ' My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
- ' That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked  
 way,
- ' Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged strait,
- ' And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
- ' Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
- ' Besides the northern winds against thy stream so stiff,
- ' As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy course,
- ' And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy source.
- ' O my bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear the  
 sound
- ' Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
- ' Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell.
- ' O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell
- ' With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
- ' For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes.'

This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the while,  
 Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,  
 And simply takes her leave, to get into the main;  
 When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore down doth  
 strain

To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,  
 Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in she takes,  
 And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,  
 When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,

Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty mere  
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and clear,  
And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to meet,  
Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress greet.

' Quoth she, thus for myself I say, that where I swell  
' Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,  
' That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)  
' The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same sort,  
' The ' Venedocian fount, or the ' Demetian spring,  
' Or that which the cold Peake doth with her wonders  
bring,  
' Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden please,  
' With this, as other floods delighted are with these.'

When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual haste,  
About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth cast  
Her oft infolding arms, as Westmoreland she leaves,  
Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.  
Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield forest holds  
In her rough woody arms, which amorously infolds  
Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry store,  
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to deplore.

But southward fallying hence, to those sea-bordering sands,  
Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian lands,  
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth confine,  
This meeting there with that, both meerly maritime,  
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,  
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant gale;  
As Eske her farth'ft, so first, a coy bred Cumbrian lass,  
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,  
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-brim'd lake,  
To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth make)  
Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that keep  
In Ravenglass, when soon into the blewish deep  
Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest girl,  
Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient pearl,  
Bred in her shining shells, which to the deaw doth yawn,  
Which deaw they sucking in, conceive that lusty spawn,

Of



# SONG THE THIRTIETH. 1225

Of which when they grow great, and to their fulness swell;  
They cast, which those at hand there gathering, dearly sell:  
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour brings,  
From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph, which sings  
Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains that  
derive

From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth strive.

‘ Ye northern Dryades all adorn’d with mountains steep,  
‘ Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth keep,  
‘ Where often rising hills, deep dales and many make,  
‘ Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-spread  
lake,  
‘ Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names bestow  
‘ Upon those humble vales, through which they eas’ly flow ;  
‘ Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do frequent  
‘ The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous mer-  
riment,  
‘ By moon-shine many a night, do give each other chase,  
‘ At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Prison-base,  
‘ With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock,  
‘ That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock to rock.  
‘ Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,  
‘ What place can there be found in Britain, that doth show  
‘ A surface more austere, more stern from every way,  
‘ That who doth it behold, he cannot chuse but say,  
‘ Th’aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty dales,  
‘ From clouds scarce ever clear’d, with the strong’st northern  
gales,  
‘ Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth lie,  
‘ The island’s general want, whose plenty might supply :  
‘ Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,  
‘ I Copper-land was call’d, but some will have’t to be  
‘ From the old Britains brought, for Cop they use to call  
‘ The tops of many hills, which I am stor’d withal.  
‘ Then Eskdale mine ally, and Niterdale so nam’d,  
‘ Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most fam’d,  
K k k k 4 ‘ With

' With Wasdale walled in, with hills on every side,  
 ' Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,  
 ' For th' surface of a soil, a Copland, Copland cry,  
 ' Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply.

Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill,  
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring vallies fill;  
 Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw,  
 From whom as soon again, the sound Dunblaise drew,  
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on to Wendrofs went,  
 Which tow'ards the sea again, resounded it to Dent,  
 That Brodwater therewith within her banks astound,  
 In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,  
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and  
 long,

Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.

Whence soon the muse proceeds, to find out fresher  
springs,

Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale that brings,  
 Doth quickly cast her self into an ample lake,  
 And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them two do make  
 An \* island, which the name from Darwent doth derive,  
 Within whose secret breast nice nature doth contrive,  
 That mighty copper-mine, which not without its veins,  
 Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains  
 Of royalty the name, the richest of them all  
 That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she doth call,  
 Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,  
 As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,  
 Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth win  
 Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,  
 Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her fall,  
 Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there withal,  
 Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,  
 Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.

When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that doth  
show

The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,

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\* The isle of Darwent.

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# SONG THE THIRTIETH. 1227

Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it far'd,  
And all their several tales substantially had heard,  
And of the mountain kind, as of all other he  
Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,  
Having a double head, as hath that sacred mount,  
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high account,  
Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,  
When to them all he thus his beauties doth display.

' The rough Hibernian sea, I proudly overlook,  
' Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a nook,  
' But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,  
' Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie ;  
' And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,  
' At very sight thereof, immediately I make  
' Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,  
' And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear ;  
' Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south survey :  
' So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,  
' Her countries to behold, when ' Scurfel from the sky,  
' That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous eye,  
' Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
' Oft threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening him :  
' So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,  
' Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,  
' That Scotland here with us, and England do divide,  
' As those, whence we them name upon the other side,  
' Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,  
' That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embattel'd towers,  
' Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,  
' By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.  
' Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,  
' As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in love,  
' His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes ;  
' Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies floats,  
' Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,  
' How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course pursue.

' Q



- ' O all ye topick gods, that do inhabit here,  
 ' To whom the Romanis did those ancient altars rear,  
 ' Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,  
 ' Which they for trophies left of their victorious spoils,  
 ' Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and these dales,  
 ' That with poor shepherds pipes and harmless herdsman's  
     tales.  
 ' Have often pleased been, still guard me day and night,  
 ' And hold me Skidow still, the place of your delight.'

This speech by Skidow spoke, the muse makes forth again,  
 Tow'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden entertain,  
 To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian wastes,  
 Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,  
 She with two wood-nymphs meets, the first is great and wild,  
 And Westward Forest hight; the other but a child,  
 Compared with her phere, and Inglewood is call'd,  
 Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.

What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so coy,  
 Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not enjoy,  
 And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?  
 For seldom any tract, doth cross their way less waste,  
 With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show  
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres below,  
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;  
 The blushing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,  
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harmless sheep,  
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath to keep,  
 The dales do over-spread, by them like motley made;  
 But Westward of the two, by her more widen'd flade,  
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty mines,  
 Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby she shines,  
 Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do flow,  
 Which in her self she hath, whose banks do bound her so  
 Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be  
 Much pleased with their course, and takes delight to see  
 How Elne upon the south, in fallying to the sea  
 Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her way,

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SONG THE THIRTIETH. 1229

Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,  
Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.  
No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth win  
Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course doth twin  
With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the watry kind;  
And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's mind,  
That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,  
But earnestly proceed in our intended race.

At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,  
Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills among,  
As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every where,  
Prepare each in their course, to entertain her there,  
From Skidow her tall sire, first Cauda clearly brings  
In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her springs,  
(Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda creeps)  
Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,  
To meet that great concourse, which seriously attend  
That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gillsland down doth  
send

Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,  
As Irthing coming in from her most plenteous source,  
Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd to crawl,  
Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,  
First Pultrosse is her page, then Gelt she gets her guide,  
Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion side,  
She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,  
And Eden overtakes amongst the watry throng.  
To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscaeth beareth in,  
To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win  
Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her state,  
And Cumberland's chief town, lo thus she doth dilate.

' What giveth more delight, (brave city) to thy seat,  
' Than my sweet lovely self? a river so compleat,  
' With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,  
' That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow  
' Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far  
' Transcending, that oft-times they in their amorous war,  
' Have

1230 POLY-OLBION:

- ‘ Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
- ‘ The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
- ‘ That mighty Roman<sup>8</sup> fort, which of the Picts we call,
- ‘ But by them near those times was stil’d Severus’ wall,
- ‘ Of that great emperor nam’d, which first that work began,
- ‘ Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean,
- ‘ Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth end
- ‘ At Boulness, where myself I on the ocean spend.
- ‘ And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
- ‘ Of all her watry kind) know that she lent relief
- ‘ To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons they
- ‘ For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
- ‘ Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed from fear,
- ‘ And from the British race, residing long time here,
- ‘ Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did Kimbri name,
- ‘ Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first came ;
- ‘ And in her praise be’t spoke, this soil whose best is mine,
- ‘ That fountain bringeth forth, from which the southern Tyne,
- ‘ (So nam’d for that of North, another hath that stile)
- ‘ This to the eastern sea, that makes forth many a mile,
- ‘ Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and Alne doth lend,
- ‘ To wait upon her forth ; but farther to transcend
- ‘ To these great things of note, which many countries call
- ‘ Their wonders, there is not a tract amongst them all,
- ‘ Can shew the like to mine, at the less Salkeld, near
- ‘ To Eden’s bank, the like is scarcely any where,
- ‘ Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a ring,
- ‘ Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest thing,
- ‘ Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
- ‘ Within which other stones lie flat, which do inclose
- ‘ The bones of men long dead, (as there the people say ;)
- ‘ So near to Loder’s spring, from thence not far away,

<sup>2</sup>Be,

<sup>8</sup> See to the 29 song.



SONG THE THIRTIETH. 1231

' Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,  
' The victories for which those trophies were begun,  
' From dark oblivion thou, O Time, should'st have  
protected ;  
' For mighty were their minds, them thus that first erected :  
' And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,  
' A little rising bank, which of the table round,  
' Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table name.  
But whilst these more and more, with glory her inflame,  
Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,  
All her attending floods, fair Eden do intreat,  
To lead them down to sea, when Leven comes along,  
And by her double spring, being mighty them among,  
There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that doth hie,  
Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,  
Down from these western sands into the sea do fall,  
Where I this Canto end, as also therewithall  
My England do conclude, for which I undertook  
This strange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth book.

*The END of the Third VOLUME.*





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